

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Before he retired from a job he thought was killing him, he bought a five dollar lotto ticket twice a week. He was hoping, even praying, he would hit five numbers so he could change his life. Now he buys a rub-off ticket or two when he feels lucky, still hoping to win something big to spice up his life.

HOMESICK

We're perched on cliff edge just north of Bodega Bay in Marilyn's rented house. We have a spectacular 180 degree view of Pacific Ocean. A vacationer's dream. But I'm unhappy. I miss our animal friends waiting for us at home. Today a seagull glided down & stood very close. I fed it pieces of French bread & tried to talk to it by squeezing air out between cheek & gums. It ate & listened to my strange squawks, nodding sympathetically until I ran out of bread & stepped inside to get out of the wind.

WALL

Sunday afternoon drove down town to Pioneer Towers to Janet's book signing party. When I saw the crowd (mostly old people) & recognized only one person (a local university poet) & saw from a distance Janet's colorful, hard-bound

book, I couldn't go in. Tried twice & couldn't. Called her Tuesday & offered congratulations to square it with myself.

KILLING TIME

Killing time pick up album & study photos of family & friends collected 10 or more years ago. This triggers a flood of memories mostly welcome, yet one reminds me there is a great spirit at work here that does not discriminate & is beyond influence.

JUMP START

What I need is a jump start. Something to get me out of this emotional bog I've been stuck in too long. I look at Platte Valley whiskey jug sitting on top of kitchen cabinets collecting dust. I stand on stool, reach up & shake it & hear liquid slosh. Stepping down empty handed I feel my strength return.