

Wisdom

We gain
Through suffering
Wisdom

I'd rather be
Foolish

Walk in the
Noonday's
Shade

Nap
Every afternoon

Steal the bee's
Honey

Eat strawberries

And sleep
Every night
In your arms

Morning Coffee

One bird
Sitting in the tree
Taking life
Easy

I sit watching
At the breakfast
Counter
Drinking black coffee

Wondering while
Waiting
If I will answer
Any of life's questions

Such as
When I am buried
Will I be wearing shoes
Will they be shined

(Note to the shine lady at the bank:
If I do, make them gleam)

Phone Call

Halfway round the world
she sounded as if
the siren in the background
came from the corner firehouse

I remember my dad
telling me to hang up
his voice barely audible
before digital and cell

what once cost too much
now costs too little
the ignoring of those present
in favor of those dialed in

Look, an Old Woman

Does anyone look at an old woman
Greyed hair, wrinkles everywhere

We the old have instant
Recognition of mistakes

We made in love and the few
Times we truly did and lost

I belong to the old and grey
Still alive with my memories

Some so painful in sleep I
Wake screaming for mercy

It is then I cling to that old
Woman sleeping next to me

She once was young and I

In my closet

Shoes

Track, hunting, golf
Three sets of sandals
My Jesus ones
Made to measure in 1967
The year I grew
Grandfather's mustache
Bought a Beatles album

Shoes

Dress brown or black
Loafers with leather
Soles so slick I
Fear falling
Three sets of house slippers—two socks and one fur lined

Shoes

Orange crocs my daughter
Bought me after my knee surgery
The ones for dancing, playing, working
Gathering dust

Shoes

Bearing my toes
Indentations
The same in life
As they will be in death