

His Spit and Assorted Meanderings

His Spit

A long, thin, strand of saliva
Ran from his lips to his sandwich
To where he had just taken a bite
His hand pulled the honey ham
And swiss on rye further away,
The sinuous strand twisted and turned
Bent as it thinned

He was attractive
That was until then
When all I could do was stare
Suddenly nothing he said mattered much
Not until the strand would go

Did he notice or not?
Would it break before his next bite?
How was it still not breaking?
It was hanging so low,
Almost touching the table

What was his spit made out of?
A spider's silk?
Fishing line?

As his sandwich came closer
To his lips again
The one side joined with the other
Drip
Down it went
A tiny spec of spit on the table
It blended beside the droplets
Of condensation left behind by
His diet Coke

A passerby says hello
Never knows of the tiny spec of DNA
Right under our noses
But I know
It taunts me

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I make eye contact with him and nod
But now I wonder why the little pool affects me so
What power it possesses!

He was attractive
That was until then

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The Struggle

The owl hoots
My son coughs
My daughter sleeps
My husband snores

Dust mites crawl
They breed
They die
They shit

Particles float
We breathe
They invade
Cells fight

We sleep
But my son coughs
He coughs
He struggles

Inflammation
Irritation
Vasodilation
Medication

We breed
We die
We shit
They shit

We breathe their shit
While the owl hoots
While my daughter sleeps
While my husband snores

But my son does not sleep
My son struggles
He coughs
He fights

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I listen
I wait
I suffer
For him

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The Self-Critic

Paralyzed with fear
The pen hesitates, then speaks
In spurts, in phrases,
In tentative jerks
Will this be good enough
No, too simple
Too amateur
Everyone will see through it
Self-taught
That is for sure
So why then the force that beckons the pen
to take to the paper again?
Humiliation
Ah, that is for sure
(Oh wait, I've used that line before!)
Crap! The baby is waking
No time to dilly dally
No time to waste
But will this be good enough for you
And you
Or anyone who reads it
Like anyone will
Quick, put it away
Dark, in a drawer it will stay
For another day
When I will read it and say
What was I thinking?
That was no good
No one should read it
Ever

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Despair

These dark clouds fly so low
My heart is dense
I cannot breathe
Tired of the sudden gloom
I long for the comfort of the sun on my skin
To be understood, no
To understand
His words, his actions, his indifference
The murky sky swallows my soul like a vulture takes its prey
How easily I slip into darkness
It only takes one moment
One cutting moment
To fall into despair

Meditation

I was a rock
A boulder beside a bench
I could not move
I could not talk
People sat on me
Propped their dirty feet on me
Yet I was free

I listened
In all my stillness
I was alive
The sun warmed
The grass soothed
The wind caressed
Visible yet not
The silent participant
And it felt so good