

looking for something

It was years after my peers
that I finally lost it.

Their cheers lifted my soul.

Upon graduating the congratulations
from parents rarely there

gave a hope that I was going somewhere.

In the race to having my first place,
among my friends I was the first.

Sitting on that barren living room floor, it began to come clear.

Professional life seemed to follow
with recognition from my betters

that rung hollow in my chest.

Now I fear
that I always will be

looking for something.

When they Left

I cried for the pets.
Guinea pigs, cats, and fish that passed all duly mourned
by the tears of a child.

Human loss was unfamiliar until adulthood,
and Oma was the first to go.
Upon learning I asked for space,
and went to my room.

No tears for her.
I still feel guilty.

