

He Sauntered Into Dreamland...

and learned he had been
masquerading as an adult.

With oversized confidence
he went in search of purple-and-orange
striped flamingos.

There are, he muses, no
lack of good days
when all I do is attend
to the nonsensical lurches
of my life.

If I must be continually journeying
away from my first home,
I should at least
learn how to enjoy myself.

Left Unsaid

Risk love, she demanded.

Wait.

Never mind.

Don't think of everything I never told you.

Instead, remember this: you are
cursed with certitude. You think too little,
not too much.

If you did not, you
would have realized years,
maybe decades,
ago that
too much love is dangerous.

It's a savage truth,
one you refuse to surrender to.

You cannot understand how much strength
it takes to welcome ambiguity, to make
a home amidst the unknown and unknowable,
instead of being an insufferable know-it-all.

2017 In Review

It's conclusion: icy up north,
ablaze in California.

What a crazy year.

Then again, isn't every year
wilder than anticipated?

Men have behaved
badly, yes,
but so have women
and children
and domesticated animals.

We may all be savages,
yet I still hope and pray
for a less disruptive 2018.

Care to join me?

One by One

Count what you will;
I dare not judge you.

You may collect compliments,
warm words necessary
to sustain inhospitable
winter nights.

Or else it is conquests:
victories in
boardrooms or bedrooms
or both.

Good luck.

Be careful.

Maybe Tomorrow

Her excuses are legendary. Never
ask her for a favor
unless
you prefer
dismissal in the
form of “maybes”:
maybe later,
maybe tomorrow,
maybe on Wednesday.

She will not commit.

Trust me. I deceive you not.

Maybe, if I were someone else, I
could and would dissemble with ease.

As it is, I cannot. Forgive me
for my straightforwardness.

It is my inheritance; it is all I have.