

On Aging Gracefully

Neither an early
nor a late

bloomer
having never

met the criteria
of a flower

Insomnia

On the desk
lay a pencil
Dad sharpened

with a paring
knife forty
years ago

there are
no words
for it

Simple Pleasures

Pulling a thread
from a shirt

until the button
falls

not looking
for the button

not opening
the shirt

Necessary Hope

The armless
woman

will want
to play

spin
the bottle

don't be
afraid

of the kiss
she will

blow
it

Nocturne

Do not
fear

death
will come

like
a rule

of
grammar

to teach
you

how
to sleep

with
your

eyes
open