

Poem

Longitudinal

Hear it trickle
Watch it make ripples
As your winter woollies prickle
And that familiar pain briefly cripples
Cup it in shaky hands like hourglass sands
Feel time slipping away into a forgotten past
Feel cold and alone yet prepared to take a stand
To fight the good fights and feel better at long last
Hear the underdog howling at all phases of the moon
Smell an evening meal that's nearly ready in the kitchen
Continue smiling and laughing and whistling a sweet tune
While battered spirits take off like bulletproof clay pigeons
Those cogs in your body's clock begin to turn less erratically
In time with your calmer mind as you lay there so angelically
Stare at this ceiling in half-light; envision a view thru a skylight
See stars beyond a half moon, & consider what'll happen soon
Reread a list of your life goals and consider each one logically
It's very hard to strike gold but you will do so metaphorically
Sense your life expectancy lengthen smidgeon by smidgeon
Cast shadows on a cautious optimism in the late afternoon
Give thanks for your GP, medical specialists, and surgeons
See this black pond reflect the white light of a half moon
Do not forget your own part when new actors are cast
Remain smart, funny, kind-hearted and in command
Learn how a fish out of water can still stand fast
Scatter sands until the new moon is at hand
Until that old pain no longer cripples
As your summer dress crinkles
All water makes ripples
Hear it trickle

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