

FINDERS, LOSERS

I've reached a point where time
is only what passes between
appointments, dental checkups,
holidays and meals.

I leave
the distraction of news to those
who need it.

I wait as memories,
however dear, just sour
into vague nostalgia.

As for
religion?

My best friend says
what started as a game between
Greek gods and mortals fractured
into superstition that's become
a business.

Where does it end?
Is living like a stock-still road
that keeps on coming and going
from nowhere to nowhere?

After I lost the one
I longed to live long with,
long-life meant nothing more
than living on.

Her smiles
were similes for feelings
everyone could share.

Her midnight
kisses were truer than thoughts.
I think of coins she kept
to give away except
for a rare leftover dime
she let me find so I
could buy this poem for her.