

FORCES OF GRAVITY ON TIME

I have found it insidious. A
relentless and shameless march
with no signs of containment.

“Can I help you, Sir; Watch
your step” ring with irritation
in my ears.

In my work and play I do not
notice the taut skin, gleaming smiles
and snappy lingo of those I believe
to be peers and colleagues.

The ache in my shoulder and floaters
swimming through my vision are inconsiderate.
I won't lose a step.

Planning, thinking ahead. Sly techniques
of the sensible must substitute for the
fly by energy of youth.

This year the uncharitable passage of
time pokes and winks. My fishing
license is a buck. Relief from monitored
professional improvement.

Sounds good. Today a body blow.
Looking through glass at the grinning,
helpful agent.

I recite numbers, maiden names and
towns of origin. No misses as fingers
fly across the keyboard.

In the retracted light of the cubicle
“Yes to parts A and B.” Discuss next
years options and decisions.

It is so weird. Like me looking at
an aged pathetic applicant. The deed
is done. My jaw tightens around an
uttered “Thank You.”

At least I can retrieve my Swiss Army
knife from the tuff behind the bench.
Did the security guard know my mind
as I entered the federal office?

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