

2/5/2013
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every spin of the globe
brings a new opportunity
young robin builds her first nest
penguin herds its child

look out the window
oh how they play
a time of tricycles, boardwalks
and tabby-tiger safaris
in the jungle of the living room

squeals from a tree top
or is it a pirate on the mast?

elegant ladies dance
and sip airy cups of tea
nibbling sunbaked mud
until the ponies appear

the clattering crash of a bicycle
or is it another narrow superhero escape?

soon enough life drags us away
from important trivial pursuits

a stopped-up toilet
Life flows backwards
carefree freedom becomes
concrete souls
born by frail skeletons
marching from closet to closet