

Vicinity

Vicinity. A lovely word. I was in the vicinity
and thought of you, thought I'd stop by. It
sounds like Kennedy, Cynthia, affinity, or
zippity as in doo-dah, happy words, words
like serenity, oh but then comes trinity and
that connotes implosion, still, the end of war
but can we ever believe that as long as we
humans lurk in the vicinity? Oh, obscenity!

Hello Eighty

Four score, somewhere in a Lincoln speech
somewhere I never thought I'd be or see
take heed children when you hear that speech
you may just meet up with that someday

Hello eighty I say as I would talk to a tree
or a cow in the locative case, a place, a
marker I've come to and passed at the speed
of life, which is constant yet changing daily

by the minute. Past and present are illusions
but a bullrider can slow down eight seconds
and make it even slower if his hand is caught
in his rope. The bull's massive body simply

won't slow down for anyone even Einstein
or Mercury which could collide with earth
in a billion years. The cowboy will collide
with earth on every ride. Relatively speaking.

Back to eighty, I've busted through to the
other side and might as well wave goodbye
to that younger me, no longer riding bulls or
even my old gentle horse. Bye-bye bikes too

except for pedaled variety, got a fatbike for
a pasture cruiser, but walking more, Fitbit on
my wrist, but I don't wear velcro fastened
shoes or walk in a mall on inclement days.

Gray Day

The road is a long trough of dusty gray
and the sky matches it so well the road
appears to vanish up into it; the gray
sky may be full of number nine gravel
but looking to the right into the distance
I see a barn roof of sheet tin that earlier
matched the sky and the road but it is
now taking the shape of a very bright
parallelogram floating above field and
road quavering in the sky sharp and
angular suspended like a shiny UFO.
The sun is sneaking in under the trees
and is illuminating items, a bored child
playing with a flashlight in a familiar
not quite darkened room. Now the
shape has been eaten by the sky and
buried beneath the road's gray gravel.
Only silence where you'd expect to
hear the gravel crunch against the tin.



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