

as far back as i can remember someone
has been telling
me
in the sacred
in the profane
that my days are numbered.

i have to admit there have been
times
when my judgement
has been questionable
or was unquestionably bad
and other times when the demons just
jumped right out of me
laughing and growling
with their old lips and
sickroom smells
pointing out new pleasures.

i am not a fool
of course my days are numbered
and that should concern anyone
but i will wait until the numbers
become fractions.

commitment to repentance.
wf.h.
2023