

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 judgment

was questionable

or was unquestionably bad

and other times when the demons just

jumped right out of me

laughing and growling

with their old lips

that cannot hold water.

sickroom smells

and grave flowers

pointing out new pleasures.

i am not a fool

of course my days are numbered

and that should concern anyone

but i prefer to wait until the numbers

become fractions.

dawdling to the hedonist.

wf.h.

2023