

The Countdown

*the month of May
is slipping away
and the countdown
begins today...*

my time
is counted
not in seconds
and minutes
but letters
and words

and grains
of sand do
not fall through
an hourglass
but through
the curvy hips
of a woman

and days
do not
reside on
calendar pages
but blow away
like epiphyte orchids
on a windowsill

soon
I will be sitting
on a beach,
a drink in my hand,
letting the tide
kiss my feet

counting down
the days until I see her again

knowing damn well
that it will do me
no good

and because
of my inability
to refuse her

I will put on
my dunce cap
and play
the fool
again

and she will open me up
and laugh at my heart
with her friends

pointing and shrieking
saying,
good dog! good dog!

pretending all is well
when it is anything
but...

I can
hardly
wait