

500

it must take dedication
to do something 500 times

it must take
love

for I'd never wish
500 lifetimes on someone
or 500 months,
500 weeks,
500 days,
500 hours,
500 minutes
if they didn't
want for them

this is my
500th
poem

it's been six years

and I am still sitting at the same table
writing on the same typewriter
beneath the same moon
listening to same midnight silence

but so much has changed
so much as been said
and there's so much more to go

like a child facing a new world
the sun coming through the cracks in my fingers
I say,
 ready or not
here I come