

## Kenny

Dime years collect in insignificance  
To those who watch outside.  
Most friends see the rejection letters.  
They sympathize.  
Contained wives play catch-up in the second year.  
Children talk tired talk to Mom,  
And cry out in their sleep,

Again.

And Me,  
I carry my shortness of breath from the fifth grade  
Through notices, letters, recommendations, interviews.  
The signs of forward,  
The signs that collect to build the future.  
Everyday celebrates new "whens" and "ifs,"  
Rejects departed "might have beens,"

Again.

Inside the floor boards are rotting,  
And days slide.  
Then a passing phrase rips through the smooth sails  
And draws forth the rifling shadows of concern;  
"You're so touchy – Jeez."  
These days.....dime days,  
And after the ride, come down to light another candle,

Again.

Then, it ends in fortuitous moments and Love.  
The offer, an invitation without announcement,  
"Would you be interested in ....."  
A gift of Friendship,  
A Friend with himself on the line.  
And, ..... the same Friend,

Again.

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