

Focus

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FOCUS

I've been trying to put God in focus
As I plant myself in front of
Fans and air conditioners
Trying to keep cool.

I just got off the phone
With my oldest friend (with whom I hadn't
Spoken for a good 65 years till just now).

His mother used to pray for my conversion.

We spoke of friends who'd passed, and shingles, and
Families.

THE FOG

Fog dropped down on everything.
The queen, checking to see
Whether her favorite stallion
Was well enough shod,
Was no exception.

She was obliterated
With the rest of history.

I closed all my windows
And switched all my lights on
So I was not obliterated.
Everything else was.

THE ONLY WAY

I am on stage, spotlighted mercilessly.
All around is total darkness.
I have been assured there is an audience,
But if there is, it is very quiet. No applause, not a cough.
I try this dumb gag that usually works as an icebreaker.
Nothing.

I try everything I have, including singalongs.
I even organize three-part harmonies,
Assigning different parts to different
Areas of the unlit theater.

Still no evidence of an audience in the darkness,
But I feel persistence
Is the only way open to me.

PATCHES

Nothing's very clear.
Maybe what weather forecasters
Mean by patchy fog.
Thing to do is try to see
Between patches,
A leaf here, a twig there,
A cat with a bird in his mouth,
A parked minivan.

THE PERIMETER

Beyond the perimeter where the circle of light ended
Was such darkness as would seem nonexistence.

I, or someone or something pretending to a self like mine,
Entered into it, and began

A search for the finish line.