

DIRTY-REAL

Life is Dirty-Real.

Just provided a bed ridden soul a snip & shave, life is Dirty Real.

Is it my age, has it always been this way? The rose color glasses come off, 20/20 clear.

Today I gave this feeling a name, Dirty-Real, many try to hide from Dirty-Real.

A "Dirty-Real Day". Nothing held back, no way to explain away, raw.

Many say, "you'll be a better person for it." Dirty-Real.

It eventually finds us all. It requires staying steady; are we prepared for Dirty-Real.

No room for self-pity, move forward, bring on another hour, another day, another week.

Just say-n', it's a Dirty-Real world.

"This too shall pass", my friend repeats throughout our visit, always the optimist,

always kind, full of love, finding the good in others.

Life went sideways, know things aren't right, but nurses say vitals are fine, optimistic to the end.

His words more directed toward himself, an observation of one's situation.

"His reflection continues, served with divorce papers, cats need fed, ankles bruised, joints ache, bed ridden"

"Hey, can ya put a couple of those waters closer to my bed?"

I pull a mirror from the wall; he examines my work and approves.

Dirty-real.

"Anything you need before I go?" " Ya, pillows, prop me little higher, a pill, a nap."

Dirty-Real

"3 letters here on the bed, let's find them, wrestles stamps, nothing cooperating, could ya mail them?"

Dirty-real.

Once vibrant, 70, lots of hope, lots of friends, lots of life to live, now lays alone.

A man that played music and cherished the lyrics that shaped his world.

Will I have another chance to encounter my friend? Did I tell him I love him?

What does one say in this Dirty-Real moment? Until next time? Pray says the clergy.

All on this journey, muster what we can to carry-on...Dirty-Real, it's my Dirty-Real.

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