

Thinking of Him Kindly

One day you realize he's like
a worn out shoe, a flannel shirt years past keeping.
Not so much a prize, this old man next to you,
His mouth half-open as he's sleeping.
He's almost broken now, eyes failing
palsied hands, muscles slack where once was power.
You watch him, wondering how knowing
that life ends commands your fears deep
in this morning hour.
But something in him
keeps you
thinking of him kindly. In the rising sun
a teardrop gleams. You touch him as he sleeps -
he reaches
for you blindly, taking you with him in his dreams.

