

Ambition

The old fellow across the road has all three of his sons at home.
Some weekends, they have a swarm of people come over,
Cooking outside, sitting on the deck listening to music
The tunes are catchy but I have no Spanish.
The sons are always very polite
And always urging me to call on them if I need any help.
Once or twice a year, I get them to watch my trash can
While I make the long drive to see my own grandchildren.
Yesterday they had one of their parties. I thought of going
The invitation is an open one,
But I would have to carry my own low carb beer,
and can't eat any of their starchy dishes
and can't explain in Spanish how diabetes drives my choices.
They turned on the lights as evening came on
Laughter and bouncy music filled my house.
I watched them once in a while through my closed blinds
Except when I was eating my can of soup with keto-friendly noodles.
I imagine myself among them –
They would be honoring my advanced age, solicitous,
The sons acting as interpreters occasionally.
I wouldn't impose on them often,
I would be happy just to be among people enjoying some time together.

