

An Old Man's Fancy

Stepping through the front door
into vernal flowerings,
I sense a breeze of early manhood
through my body-window.

There was family then,
so much family
that we almost didn't
want that much--
now just you and I
and an occasional kiss.

There were trembling bushes
and thrilling winds.
Internal landscapes
tumbled over each other,
vying for supremacy
with surging colors.

What landscape now?
Same one as then,
only someone drained
the colors out of it.

Now, living is sensible,
good, right.
Then, it was exploding
with overfelt feelings.

Young men march
to any drummer they hear,
while old men smile
and tap on the table.