

It Can Be Fun To Pick A Bone.

To Pick A Bone

* So at last I'm home again,
One more week to wait,
Then the doctor will disclose
What will be my fate.

Just to know will be enough,
Guessing's been no balm,
Quite a strain it's proved to be,
Trying to keep calm.

But it seems that no one cares
For my nightmare fears
That I've had for twelve weeks now,
Weeks that seemed like years.

No result is all they say,
Nothing to declare,
Leaving me in limbo still
With no one to care.

Now I must wait yet again
'Til the pain grows worse,
Hopes of staving off the ill,
Seemingly perverse.

Difficult to pinpoint though,
When the time will be,
Warranting another check,
I must wait and see.

They Cut Down The Trees

I miss the sound of birds now trees are gone,
And sorrow that I chided them now peace is won:
They sang and wakened me from wasted time,
While flirting in the sycamore and dripping lime,
Songs sweetness vying with the honeydew,
And welcoming the change from black to daylights hue.

The mornings now come unannounced and still,
No happy trumpet and no Joyous warning trill.
Perhaps one day the bleeding wounds will heal,
And saplings rise where broader trunks were made to reel,
One can but hope that there'll be birds again,
But years pass by, alas, and I'll not be here then.