

Good Days, Bad Days

1

This is our situation:
There are good days and bad days.
On the bad days, while making tea
whistling steam sometimes signals
the start of nuclear war.

2

Our condition is so fragile
so breakable
each mask so brittle
it cracks if we feign a smile.
Or we slide it up
on top of our head
like a baseball catcher
to get a real look around
only life is not an easy
foul pop up and we don't
own a mitt anyway
so we open wide
and scream in futility.

3

If we do occasionally see angels
and imagine they come to help us
we rejoice, until we notice
that the angels aren't wearing
any pants and they are ready
for action, if you know what I mean.
We're f_____. Well,
you know what we are,
all of us. In the end
the empty shell of our torso
gets strung out
on Mother Nature's clothesline
to dry up and crumble away.

4

We are in a small boat
on a seething sea.
There is no safe high ground
save to scramble for a foothold
on the left hand of God,

but even God has his limits.
His right hand is so busy
holding the rest of the universe
together, he has little time
to toy with our staying afloat.

5
Nothing is what it seems.
If it is not nuclear tea
then maybe we dream
that we step off a cliff
only to wake in free fall,
the ground rising rapidly.

6
Each day makes us sicker
though, as I said, there are good days.
On the better of them
we puke up pretty flowers.