

when is cruel

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the cold and lasting apprehension  
slow-wait game we play alone  
for not forgetting  
comes the prize – a simple  
“you remembered”

quondam, age-old memories  
are not the same  
as day old kisses  
missing someone’s gentle touch  
or time-worn countenance  
which seemed so bright so long ago

and now we’re growing old  
that witty line recited  
isn’t quite the same, in turn  
yes, long and passing time won’t  
slip by no one – brushes every face  
each body gets its bruises

i got mine  
expecting plenty more – my hair  
ain’t quite the same as twenty years before  
i don’t forget to go to work  
and wait for when  
and i suspect you do it, too

oh, the likely possibilities  
of chucking all this crap  
and hoping for the best  
without that cute naivete just  
tell me that you know it’s coming  
think and tell me when