

15 days since his death

it's the last Friday before Christmas.
i'm going through lists to be completed
tonight, this weekend, this upcoming week.
reassessing lists that didn't get completed
during this swirlingly complicated year.
trying to not hang on to losses. wanting
to let go of lost intentions, the refuse of failed goals.
avoiding facing the list of acquired ailments,
indentures, imperfections that can't be healed or repaired.
rejecting the urge to float in tainted nostalgia
about Christmas's past, people who've passed
out of my life or out of this world into another.
wishing i had the energy to install the
vanilla cream colored curtains & sheers
purchased & impelled to keep the cold out,
keep the frost on the other side,
& keep contented privacy & safety on this side.
yesterday, the sales of the season uplifted me enough
to purchase soft faux suede panels on impulse
but it is the mundane accomplishments,
the in-the-doing that produces euphoric seconds, satisfied moments,
changes & chances we might feel strengthened by.