

Forty for Me

Revised from a ditty for killing time at my fortieth birthday party

Forty orbits eagerly completed
Soon one more
Unless tonite fate calls me
To push daisies through the floor
Hallowed bruises from last year's journey
Aged into my smiles, still I turn to weep
Kiss-and-tell me, I'll delight you
So this autobiography eschews sleep
With my Men's Group in Tustin I hung
We five laughed, sighed, and drummed
Rapping on women, fishing, and pride
Why do compromise relationships die?
Our couples' counsellor was phat
Intuitive, probing, raised kind brow
"How do you feel? Your Dad did that?"
She buried the then so we saw the now
My lover's new baby's her book
Finally delivered (When may I look?)
So our offspring may soon number three
Assuming her last chapter includes me
And my job? I loved it most every way
Despite student cheats, one more meeting today
Will I earn life tenure? Does anyone care?
My endowment and reward is Liv's paternity
Not sparse offices chair-less in eternity

Now a mate with spiritual dynamics,
I write, swim, share poetry without panics
Passion, fear, emptiness, within me lurk
So ravishing with love is my true work

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