

The Little Things (three versions)

by Bill Yarrow

THE LITTLE THINGS (one sentence version)

It's the little things that trip us
up: a small hole in a level field,
an innocuous root in a well-trod
path, a disinclined sidewalk...
yet not every stumble is a fall,
even as by a certain age we've learned
to outmaneuver the looming threat yet
are still upended by tiny bagatelles
and that's why age is a kind of irony
for while we ponder the solutions to
universal health care, world
hunger, and inequalities of wealth,
we are no longer able to safely cross
the street or even tie our shoes.

THE LITTLE THINGS (exclamation mark version)

It's the little things that trip us
up! A small hole in a level field!
An innocuous root in a well-trod
path! A disinclined sidewalk!
Yet not every stumble is a fall!
Even as by a certain age we've learned
to outmaneuver the looming threat! But
we are still upended by tiny bagatelles!
And that's why age is a kind of irony!
Alone we ponder the solutions to

universal health care, world
hunger, and inequalities of wealth!
Yet we are no longer able to safely cross
the street! Or even tie our shoes!

THE LITTLE THINGS (question mark version)

It's the little things that trip us
up? A small hole in a level field?
An innocuous root in a well-trod
path? A disinclined sidewalk?
Yet not every stumble is a fall?
Even as by a certain age we've learned
to outmaneuver the looming threat? But
we are still upended by tiny bagatelles?
And that's why age is a kind of irony?
While we ponder the solutions to
universal health care, world
hunger, and inequalities of wealth?
Yet we are no longer able to safely cross
the street? Or even tie our shoes?

