

Purpose

by Carl Santoro

She awoke, but kept her eyes closed.

Lying in bed, she felt, she guessed,
that it must be around 3 a.m.ish.

She snuck a quick glance at the
clock radio.

Yes.

Exactly 3:00 a.m.

She unclenched her two tight fists
and slowly, gently, splayed her
fingers out on the sheets.

She was afraid.

Afraid today, like every day.

Afraid of the word "purpose."

She imagined herself getting up
to make coffee.

She fooled herself into thinking
she smelled it.

A little on the strong side she thought.

"Purpose."

Purpose - go away!

What do you want?

I gave you two daughters.

I gave you four grandchildren.

I'm done.

What do you want?

She could feel her hands

forming tight fists again.

I'm old now. You took my husband.
I've graduated. Haunt the young. Leave me
to be care free.

Her eyes still closed, she made another guess.
It could be 4 a.m.ish.
Her cat licked her fist.

She slowly, gently splayed her fingers
out on the sheets.

