

# The Threshold of Unfinished Business

*by* Carl Santoro

Death.  
Didn't see that one coming.

I wonder how many e-mails are waiting  
for a response.

And, oh, I've got six DVD's  
in that nagging Netflix queue.

I never got to that  
Thank You note to  
Marvin for his lovely  
winter scarf.

Winter.  
Spring.  
I'll miss all those  
layers of activity they produce.  
I hope those bulbs will sprout again.  
So somebody will smile  
when they see them open to say hello.

And the birds.  
I hope they find a new feeder.  
Why did I buy so much seed.  
Better not rot.

I guess the rabbits finally will win,  
what with all the lettuce unprotected in the garden.

I don't think I locked the car doors.  
Where is my pocketbook?

Uh oh, the dry cleaning ticket  
is in there.  
What will become of my clothes?

This is not going well.  
I had hoped for a  
revolving door.  
The Buddhists said it was so.

