

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.

