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by Gary Percesepe

You turned sixty today.

The last three years passed to ash
from lavender.

And you were beautiful
in the shade of the pine trees
where we left you.

You always complained that Christmas
ruined your birthday,
sister.

But where are you, really?
Do you have your own house, now?
It snowed here today.

I met a woman, does that surprise you?
You'd like her,
you'd like the way she loves me.

But I understand how gypped you felt.
Fifty-seven times!
But where is that boy

who waited for you to get out of
the bathroom while you put on
your makeup?

I was always a little behind you
but I'm
moving faster now.

