

# Resolutions

*by* Larry Strattner

I move in smaller steps.

Sun damages my skin.  
Scars from life transect me,  
inflicted in the main by  
women and my hapless  
quest for happiness.

Portions of my heart and bones  
no longer natural,  
have made me stronger and  
more durable.  
But like a fabled space-ship O-ring  
some unknown part of me  
is weaker and will fail.  
I will spiral down,  
a random cloud of fragments,  
including my gold teeth.

I sometimes wish me someone else,  
who I cannot say.  
Someone possessing clarity,  
in certain of my choices.  
Someone possessing vision,  
seeing curves and  
planes and depths and  
exploring them as beauty.

Hand in hand with wishes,  
dreams and vanities, I walk,  
slower and in shorter steps,  
my vision not as sharp, my hearing muddy,  
clarity confounded.

So, as long as I am wishing,  
I will also wish for hair.  
It is clear,  
I have a chance of growing hair,  
considering the extravagance,  
of all my other wishes.

