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.

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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.