

This Life

by Larry Strattnner

Ensnoced in this life,
me and the wife,
are tucked away,
in our little house.

I'm now sixty four,
and mildly surprised,
the good lord,
has left me alive.

Risky behavior,
has not been the savior,
of any of my friends
or relations.

The fact I am breathing,
seems attached to receiving,
the blessings,
of frequent libations.

So I sit and look out,
at my postage stamp yard,
trying to work on
my patience,

while my life lumbers on,
like a moose in a pond,
driven solely by its own
machinations.

