

Time Change in Florida

by Nonnie Augustine

Used to be I'd keep busy. Dreadful
the time I spend sitting, standing,
staring. I lose track, now.

I believe it's because he died.
It gets hold of me.

I'll see him half on half off his bed,
a plaid blanket angled over his back and legs,
held tight in his gray fist. I might stop to think
about his being cold on an August Sunday
or I guess Saturday because he'd been dead a day
before I found him.

Time slides by while I rock or sway a bit.
Think about things.

Wonder if I'll stay slow like this?
Feels like it.

