

Waiting

A raven sits on a lamppost, waiting.
All he has to do is wait.
With the way the road goes, something will die, sometime.
Then there will be something to eat.

Wait long enough, it will happen,
Something will die.
Even now, wrinkles deepen under your eyes.
Your breasts slide downward.
Cancer cells divide.
Your arteries stiffen.
Just wait.

But it's also true that this evening,
a cloud has thrown an arm around that mountain.
The day moon brightens towards night.
So whatever is important, whatever small delight
might be made to happen -
why wait?