

I Have Survived, Somehow

so many close calls
this seventy-eight-year romp
lucky twists of fate

motorcycle crash
Honduran priests saved my butt
kept souvenir scars

year in Vietnam
hazy memories survive
pot smoker's Bronze Star

now, safely cocooned
in Sarasota treehouse
for the duration

few dangers ahead
except the one that kills me
... waiting ... patiently



Photo: Self-portrait