

Access Denied

Zoom-game with grandkids
quick wits, my young pride-and-joys
my wit's locked, key's lost

nigh eight decades on
creaky old body still works
but brain, that's the rub

haiku's patient muse
indulges my slothful pace
lets seeds soak to sprout

at life's fogged-in shore
watching how my brain thinks thoughts
where's that mislaid key?

caffeine? full night's sleep?
some magical placebo?
restore access, please



Photo: Location of my word-vault, sometimes locked, access denied