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Gathering My Thoughts

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JOHN WILSON

Gathering My Thoughts

I've had four surgeries the past two years.
Three are penile implants. Just can't seem
to get it right.

The other is something or other to do with brain.
Perhaps I had a stroke, or perhaps
they induced one, as a preventative step.
Don't know whether it worked.

I take eleven pills through the day. Sometimes
I forget, rush from my bed, check the ones
left over, swallow them.

I'm not sure what any of this means. I'm only
one individual, and what they seem to be trying to do
is combat age. I get older, they fight it.
Guess who is going to win?

Why do some talk of religion, of a devil,
heaven and hell? All that redundancy. The Orthodox
Jews have it right. Nothing follows. It takes
strength of age to realize it. Eased out of life,
we take the hint. If we're strong enough.

The people who use few capitals in poems,
it's like they're on to something.