

## **Mother Nature Does It Again**

Earth worms on the sidewalk,  
December showers  
bring January flowers,

wondering if I was still in Nebraska,  
or had I traveled to a southern state,  
but no, I was still in familiar territory,

in the same house I lived day after day.  
I checked the calendar,  
and it wasn't April first,

but still the end of December,  
where winter had changed its appearance,  
from one of snow to rain,

warmer temperatures, with the return of robins.  
Merry Christmas Mother Nature,  
you pulled a fast one once again.

## **Red Light, Green Light**

I had fond memories of the game  
Red Light, Green Light,  
having played it years ago as a child,  
long before learning how to drive,  
but today, no game was being played.  
Yes, there were the same two choices,  
Though there was no leader saying those words.  
The traffic lights, using a sign language.  
Red light, stop before the intersection,  
green light, go ahead, move on forward.

A choice of two alternatives,  
and I, waited my turn until my light  
changed from red to green,  
and then proceeded making a left turn,  
the direction of my choice,  
and the other driver,  
continuing from a different path,  
an unknown avenue of confusion,  
failing to stop at the starting line,  
believing their light was also green,  
but maybe they were color blind.

The end result,  
two cars crashing,  
two hits, no runs,  
now waiting for the umpire,  
the local police to file a report.  
One guilty, one innocent,  
each losing,  
and two injured vehicles,  
each waiting a visit to the hospital.

## **Resting My Eyes**

The favorite part of my day now came  
in the afternoon right after eating lunch.  
Some called it a nap,

but I called it resting my eyes,  
for one forgetting what it was like  
to sleep well all night long.

A new habit had been created,  
one, I now excelled at,  
though at times wishing it wasn't needed.

It was a card I had been dealt in life,  
and I had accepted what was offered,  
whether a win, a loss, an opportunity,

something I could not refuse,  
a birthday present to myself,  
a lifesaving gift,

one, I now celebrated every day.  
Here I go, resting my eyes,  
see you in about an hour.

## **Call Me Mr. Painter**

On day one we ran out of paint  
before we ran out of wall,  
and today we ran out of wall  
before we ran out of paint.

I guess I shouldn't say we for  
I was all alone the second day  
and didn't have my helper who was  
off doing other important things,

who instead became the inspector  
reviewing my work after finishing for the day.  
I guess it was always better to run  
out of wall than running out of paint

and having to get cleaned up somewhat  
in order to go to the store to pick  
up an additional can of paint  
only to get dirty all over again.

Getting messy seemed  
to be my preferred style,  
though it might be even better for me  
to hire someone else to do the painting,

letting them make the mess while I relaxed  
with a good book. Maybe I would remember  
that for the next time I attempted this again,  
only it wasn't my house to begin with.

My wife volunteered my services  
before I had a chance to do so myself  
to help out our daughter and son-in-law,  
though it sure didn't hurt that they

purchased several alcoholic drinks afterwards to reward me for all of my efforts, and I'm sure they are glad too that they didn't buy them any time before or during the painting, else the results may have been quite different.