

Wednesday Afternoon

Troubles,
Rid me of your existence.
Can't there be a month in the year
Or even hour in the day
Without your persistent pounding
At my door.

With each hour
Golden streetlights grow dim
In the distant snow.

With every shred
Of energy used to form a willed
Smile.

Oh,
How I would welcome
A day that dances
To the warm rhythmic rays of sunshine.

Yet my predicaments
Do not measure
In the slightest degree
To yours, Jonathon.

A vivacious spirit.
Trapped in the lethargic body.
Plagued by paraplegias.