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HASTE MAKES WASTE OF A WASTED LIFE. Running to keep from standing still. Everything blurs and then you'll miss her. You'll waste her. Sooner or later she stops calling and your wrinkled hands will quiver as you try to remember her phone number. Maybe she'll call you when the kid is on the way. Maybe she'll just call you when it gets here. Maybe. Maybe at his first birthday or his graduation or the birth of the child of the child of the child you'll smile your crooked smile that reaches back through the years searching for the straight. Searching for small white teeth and a grin and a pink balloon dancing a yard above an impossibly small wrist. Searching for the path to the here; the path lost in the gray there of then. But you'll put down the phone and the snick of the receiver is the closing of your coffin. And the room will go quiet again save for the tock and the tick of the yellowing clock on the yellowing wallpaper.



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