

PLANNING?

Leland Jamieson

I never wanted much to splurge on shoes
or shirts or trousers, 'cause, the money gone,
how would I make it up? I'd sing the blues.
(When Dad died, Mom felt "poor." We had to pawn
his things and sell the house for milk and food.
She'd married him and fled the dust bowl thirst
of Oklahoma and a family feud
Go "home"? Of all things, that would be the worst!)

How deeply-rooted fears persist within
a small child's breast grown hairy and, now, gray!
What savings I've laid by reflects the spin
Mom put on how to keep the wolf at bay.
Can't credit them to long term plans (financial)—
but to a childhood: random, circumstantial.

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 3 2007