My Love,

In earlier times,

I filled my fall with games

to climb

my self-created mountain

which I later recognized

was not my mountain,

was not even a mountain.

At the time,

it was the best I could do,

like that old-time Nashville

whine, “Lookin’ for love

in all the wrong places.”

Given what I was given,

what I needed were boots

to get to places

and wings or jet pack

to chase red-tailed hawks.

Earth knows everything

so I try to listen,

but I’m hearing impaired

and catch only every third

word. Sky has seen it all,

but every translation

of his  experience

reveals more

translator

than tale.

Bob Sacksteder