Faded Couches

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss4/16
Clouds of smoke, light and fluffy,
float across the dim lit room
A snow storm blurs the television.
Three old friends, sharing stories
That no one could understand.

This time of day is mine
to lay sleepily on blue
faded couches. Twisting turning,
cracking lazy bones, tired
from hours of festivity.

Celebrated small pleasure,
like garbage plates and Jokers.
Now it’s time to loaf about,
commemorating small pleasures
like Saturday morning cartoons and Advil.

These days are numbered,
too few to miss. Soon,
it will be suits and ties.
Making breakfast before games,
little leaguers littering the house.

I must celebrate existing days.
Spend them with my life long friends,
who will wander from my life,
only to be seen at reunions of our past.
These days are numbered.