

Day to Day

by Savage Bell

remembering im a
mere yokefellow..

either email
or letter me,
better daily routines
could humble me;
remind mind whos the master of thee

power walker,
low-volume talker,
see and reflect like nature.

approaching late winter
and the start of spring
excites me.

will i ever have a seed?
whom i, inevitably
nourish motherly?

me lay me
down to sleep;
me wonder what i'll dream.

-Late Winter

these young bones
feel spring.

mind on the flesh
is death.

mind on the spirit
brings life everlasting.

more youthful
than peter and his
posey.

i dont read,
i study.

-As its -10 and it flurries:
what do these
young bones know?

oh, how weary
i am
of running for the bus.

oh Bus Driver,
please wait for me.

oh how the song birds
still sing to each other;
cold sunny morning.

Being "great"
is played out,
simples enough
for me.

Haikus on the bus,
Haikus on the bus,
why do we live in such a rush?

Haikus on the bus,
Haikus on the bus,
-oh no! my stop!

Power walking up gottengen st,
smiling, head nodding, waving to
those i dont know.
-while the time screams,
"fool, you're late for work!"

spotting ladybugs
and seeing eagles again.

time spent
with toddlers
and preschoolers;
glitter falling
out my pockets,
who said
magic dont exist?

-covidphobia
"no!",
fellow citizens,
these sniffles
and coughs
are just a cold!

the old man
in me
misses
the simple flu.

is it just me,
or does the salty sea
smell intoxicating?

the chickadees are singing,
"springishereherehere",
bluejays chime in too.

full moon,
so big and bright
it burns my eyes.

New day,
new morning,
and here i am,
running for the bus.