

In the Morning

I'm picking the figs prematurely

What a weakness is my fear

Handfuls of green, milky too small orbs to ripen on my windowsill

Proof that I've taunted the mockingbird to no avail

The dollars spent on vitamin bottles that roll

From my too crowded medicine bin

Vacations never taken because I buy, instead, insurance

Against flooding, cancer, hospitalization

I grow tired of the confinement of preparation

Foresight itself is so tedious

But there is strength in my fear

I sleep soundly knowing the insurance company will pay

I breathe easy robbing the mockingbird of her boon

Ripe, purple, delicious in the morning