

35 AND ALIVE!

35 and alive, just  
not sure why? Another October 4—  
All these years, ambling around still.  
So many others in the ground.  
So many others never to be found.  
Why I? I say to the ground,  
this odd path found.

My loving Jen now 34—we're both so  
old. In our day shared, thoughts of her bring  
smiles.

Her so sweet, so bold, never  
doing as others told.  
My "Jen Journal" entries unread  
without hold, but to me never cold.  
"Happy Birthday!" a mere joke  
to her, and to me. One others do not  
see.  
Especially those that chose to flee.

35 and alive—what joy. What glee.  
Life should  
charge a fee.  
But wait, there is  
a fee.  
The cost being life in which we see,  
open eyes to a closed world,  
blind and dumb to what we know.  
Backwards glance all they sow.  
Stale in life as nowhere they go.  
My 35 alive, aware  
within this dogmatic hive.  
At my peace they gawk and stare.  
My life in a cosmic know, as  
separate from them I go.  
Proud of the seeds I left to grow.

