## A FAINT SADNESS

Dozens of tiny black ants scout rim of bathtub. A few search its canyon floor. I ignore them & turn hot-water handle rinsing stray hairs, bits of grit & scouts down drain as water slowly warms, then plug drain, add soap & wait for tub to fill, a faint sadness creeping into my day.

## TRAVEL BAG

In his travel bag
he carries long
underwear, t-shirt,
wool sweater, Levis,
three revolvers, a
flashlight, assorted
pills & enough
empty space to
fill a lifetime.

## LITTLE TIN BOX

He carries a
little tin box
in his pocket.
It's an Anacin
tin worn down
to metal except
for a few odd
shaped patches of
yellow & white.
Inside help waits
to be swallowed.
This knowledge keeps
him going when
his will sinks
into his socks.

## WRIST WRAP

My right wrist has been bothering me since October when Gene & I carried a heavy table down his steep stairs. Doctor Hussa said it's tendonitis. Put heat on it. I use an elastic wrist wrap when I drive or need my best hand for shooting or more intimate activities.