



An Empty Blue Sleeve

I entered the round-a-bout on State Road 144
There by Five Points with the gas pumps and store
The slowdown enabled some time for observing
A lean fellow making his way a bit unnerving
He leaned into the wind I could not feel nor see
Most noticeable though was his empty blue sleeve

First came a puzzling of how it did happen
Was it a landmine or a cornpicker snappin
Maybe a crash or motorcycle into a fence
Thought of the reason caused me to wince
The chill of the moment cold as a banshee
Thoughts not escaping that empty blue sleeve

I wondered how living was living with strife
Of small things missing like opening a knife
Or buckling and zipping or tooth pasting a brush
Sending a txt on a cell caused my face to flush
Seeing how hard the easy would be
Living daily with an empty blue sleeve

Then it occurred that with such constraints
One could garner the patience of saints
To be more appreciative of what I am not
The blessings assumed that I surely aught
Dimensions of good living he taught to me
Lessons learned from an empty blue sleeve

I pray he feels the strength of his teaching
Greater than comes from any pulpit preaching
Of living with courage an essential norm
Empty sleeves with us all in various forms
And life happens not to me -- but for me
A value gained from the empty blue sleeve

Don Adams

On Bethel Pond, January, 2021