

Are You Ready

Are you ready I'd ask my wife
as she primped and powdered
A social event drew near
How often we ask of others
that question we hold dear

We advance on life with eagerness
marking our calendars circling
future dates watchful so
our arrivals are not late

Are you ready We do not
want to miss the introductions
We focus on beginnings of days
of weeks of months of years
concentration overrides our fears

That evening Bobby hurried
to be on time then a sudden
vise-like grip within his chest
A breathless mortal chime

He as we ever eager
to see around a next bend
had he prepared was he ready
Was he ready Each beginning
has its end