

Mysteries of Perspective

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Flashing Christmas lights draped in a picture window
remind me of the cheap foreign hotels in black and white
movies.

I've had too many late hours and too much caffeine.

Today I am disappointed.

I am disappointed because that's the only emotion I can
feel

while standing near these white, blinking eyes of
Christmas.

Today I am disappointed because my hair is still too
short,

my feet are too big, my mind is not quick enough,
and I do not cook French food.

Today I sat amid the last four months of someone's life.

I tasted his food and wore his socks, but

I did not feel like him.

Belatedly, I wondered if he spent much time
in hotel rooms and how it felt for him.

There is no mystery in those repetitious lights,
not as hotel rooms have mystery.

The lights are the reminder of holidays too bleak to
remember.