



Gestation

Raindrops unaware of jealousy,
untouched naiveté
feels the moist blush of the current

that engulfs me alone
as I wander in lost perceptions
to mime without an audience
with cupped hands about my face
unable to hide
in this mysterious ether that blankets
my nakedness.

I dance the waltz of the flowers unannounced
then curl into a harmony of dual solitude

satisfied that love
lies in the instincts of a salmon.

I grow in a tick, my nine month itch
has no subjects in this kingdom,
bored I play with life's cord,
kick my blood — remember nothing

until she tires of me, then squeezes, squeezes, squeezes me
as a blind lemon through darkness into drops of light
to awaken my soul for the first time,

a morning glory on the first stretch of sunlight.

To taste my marrow I delay my scream until
I grip the freeze of loneliness,
open and close my eyes.

On Growing Old

Willow tree, empty nest
laid
naked by Fall
color blind against the sky
faint whispers
listen
the wind seems colder now.

Losin' Control of the Reins

(song lyrics)

He used to sit tall in the saddle.
Now he sits in an old rockin' chair.
While the kids fight a cowboy and Indian battle,
Grandpa just sits and stares.
He used to ride 'em and rope 'em.
He could wrestle a steer with his hands.
Now the doc says, "No drinkin' or smokin'.
Better get all the rest that you can."

He's losin' control of the reins,
Saddled with old aches and pains.
I wish that you could have seen him back when
Cowboys all called him a man among men.
No horse was too tough to tame.
Times were rough, but he'd never complain.
And now faded memories are all that remain.
He's losin' control of the reins.

This mornin', we all sat in silence
When the doc came to see him again.
He said, "His heart's given out.
Your pa's livin' out his last days.
I just can't tell you when."
Now he sits on the porch in the twilight.
He pats his old dog on the head.
And I say, "Daddy, it's night time.
I guess it's high time
We get this old cowboy to bed."

He's losin' control of the reins,
Saddled with old aches and pains.
I wish that you could have seen him back when
Cowboys all called him a man among men.
No horse was too tough to tame.
Times were rough, but he'd never complain.
And now faded memories are all that remain.
He's losin' control of the reins.

It's natural, I know
But it's sad just the same to see him
Losin' control of the reins.



VICTOR DAVID, MD is an OB-GYN for the Southern California Permanente Medical Group (SCPMG) in Richmond, and has been with Permanente for 33 years. He has been writing poetry for five years and has had several of his poems published.



ARTHUR SCHLOSSER, MD is a pediatrician for the Southern California Permanente Medical Group (SCPMG) in Panorama City, and is also a country music singer/songwriter who goes by the name Dean Dobbins. Visit his World Wide Web home page at <http://www.newenterprises.com/dobbins>