

That's all, folks...

by sean m. poole

I'm supposed to be writing poems but it's Saturday morning and I'm watching cartoons.

I know the world is coming apart at the seams. I know people are fighting in the streets. I know entire families live in cardboard boxes under rusting bridges but it's Saturday morning and I'm watching cartoons.

I know there are military drones taking out innocent civilians. I know there are policemen taking bullets. I know there are politicians taking bribes but it's Saturday morning and I'm watching cartoons.

There's a loving, hardworking woman asleep in my bed. There's the smell of coffee and bacon and biscuits in the air and I'm watching cartoons.

I open the window.

The morning breeze rattles the blinds. I hear the sounds of the fountain gurgling. I see brightly feathered birds preening in the palm trees.

I see green anole lizards stalking flies in the glorious profusion of tropical foliage. I want to write a poem that breathes life into dinosaurs the size of Chevys then sends them scampering across ante-diluvian plains but it's Saturday morning and I'm watching cartoons.

I know there are stories to read. There are poems to write. There are paintings to paint. I ought to ride my bike to the beach. One of these days I have to clean out the garage but it's Saturday morning and I'm watching cartoons.

