

At Fifty-five

R. A Christmas

Was he improving,
or just too tired to sin?

Regardless, it was pretty clear
that where his broken heart and contrite

spirit should be there was only
a lumpy longing for the naked past

where he would imagine limiting
himself to a half-pack a day,

wine with dinner, and getting laid
twice a month without tribulation.

He knew he shouldn't be having such thoughts
while wife was away for the weekend

(you can only live so long
with a saint without becoming one);

but it was almost scary to think
that Christ was sure to have him

unless he did something drastic—
which he probably wasn't up to.