

A Poem by Rod Farmer

Luck

The big three: cancers
heart attacks, strokes,
one or two of these
probably in my future
though I could get hit
by a car on my
morning walk
attempting to walk
away from the above,
I hate to think
what role luck,
good or bad,
plays in my life,
my future,
it makes me
feel powerless,
little, insignificant,
luck
gives me the creeps.

Rod Farmer's most recent collection is *Fingers Pointing at the Moon* from Finishing Line Press, 2009. He has recently had poems in *Northern New England Review* and *Backstreet*.