

## Three Poems by Mike Faran

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### The Cancer Victim I Never Met

On Thursdays but  
mostly Fridays she stuffs a  
rolled-up batch of poetry in  
my mailbox

The outer pages usually  
have a fresh spray of bright  
blood from  
when she last sneezed

Sometimes there is a brief  
illegible note

I sit down and let the autumn  
light spill  
onto my kitchen table  
then read

I smile knowing that her poetry  
is so much better than mine --  
knowing that the lines run  
bright with life

## **Losing Control of Time and Events**

Yeah. I know we all get old &  
curse our slip-ups  
(small lapses at first)

Retired now & sitting in this city  
park like they said I might  
rummaging through bags of

leftover lunches  
old fedoras & tubes of skin lotion

Sometimes folks out strolling look  
sometimes an old woman will  
stare

from the shoulder of her caregiver  
& I feel  
naked to the world as I

chew into a stale slice of blueberry  
pie  
my new fedora held up by my

spongy eyebrows

Yeah. I know all about this business  
of getting old & I'm  
learning more everyday

## **Fast Food Blues**

Sometimes -- when you're not  
looking --  
everything happens

The wild green grass eats up your  
future mate  
The little house you wanted gets

sucked-up by a tornado  
A pregnant cockroach does business  
in your bag of groceries

And by the time you sit down to eat  
your tacos on one  
of those stiff pink chairs

God floats by again pulling-up the  
sky and  
wondering if He'd missed any of

the Chosen

**Mike** writes from Ventura, CA. His poems have been  
published in *Abbey*, *Misfit* and previously in *Homestead*.