

patience

how could i have no patience after months in
quarantine?

i don't know, but it's true. impatience still reigns.
this i discover at the water dispenser of my fridge,
filling a glass.
the time drags.
minutes become hours.
the clock says otherwise. sixty seconds.

i roll my eyes at myself, awash with contempt and
frustration. when did sixty seconds start to feel like a
day?

now i practice, learning patience from the almighty
dispenser, letting the clock in my mind scream itself
hoarse.
i fill my glass, watching bubbles churn at the clear,
pale-blue edges.
tick.
tick.
tick.

thank you for teaching me, father. in simple ways.
this is holy water.

month unknown 2020
maybe now. maybe always.