

Peter Kahn

Uncle Harry, Cousin Norbert and Me

I bet I'll live
to be 97. As long
as I never marry.

Uncle Harry died at 91,
his 55 year old girlfriend
lying next to him.
Underneath him,
most likely.
Never married,
often engaged in trysts.
He was a cool cat:
could crawl into bed
with any warm body,
but rarely spent the night.

Cousin Norbert died at 103.
Didn't have a girlfriend
to anyone's recollection.
Never married,
never engaged
in anything remotely
romantic.
He was a shy mutt:
craved affection but couldn't
muster the nerve
to cozy up to anyone.

I'm 41 now and lie
somewhere
in between.

Peter Kahn is a founding member of the London poetry collective--Malika's Kitchen--and the founder of the Chicago branch. His poems have been published in several journals including *Lumina*, *Make* and *The Fourth River*. He was a finalist in the 2006 Fugue Poetry Contest, the 2008 Aesthetica Creative Works competition and the 2008 Violet Reed Haas Prize for Poetry. A high school teacher since 1994, Peter was a Featured Speaker at the 2005 National Council for the Teachers of English annual

convention and the 2007 recipient of the Wallace Douglas Award for contribution to the Chicago youth writing community.