

Michael Estabrook

All about her day

You must appreciate and embrace
the special moments in time,
the warm and tender,
sweet and precious moments,
when they appear unexpectedly,
like a mirage in a desert,
like a shooting star sizzling in
from out of the great dark beyond.

Like today, Friday,
when I came home from work early
and set the table in the dining room
and lit some white candles
emitting a soft yellow glow and played
Beethoven's *Pathétique* Piano Sonata
softly in the background.
Then I sat across from
my pure, perfect, pretty Patti
and listened contentedly
as she told me all about her day.

Then finally, afterwards,
I noticed in the misty gloaming out back
beneath the pine trees in the powdery snow
3 stately deer calmly munching the apples
we had left for them in the mulch bin,
and I realized that this special moment in time
would never ever return again.

Michael Estabrook is a baby boomer who began getting his poetry published in the late 1980s. Over the years he has published 15 poetry chapbooks, his most recent entitled *They Didn't Leave Notes*. Other interests include art, music, theatre, opera, and his wife who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known.

