

Inside My Perfect Snow Globe

Inside my perfect snow globe,
everyone limps and no one
ever asks,
"But...what happened?"

Inside my perfect snow globe,
everyone else shuffles slowly
up hill, especially with shopping carts,
and whoever has the strength that hour
just takes your cart and pulls it
without your ever asking.
And everyone speaks too softly,
too fast, and no one gets annoyed
when they ask you to say it again,
louder
and slower.

Inside my snow globe,
everyone else can't turn over at night
by themselves, and everyone needs a push
to get up from the couch.

Inside my snow globe,
whoever is having a good day
catches you
when you lose your balance
or stub your toe and fall
forward.

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Inside my snow globe,
meat just cuts itself to save you the bother,
and buttons just button
and unbutton themselves.

Inside my snow globe,
everyone limps
or shakes
or falls

a lot,
and we're all doing just fine,
or not,
thank you very much.