

## Coffee Crows and Pages

Cold autumn mornings  
Running late on coffee  
I can't think of anything  
but the black crows who watch me  
and hop along my feet  
Carry all my books on back  
and maybe a few extra.  
I dream of days with nothing  
but words on the page.  
Where eyes meet words meet mind  
But to everything else I'm blind.

—*Erin Rhoades*

## A Meeting with Father Time

Those wise words I forgot  
and their poor timing later on.  
Your complete and utter sensitivity  
and my own abrasive glances where I convey too much.  
Those loose lips can sink glass houses  
and I'd give a penny for any unwatched pot.  
Just give me one more moment of your time, Father.

We continue to live in those vacant spaces  
The faux pas no one sees but me  
I'm the eyes you refuse to meet.  
The watches without a battery you'll still wear  
And those few minutes that would have made all the difference.  
You don't always catch the train before it's come and gone  
And I can't live at this station anymore.

—*Erin Rhoades*