

## Hourglass

### Space Junk Sweep

Space debris creates traffic jams.  
Clear up the space mess as we should.  
Bits and pieces from when junk slams.  
clean-up our near-Earth neighborhood.

Get nets to drag them down from there.  
Grab with a claw. Clutch in our keep.  
Launch balloons. Down from puffed hot air.  
Let's begin celestial sweep.

Lots of chunks are not subsiding.  
All nations continue stalling.  
Space detritus are colliding.  
Celestial junk is falling.

### Thanksgiving Any Year

Thanksgiving is a mixed blessing  
when loved ones are so far away.  
a time for elderly stressing  
a time for children's hungry play.

Thanksgiving is for food sharing  
a time for an adaptable feast  
a time to express our caring  
a gathering of some at least.

Thanksgiving is for forgiving  
a time to heal, a time to love  
time to appreciate living  
time to give gloom and doom a shove.

## Why I Don't Meditate Outside in November

It is too cold to meditate.  
It is too wet. It's much too damp.  
It is too hard to concentrate.  
I find I'm prone to a leg cramp.

Trees are barren, apples are down.  
Shriveled flowers no longer bloom.  
Leaves have turned red, yellow and brown.  
The gray, rainy skies increase gloom.

I look from my window and scowl.  
It's more comfortable inside.  
My achy joints begin to howl.  
Why meditate now? Foolish pride?

### **Hourglass:**

1. Three stanzas. Three rhymed quatrains.
2. 8-syllable lines.
3. Rhyme Scheme: a-b-a-b c-d-c-d e-f-e-f
4. The poem is written upside down from the last line to the first line and must make sense when read both ways.