

The Forecast

Wandering alone through the naked streets
In the shadow of the glitter and neon of the biggest little city
He appeared confused and stranded, sentenced to this desolation.
A wealthy man on another day, but tonight...he had nothing.

The cold rain dampened his graying hair and
His loose change jingled in tune to the
Rhythmic clapping of his well-worn soles
As he pondered what to do and where to go
With his newfound freedom.

It wasn't always like this...
A lifetime ago, the clock moved quickly as
He was ripped in a thousand different directions
The days and months and years rushed by him
On his climb to the top
And then he fell, and there was no one there to pick him up.

“Where did the time go?” he sighed as he glanced at his golden watch.
He pulled his ragged coat to shield him from the cold
As he nestled on a frozen park bench.
The misty night had robbed him of his youth.
As his cloudy eyes closed slowly, a light smile of relief
Dominated his wrinkled face.... the race was finally over.

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