

## Art Model

Paul Snyders December 2007

*In which a middle-aged curmudgeon with sciatica - considers, and is considered.*

For some strange reason  
I just barely didn't ask security  
about a decorative weapon  
on a night they had a bomb threat

There were thirteen cents  
by the elevator, and a new friend on  
the subway, who I had only known for  
twenty minutes or years

A man who can see the asymmetry  
in my eyebrows, and the ruler-straight  
section in my eyelid

"You're more mysterious and complex than that"  
They erase, redraw.

How much more would it weigh  
for him to find a woman beautiful?  
For such a fine discerning eye to  
be transported again into ignorance

A pain, a cane, a hobble-step  
Not what I wanted, meant, planned  
    The same old lesson  
        So what? It's what is

But here's something else you didn't expect  
    While you are waiting around for what you wanted

Satisfaction

Do you really think you would have got it by asking?

*(cue bongos)*