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A Hobby, Daylight Saving Time

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A Hobby

When she asks why I am never at home
to answer early morning phone calls,
I try explaining that I've been crawling out
from under warm flannel sheets at the crack
of dawn for years now, showing up
faithfully for pre-dawn rendezvous
with a muse willing to court my passion
for making meaning with words.
My aunt looks at me with a plastic smile
pasted on lips properly pursed
before responding to my disclosure
with predictable disapproval:
*I don't understand why
you need to leave your house
to pursue a hobby.*

HOBBY!
A hobby!

Hobby, an antonym of *work*, *vocation*, *calling*
Hobby, described by Webster as *a diversion*
something undertaken in one's spare time;
Like a spare tire, hidden away
stored in the trunk of a car
for emergency use only;
Like spare change, not enough
to make a significant purchase or
support a long term investment;
Hobby, a word sandwiched between
hobble: *a shuffle, a stumble, a swagger*:
lame and awkward, and *hocus-pocus*:
poppycock incantations: mumbo jumbo, hogwash.
I refuse to live next-door to such neighbors!

Daylight Saving Time

Dragging his bum leg
through shredded leaves,
a rod held in one hand
and a tackle box in the other,
he remembers that tonight
he must turn back
the hands on his clocks.

Glancing down at his own
weathered hands, he ponders
what he can still fall back on
at a time when his whole body's
begun ticking slower. He rests
his eyes on a weathered sign
with paint-chipped letters:
Fishing is Permissible.

The fish. The fish keep him
going. Keep him coming
back. To cast out his line
as many times as it takes— to
catch his breath— release his fears.

Watching him from a distance
I wonder if he's ever tempted to use bait
that might help him catch glimpses
of answers to life's biggest questions—
or is he content to release
the questions and simply watch
them bob up and down
every time he throws out a line
with an empty hook at the end?

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