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## Prose Poem With a Timer Set

Oona M. Abrams

*Millburn Township School District*

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## Prose Poem With a Timer Set

OONA M. ABRAMS

*Millburn Township School District*

In my imagination lives another poet, much, much younger than myself who sits on some sepia-edged corner sipping coffee and nibbling a chocolate pastry (minus the crumbs because those are not very poetic). This poet has long, shiny brunette hair like the women in Pantene commercials and a moleskin notebook with impressionist painting on the cover. This poet has no obligations, no children, is supported by a rich, elderly, feminist philanthropist who wants more poets in the world who are given time and space to compose. This poet is a ghost, I know, I know, and instead here I sit with a dollar store notebook and ballpoint pen, bundled up in a fleece blanket and sweatshirt and socks because the heat is turned off thanks to spring being here. Before the kids wake up I wonder if by the time I finish writing this and typing it up, evening out the lines, deciding on punctuation, will there be time to put in those hot rollers I plug in so many mornings only to unplug later? Will there be time after all the sandwich making and cereal bowl supervision and toothbrushing reminders to apply some makeup, or will that bag that comes out every morning get shoved away too? This much I do have in common with that ghost of a poetess: We sip our coffee and wear a uniform of mostly dark colors each day, want more poetry in this life which I guess makes us our own philanthropists who donate time and talent instead of treasure, wish we could spend our time more wisely doing what we love, what matters most, putting pen to paper, loving the people in our lives, breathing in this cool air presently. Noticing things.

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