

## MAI TAI MONDAY

The elephant sign shows the way  
to the world of zoo. Joggers jog by.  
Damp streets after rain on a Mai Tai Monday.

Doubled buses cruise by, mostly empty.  
My blue mask is on my face. The notice  
for the maid says Gone Surfing, but  
I am bereft of surf board.

I'll walk along the edge  
of Queen Kapiolani Regional Park, all the greenery  
enhanced by the morning rain, an old man  
getting his exercise. Roosters crow, and I remember  
the spent days of my lost youth. Often  
dazed by dizziness now—but let's not make  
a tragedy out of aging. Others died too soon—  
so don't complain about making it  
to seventy.

That toddler wearing sunglasses  
looks sufficiently bored. I miss  
the cast of characters that last year knew.  
Once again the graceless waves  
come toppling to the shoreline.