

POETRY/FICTION

THE LEASE

In this lease called life
We will rent a space together.
And each room will be decorated
With hope
And painted with dignity.
Early on the cusp of dawn
And across the encroaching dusk
We will listen to the joys of nature
As bluebirds sing out to peace
And soft breezes brush with comfort.
The walls will know no boundaries of time
And the floors no sense of space.
Since this is all we really have
This moment
These moments
In this lease
Called life.

Roger B. Granet, M.D.