

UNDECIDED by: Steven Petrillo (4/17/01-6/11/01)

I find myself undecided.

Still

In my life.

In my work.

In my bed.

At 39. Well... 38 1/2. 38, 9 months, 25 days, and how many hours?
Doesn't matter. I was this way at 36. At 19. At 7.

Who am I going to be? When I grow up?

At 4 a fireman. At 8 a teacher.

At 16... - at 16 I was going to be a poet...

I lie awake unseen by the sun.
Though the sun sees everything...without looking.
Open-eyed, hidden behind a cloud, I see formation.
Rays from each side.
Waiting impatiently for light...
It comes!
Closing my eyes quickly, I see no more.
Though the sun sees everything...without looking.

I wrote on a lounge chair...by a swimming pool...in a mental institution...where I shared
poems and stories with other poets, RN's, epileptics, and other people you wouldn't
normally associate with unless you're in a mental institution...
and dreamed of becoming a man...inside.

And now that I am a man...

Now that I am a man...

I dream of becoming that kid again...

that kid who wanted to be more grown up than he was capable of...that kid who said all the
right things to all the right people to get what he thought were all the right things...

That kid who knew more than he should about things that he shouldn't...

I've decided to stay undecided in my life...

At 39. 38 1/2. 38, 11 months, 19 days and how many hours?

How time flies.