

## **A Segway Skeptic**

A friend of scientific bent  
began to relate to me  
why the Segway doesn't tip and fall  
upend its rider upon the sidewalk.  
It's the gyroscope inside, said she  
with an air of making it clear  
I reached to understand the why  
still believing my own balance  
would keep the mystery machine  
upright—or not.  
For a shift in weight, it is said,  
brings a right or a left turn.  
I have never seen one prone  
perhaps only not coming by at the right time.  
She grew still more convinced  
and myself more skeptical  
that to Seg (new verb) was the favored method of travel  
at the daunting rate of someone running  
a five-minute mile.

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## **Tactful Deceit**

My friends are growing older,  
an undisputed fact.  
Of course, I shall not tell them  
I try to practice tact.

Surely I'm not older  
I'd like to still believe,  
denial's my technique  
when myself I do deceive.

But now the mirror shows  
more wrinkles, sag and gray.  
Perhaps it's artificial light,  
I'm ageless, classic, today.

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## **Musings on an Anniversary**

There is hope to build a perfect match  
at the first clear sparkling spring of marriage  
from which the river together rises  
begin to make small and subtle changes in the other  
only tweaks, really, to make the other  
just a bit more like ourselves, or how we wish we were  
perhaps, in an ideal world.

What we may fail to bring to the equation  
is whether it can flex on stormy days  
when the stream splits and swirls 'round rocks  
until we can rejoin as boulders fade behind us  
or as we each go forth to prove ourselves within the flow.

We may try a promise never to meddle  
in our love's matters, or hardly ever  
for what is meddling but simply another form of tweaking.

We glimpse perfection, elusive still these many years later  
yet find suddenly that we have achieved  
the broad current now, with only minor rapids  
the sort that sound a softening ripple  
around mostly-hidden outcroppings  
merely small lapses, sways  
away from the ideal.

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