

## Five Minutes

by  
*Mary Jean Menzel*

Chase bits of expectations across the room,  
Shoo them from the crevices, grasp a gossamer tendril.  
Quivering, it sends a tickling sensation to my fingers.

Laughing out loud, I frighten the fluffs of imagination  
hovering in the window seat behind the drapery.  
Tinkles of merriment join me from the swaying pines  
on the sunlit, spring-green lawn.  
Draw the blind—back to reality.

3:00 p.m.