



6-15-2007

Multi-Tasking

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Recommended Citation

Sims, Wesley D. (2007) "Multi-Tasking," *Westview*: Vol. 26 : Iss. 1 , Article 33.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol26/iss1/33>

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Multi-Tasking

by Wesley D. Sims

With quartz-time order the cosmos spins,
the planets ensconced in their cycles true,
the worlds of photons pulsing straight
along their paths. Then wander into the men's
room, discover chaos, your life taken
in your hands. Is light playing tricks on you,
or the force field warped after
prestdigitation by multi-tasking hands?
Does Guinness record a demise
from asphyxiation induced by laughter?

I should have regarded the omen
last week, the rare alignment of five
planets all visible together, a string of white
pearls laced across the twinkling sky.
An amateur astronomer aimed my sight
with talented hands—*See them rise,
there and there.* I observed the jewels.

His mumbled response to the *Hi* I said
perturbed at once the fragile cup
of calm. A glance revealed the sudsed-up
pearls of bicuspid. Images whizzed by.
I saw again as a child an elder tease me
with the challenge to rub my head
and pat my belly simultaneously.

No cosmic arc here, a paler shade.
Standard hygiene, with his free
hand he brushed his teeth, while we
aligned leg to leg, no wall made
to separate the sparkling porcelain
fixtures turning our trajectories.

