

WHAT A WONDERFUL TIME TO BE ALIVE

by Gil Somers

Do you remember that time
when we almost died?

When we were trapped in that cave
with our flashlights dimming?

I was so afraid to tell you
I was afraid of the dark.

And it felt like the walls were closing in.
I snagged my pants while crawling through that crevice.

I told myself that I'd never forgive myself
if I got stuck

and the only thing standing between you and escape
was my limp and unmoving body.

And even when we finally crawled out
of the mouth of that awful hole in the earth,

The sun beat down viciously
and mosquitos sucked at our flesh

and still,
we were so far from home.

so far from our bed
where we'd drop the AC

pretending we'd have to huddle for warmth
in that little cave of our own

where you'd reach over
and grab my hands in yours.

And bring them both to your chest,
squeezing the webbing of our fingers together.

And we'd fall asleep smiling
while I thought to myself

what a wonderful time to be alive.