

## SENSING THRU THE WEEK

Each morning when my tastebuds meet  
that coffee flavor . . . what a treat!  
But, while my tongue is waking up,  
I rue my limit of one cup. . . .

Before I touch my laptop keys  
I give my wife a hugging squeeze,  
and on my lips I feel the bliss  
of meeting hers with soothing kiss.

Her quiet voice is hard to hear,  
until I put in either ear  
my hearing aids, which amplify  
life's noises, till their batt'ries die.

My sight is blurred until my face  
has helpful trifocals in place,  
to read, to drive, to take in view  
the lovely scenes of earth anew.

If locked in thought with poetry,  
my nose takes note to rescue me,  
as scrumptious mealtime smells arrive,  
so these five senses stay alive!

— *David L. Hatton, 1/30/2020*