



## **STATUS REPORT**

If I were a man, I'd be  
watching a lot of sports,  
having a few after work,  
and seriously leaning towards  
a new car.

If I were a car,  
my battery would be  
getting by, for now,  
but my treads would be bare,  
my suspension dipping badly  
when taking corners.

If I were a corner  
I'd be on the market these past  
number of years since the  
demolition, my development  
permit stalled at city hall,  
and the loveliest thing  
about me would be  
dandelions.

If I were a dandelion,  
I'd be yellow, really yellow,  
good at survival, intent on scattering  
some wind-borne  
immortality.

If I were immortal,  
I wouldn't be imagining  
I was something  
else.