

A Poem by Rod Farmer

Bad Karma

I'm a skeptic but if karma
does exist my bad karma
is chasing its own tail,
at some point time will
blow me away to where
everything comes from,
meanwhile a strong wind
has found an unlatched
open barn door and will
beat it up all night,
shred it if I do not
march out into twenty
below zero weather
and save an old door,
I'm busy living I do not
have time to let time
blow me away.

Rod Farmer has had over 950 poems published in over 200 journals. His first collection of poetry was *Universal Essence* (1986). He has two chapbooks available from Finishing Line Press: *Red Ships* and *Fingers Pointing at the Moon*. Also, he has had over 90 articles, essays, and book reviews published in such journals as *The Humanist*, *Mind Matters Review*, *Poet and Art Times*. He is professor emeritus at the University of Maine at Farmington. He has received three Fulbright-Hays Fellowships to study in India, Israel and Pakistan and two grants to study in Japan.