Red Light Green Light
By
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Characters: Male, 50 and up.

It creeps toward you, a childlike game of green light red light, it's sneaky, moving closer to you with every green light. But what do you care when you are the one getting to turn around and bark out "red light" anytime you want. After a while your focus shifts the game doesn't seem important require your full attention is pulled elsewhere. You get busy, that's what happens, you forget to turn and shout "red light". Busy with school and sports and horrifying school dances where you drink stolen Jack Daniels and barf in the backseat of your girlfriend's car she'd borrowed from her dad. Busy trying to meet and uh engage with others in a non-clothing way. From mating comes marriage and consistent dinners and not so consistent sex. But you're working, renting, raising kids, repairing cars, unclogging sinks, replacing toilets. The company mandates yearly physicals you remember how to whisper "red light" when you get your blood work back. The, now, takes over again. I'm occupied saving enough for retirement, planning vacations and mowing the damn grass. Until, I pause to check the mower bag, is it full already? Swift pain between by shoulder blades*. (Quick gasp as if knowing you're having a heart attack.)* My knees kiss the cut grass. The game never stopped. It crept closer, ceaselessly approaching from behind. My eyes skyward, silently screaming with lips that don't move, red light, red light I said, red light Goddammit!