

Bright Example

A few stones, day after day, dreamily
walked beside me. Houses
and trees and bright red
orioles, if I think
back on it, in their privacy.
For now, the elm trees
swarm with bees. Their hum
could keep me
there. Your
sky is blue and huge
and open.

I think about
the locals. Like people
screaming. I think it's a dog he's
carrying, but it's a paper bag.
She stays closer
to the gravel. She leans
against it, but
prefers the wooden fence.
Another car turns
over. Another
sputters.

And you, my dear
skeleton, in your pajama
bottoms, say
hello to everyone.
Another rock. A plastic
rose. Toy animals, can you believe it,
a flag, a poem.