## FROM OUT MY WINDOW

I see the approaching Sport Utility Vehicle Which has never left pavement Which will never leave pavement Which is designed to leave pavement

Behind.

the wheel sits a woman
With a grin that has been molded from her lips
By the knowledge that it cost
More than she could ever
Afford.

But the SUV is a large vehicle, And always makes one feel safe.

I see the neighbors have returned They say they now awake.

Last night The walls Pound.

Last night. Her body Pound.

Last night He drank, then Pound.

Today
They wake
From a wake.

Today
They say they
Have found god.
And to think that had I known he she it
Was missing
I would have searched

Myself.

I see the Mail woman deliver another letter.

Her steps have more bounce than usual and I am left to wonder, Is her bag lighter these days
Or is it the warm breeze that now blows
Following the winter?

I wonder, but never ask, Then check my E-mail.

I see the pre-school child pushed In a stroller

Shaped

Like a car.

He cries out.

Green is not the color for which he asked.

He resists,

But is pushed along without hesitation.

I see a couple pass on bikes...bicycles, that is.

Ten speeds or twenty speeds or fifty,

if they have reached that far and can market them.

They zip by silently.

One takes the lead, but is caught,

then passed.

It is a leisurely race,

but a race

none the less.

And their testosterone will not allow them to slow down.

I see an out-of-shape middle aged man

Shooting a ball at a hoop

which constantly rejects him, but

He celebrates every shot, as if

he may win the championship Game.

Then, again, sips his beer.

I see the tree in my front lawn.

I see the plastic bag caught in its branches

too high to be removed.

Both have been exactly where they are

For as long as I have lived

here.

The bag is torn and fading

its frayed edges blow a streamer The tree has begun to bud it's foliage on its way.

From out my window,
Through its screen
Within my room,
Inside my home,
At the elbow of my street,

I sit.