



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.