

Witness in the enclave

A ring
of protective mountains
surround this white enclave

The Least, Last, and Lost
no matter if
they're respected
wealthy
hard-working
funny
joyous
disappear
during this pandemic

the white enclave cannot hold
they tear apart
at the systems they fought
so hard to maintain
to create
they scream
and point guns
in every direction
manipulated
(almost in jest)
by the wealthy and powerful

History
is a matter
of convenience
for those that
create it

the white enclave
assimilated
their means
of oppression and privilege
in their Wild West mentality
and confiscated
biblical persecution
to suit their interest

Time

will eat the white enclave's misgivings
will grind down their churlish smile
will rust their tin palaces

Manna

falls for
the bonded
while the hungry ghosts
choke on their gold
and die of thirst
in a depleted uranium
desert.

Being in the moment with someone on the spectrum

Bookshelves

crashed to the floor

Grade school officials

shook their heads

Helpless parents

reached out

strove toward

and searched for a
connection

But the child

cried

grasped

in desperation

to make that

connection

Seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months,

and a few years

milled by -

bond

united

A realization

time

space

care

and LOVE

paramount to sustain

this lovely girl

to emerge

as the

POWERFUL woman

Sculpted

in her own

image.

Plenty to go around

I walk out of our southside third floor walkup,
past the elderly widow next door,
and drive to an orchard to pick apples.
Apples feel like a gift in the hand,
but the thought is soon lost on me.

Fastening kids in car seats,
Driving on the Kennedy,
Parking the car
on the street.

Finally, home with our apples,
I climb the stairs,
nod to the widow as I pass her,
and struggle with the door key.
She shuffles over to me,
grabs the keys,
opens the door,
Lets us safely inside.

I remember the apples
and return to the hall
for our bulging bags.
With the widow gone,
thanks cannot be offered.

Later in the evening,
I walk to the kitchen,
grab a glass,
fetch some water.
From our kitchen window,
I can see the widow
peeling an apple
watching the White Sox
yelling at the screen.

Summers at Twin Creek

Rain falls

to the pitter-patter
of drumsticks
on the side of a snare
throughout the forest canopy
only to be heard
by the young robin
on his back
looking up
and thinking

of starry nights

and ships
that float
effortlessly
through space
only to be
smashed
to bits
and burned

by aliens
and otherlings
sprouting
from his mind.

To here!

To there!

The pitter-patter

of drumsticks
still sound
in this deafened ear.

Misplaced nostalgia

I dipped
my toe
in the part of the creek
without ice
Cold tingling
and a jolt
went from the tip of my toe
to the top of my head
Causing my body to slide
down the bank a few inches
forcing snow and dirt
underneath my coat
and Snoopy shirt

The day was clear
and true
with no houses in sight

Going to that same spot
now
has cell towers
and landscaping

But the sound of children and families
still ring through
that space
that was once a forest of
birch, walnut, and maple
with no place
to test the ice.