

The Observers of Human Nature

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Boys and Girls

The children were playing Cowboys and Indians
Out on the front lawn near the red rose patch,
Where the budding flowers would bleed
And where the adults couldn't see them.
The Cowboy cornered the Indian and pushed her,
So that she fell into the roses and screamed.
The Cowboy smirked, and growled, and rose his pistol,
And when he shot her they promised each other
That neither would ever tell.

A Train Goes By

A thumping echoes out over the lake,
So that the fish all believe it is raining overhead
And say "Nature really is a beautiful thing."

The Sweet Life

My friends and I drink our champagne and carry umbrellas
As we slip out to go see the body. On the way,
One of the patio lights blow out. The girls scream, I laugh,
And we continue on without the faintest care in the world.

Memory

It was a memory so vivid, a recollection of such clarity,
That I knew it not to be true.

Sick

Drawn curtains and closed shutters, and wine bottles at noon.
My sisters and I head out to the old woman's funeral, laughing and talking
About Nina Simone. We head out late, each one of us with hangovers,
And as we lock the door the neighbor's dog escapes from its leash and barks.
It limps over and hobbles after one of the girls while the rest of us laugh,
And when the owner comes out to apologize he says that it is an old dog
And needs to be put down.