

# The neighbor's daughter

by Roberto C. Garcia

watches me mow my lawn  
from her porch  
three houses away,  
& her mother  
next to her  
could be  
day-dreaming.

Noon sun, like a restless master  
on my back,  
sweat doing more  
than gleaming,  
it's feral, my skin darkening.

Steadfast daughter, staring  
hard at the evolution—  
brown flesh turning blacker,  
she won't look away.

I stop to wipe my head,  
peek over,  
her mother gets up,  
a face—like reproach,

puts a hand  
on the daughter's shoulder,  
both of them watch me  
grasp the handle bar,  
pull the cord  
& finish off  
my lawn.

