

# Morning

*by* Lori Lou Freshwater

Leaves dance their way down,  
unfazed by this September heat.  
Bus stop routines set already-  
summer ended years ago.  
A chipmunk scampers under  
a parked truck while once again  
the young man does his morning run,  
turning around one block down.  
Just as yesterday, dressed  
dapper, the old man passes-  
like a slide stuck in a projector,  
the one for the day he dies,  
leaving a house empty,  
a field gone to seed.

