

funeral procession

these
motor
cycles
wrapped
in
official
sadness
for
the
dead
blink
ing
bright
red
flowers

— david sandberg

Jezebels

Going home
from church
in blue gauze hats
and blond kid shoes,
they stop to stare
at flower beds
and wait for
traffic lights
to change,
hoping God won't mind
a touch of color
in their clothes.

— Gloria Kenison

A Fall

The point is, can a boy
walk along a porch rail
without falling on a
Anthony Watrous bush
on one side
or a Chinese straw porch chair
on the other.
He is muttering
because his sister
won't let him steal
her pencil sharpener
in the shape of a globe.
Finally, he falls on the
Anthony Watrous,
which has to be replaced
by a blue hydrangea.

— Gloria Kenison