

me poking my rod  
through the earth, Chinese sitters  
leaping to their feet

keeping me awake  
from outside, the gravelly grind  
of grass growing

imbedded in a tire track  
a reddish splotch  
that was once a kitten

gently polishing  
a pond's icy surface, shadows  
of scudding clouds

in a ditch, tires up,  
a Rolls Royce; beside it  
a coiffured woman, dazed

its linen kept fresh  
a crib still there for a child  
born dead years ago

nailed to the blackened  
door frame of a gutted store,  
a no-looting sign

— William Woodruff

Pasadena CA