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