

WHISTLER

What he wants
is to be able
to whistle.
An innocent
request compared
to other
pressing desires.
He just wants
to be able
to whistle
a tune —
any tune.
His mom, who's
still alive,
can pucker
but laughs instead
of whistles.
He's a little better.
Fragments. He
whistles pieces
& parts,
that's all.

NEW HOUSES

There's no field
behind our house.
Just more houses.
For miles, it seems.
There used to
be grain fields
up Elkhorn Blvd
where Lucky Market
is now. There was
one huge oak tree
on a hill &
a trail thru the
grain up to a
small brick structure
with a large peace
symbol painted on
it in green & white.
New houses cover
that area now.

RIDDLE

He's old enough
to be wise, but
wisdom eludes
him. What he's
good at can be
counted on a three
fingered hand.
Expert at nothing
he's kept going
by the tilt
of the earth
or something just
as unlikely.

IN THE MIRROR

He continues to
scrutinize himself
in the mirror.
An old habit.
He read some
where you should
smile at yourself
& say I love
you. To boost
self-image.
But he's in it
for the long haul
& checks for wear.