

Perambulate

Past the trees,

I walk up the hill

Past the drones going in the opposite direction: always...

The pool, set in concrete, catches her tears;

he has friends waiting

The yell low light illuminates

ripples of her healing and his impatience-

There must be work to be done;

I note that, procrastinating and predatory

Indistinguished and unnoticed,

The hive will continue

I walk around the corner...