

Ruth

Nancy Baxter

Socks sagging, jaw adroop
Ruth walks the six blocks
From Carrolton Avenue to the Friendly Family Food Market.
Three times a day she goes
At least
For lemons or Lysol.

Caesar-like she waves her stubby hands
at the milkman, or a Chevroletful
of men in overalls picking their teeth.
In some buzzy dream chamber of her half brain
Her brown paper bag
Makes her Santa Claus or Somebody.
The man at the Friendly Family Foodmarket smiles
Benignly.

I wonder what will happen when the A&P
Builds their Super Serve-Your-Self Market on the site.