

OUTDOOR JUNK

FORMALITY

SHORT STORY

Rustier than
indoor junk.

How are you?

We never saw
eye to eye.

-- Guy R. Cochrane

Hayward CA

NURSING HOME POETRY CLASS

Who me?

I don't have anything
To write a poem about,
He whispered,
Cautiously clearing his throat,
Except maybe for the time
One Independence Day
When we were just kids,
We played a trick on our old rooster,
The one that was always
Looking for tasty tidbits,
Pecking at anything
That came his way.

My girlfriend Kathleen said
No, don't do it,
But I threw the firecracker anyway,
Telling everyone
Not to move a muscle,
My legs shaking just before the deadline
As we watched the old rooster go for it
With a neck-stretching greedy peck,
An explosion of feathers, dust and squawking
Filling the hot summer air,
And then the sudden realization
That Kathleen was running away
And that I would never see her again.

But I guess it really
Doesn't make any difference,
Because it isn't important,
And I don't think anyone
Would want to listen
To an old man anyway.