



1999

Again

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Again

Busy street I see, with endless cars speeding past this useless
road.

Loud exhausts;

Kids scream and play at their grandma's;

The neighbor lady yells at her son to mow the lawn;

The dogs wrestle.

Smelling fresh cut grass, faint exhaust of semis, and oil as he
continues to work on his car.

Bored.

I reach for the flower pot hanging from the front porch,

Half alive, half dead...

The bright purple flowers feel soft and smell sweet,

The dead ones flake off and smell like nothing.

Once again I make a mental note about how my life will be.

Heather Ackerman