

Suburban Reverie

Watering the flowers,
I happen to think of
all the famous authors
working on their newest
books.

Mowing the yard,
I wonder how the
great mathematicians
can prove their theorems
even with computers.

Sitting in my front yard,
listening to the songs
of cardinals and wrens,
robins and blue jays,
I wonder at the amount of
practice an opera star
must submit to.

How about the columnists
and cartoonists and
astronauts and painters,
all being
something?

Here I am,
sitting in my front yard,
in an aluminum lawn chair,
staring at my suburban home,
supporting and
supported by a nice family,
wondering,
wondering.

I'll water the flowers a little more.