

Trisha

Succumbing to morning sun
lingering dew is in retreat
as I stride the park path
round and round
golden morning glow
is winning out
The thump thump of
plastic garbage cans
sound in the morning air
my eyes are fixed
on a blonde pony-tail
swinging side to side
near the storage shed
Good morning
how are you greets me
as I round the bend
A young woman
with a wide smile
waves to me
a smile making an old man
feel young again
She strains lifting
debris filled bags
Is it not difficult
I ask of her
Aware blue eyes flash
in giving answer
I really like my job
she assures me
I'm free
in the land of the free