

Waiting for the Shop to Open

Michael Stone

The rising sun rises,
drives off dawn's shadows
and sparrows in flocks,
peck the worn grass,
and cover the bare tree,
winged leaves perching.

Morning people hurry by
heads busy with the day
and
a soft 15-year old
in yellow shorts
wanders back and forth,
dreamily.

Jerusalem, May 2009

SPEEDPOETS 8.6