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Desert Bloom

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Desert Bloom

Michael rises at six
Every other Wednesday
The dew heavy grass
Soddens his tennis shoes
As he backs the creaking mower
From the rusty shed.

Sweeping wide arcs
Around white pebbled beds
Stretching narrow rows
Across the front lawn
Two hours to push the machine
Through the prickly old lady's grass.

Met with an invitation,
Michael sips iced tea
And listens to her chatter.
Once
She played the piano.
The notes filled the room
Spinning in the swirling scent of her lavender.

The boys tease him.
They simply can't comprehend
Two hours sweat
For five bucks
And iced tea.

Michael merely shrugs
Knowing they won't understand
That even the cactus
Needs the cooling rain
And time to let
Its flowers bloom.

---Kelly Pearce