Bear Hugs

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Every Tuesday I walk past a set
Of pine trees, planted just over a year ago.
I know they are planted too close
To each other, and that in a few more years
They will be ripped up
By their roots
And replanted
Somewhere else.

When I think about the approaching
Winter, I feel the Summer months grow
Distant, the Spring months blossom in
The soil, and the Fall months Fall
Out of every tree.
I rake up the Fall and place it aside the curb
For somebody else to deal with.

In the corner of my room
There is a cactus. If I don’t turn the lights on
When I come in at night
There is always a chance that I will trip
And my left hand will land
Directly on the cactus’ sharpest needle.
Better my left hand than my eye.

The townsmen rushed to the store
On the corner of Boulevard and 18th
When the results came. The townswomen
Crossed their fingers, some prayed.
The townschildren sang a song
About an egg that fell and shattered
Into several pieces, none of which
Fit back together in the end.

I captured the captain in the capital.
He photographed quite well.