

Indian Summer

the day was beautiful, in the streets
a south wind pirouetted
with golden leaves

babysitters pushed strollers;
a Latino boy, his bare chest tattooed,
sold cotton candy

a young couple twined their arms,
laughing; the mailman
emptied a rusty mailbox

all pretended life was bearable
as if this crumb of summer
could make anyone happy

really, happiness was
within reach; a thin screen
separated them from it

basking in the sunshine, smiling,
they passed by, without
stretching their arms to pick it