

December and a Former Cotton Field

by Gary Hardaway

In the sad suburban subdivision
with its cul-de-sacs and broken curbs
and its longstanding Cavaliers and Escorts
the brown grass overgrows the sidewalks
and limbs of token Bradford Pears
planted when the brick-faced
3 BR/2 B houses were new
hang half-down
split by late November winds.
Strings of multi-colored light bulbs
outline doorways here
and ornamental dormers there.
They await the evening and its
small electric surge of gaudy hope.

