

# 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.

