## 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.

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