

Visitations

by Gary Hardaway

The cottontails stop by in the dark early morning
to graze the lawn beneath the artificial light.
They've grown accustomed to the smoking man
on the small patio and don't scamper away.
They never visit when the sun is out, afraid of light
bright enough to show them clearly.

The squirrels love the sun

and scamper after acorns someone buried.
They, too, have grown accustomed to
the smoking man, the small patio, and swing
their fluffed up tails across the grass and weeds,
unafraid, unless the man stands beside the patch
of fence, in full view, and just a little too close.

