

The neighbor's daughter

by Roberto C. Garcia

watches me mow my lawn
from her porch
three houses away,
& her mother
next to her
could be
day-dreaming.

Noon sun, like a restless master
on my back,
sweat doing more
than gleaming,
it's feral, my skin darkening.

Steadfast daughter, staring
hard at the evolution—
brown flesh turning blacker,
she won't look away.

I stop to wipe my head,
peek over,
her mother gets up,
a face—like reproach,

puts a hand
on the daughter's shoulder,
both of them watch me
grasp the handle bar,
pull the cord
& finish off
my lawn.

