

On The Stoop

by Tim G. Young

The leaves were meaningless because they were no longer
connected to the

trees. The sun played tag with the plastic bags on the street and in
the gutter

which were for particular

moments hustled by the wind. Sitting on the stoop she adjusted her
skirts to

assure wandering eyes would not travel above her folded knees. She
let

her fingers pry the plastic lid from her coffee container so she could
view

more closely its contents then she sipped.

To her right, on the avenue, the sirens began a loud, angry rage. She
turned her

head catching a glimpse of crimson fire engine and blue white
police vehicles

streaking like lightening. After a few seconds the quiet returned.
She could

feel through the container the coffee had cooled. A group of school

kids made

their boisterous way past her stoop back packs and conversations looming.

Her body decided to stand and stretch. She noticed her black converse

sneakers looking tired and worn. The pink laces she thought shared a secret

life with her. The wind now tugged at her hair.

