Leisure

I sat in a nest of my clothes,

Recently worn, not washed, but clean,

Perched on the limb that is my bed,

Wearing a friendly black t-shirt that

Brushes my waist and hugs my back,

Very soothingly, very smoothly

I sit in the light of the sunset now,

Surrounded by tokens of Saturday evening:

Cricket song, bird whistles, squirrel chirps,

Speeding cars, barking dogs, and the rough

Hum of mowers and edgers finishing up

The day’s work of trimming away a week’s work

This elbow of the Aves is my momentary secret garden,

This is the girl I mean to be,

And the quail that crosses my path is my mother bird

No cars pass me as I sit on the concrete curb

Nothing stirs me from my placidity

It’s just me here, in the twilight air that reminds me a little of

Resting my head on my sister’s back, sprawled before the fire,

Or the scallion pancake-induced tears I shared with my cousin,

Or even the late nights when I laid peacefully in my bed,

Mostly awake, conscious of the cotton sheets across my belly,

Their touch much better than yours.