

How many times have I heard,
"In the South they just don't work."
Lazy angels spill time
and use lives
as I would mine.

Pouring out of windows,
like strange flags,
come clean clothes.
Spit-free sediment
sweep dives
from broom-kept porch
in no time.
no time.

Now the sun strips that same sidewalk,
with the day-dried test
of small talk.
She walks quick, fresh,
with clean, black crease,
and navigates this mess
with protected ease.

Does she leave?
Does she leave.
Does she come home?
Where does she sleep?

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But somehow the gate's not right.
A face stripped of something
since last night.
Can you carry that smile
to the store
or a job?
And what's such a rush
that would let you be robbed?

Do you leave?
Do you leave.
Do you come home?