

## Gray Confusion

People don't sit on porches  
anymore. Hands on heads,  
legs crossed at the ankles,

cooling themselves in the last folds  
of evening. No worn wicker chairs,  
hanging baskets,

limp lazy cats curling  
on wooden steps. Neighbors gathering  
before darkness thickens.

We rush in gray confusion, retreat  
behind glass doors, overcrowded  
highways at our backs.

No time to sit, think  
about tomorrow, perch  
on a railing, sun shining

like honey. Or look into  
the eyes of grandparents, find  
what it is of them that's lasted.

Bodies motionless on porches,  
sheltering oaks living  
to be one hundred.