

Remnants [Morning Walk]

Springtime: panicles of crimped, white flowers.
Caressed, discarded by wind. Down the street
we walk our infants, a flurry of light. Bright-
eyed, they are taking it all in: red car, white car.
Clouds nursing sky back to blue. A body
crumples when it moves. We've been working
the night shift. The day shift, too. Longest shift
of our lives. Fatigue creases our smiles: seams
exposed. We say: *take care!* We mean: *give it up!*
Children form committees to restore wind-torn
petals. We collect and salvage. Slowly, we recover.

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