

## Saturday Morning in Somerville

This is my Saturday morning:

Scot Simon on the radio talks about my old team, the Cubs,  
Spike smacks up salmon seafood supreme  
in the pantry from her white metal dish,  
a Portuguese muffin smokes in my toaster,  
and outside the Lawson cement truck purrs  
as my neighbor, the murderer,  
prepares the ground for his new lawn.

The gentleman has a heart condition  
and his son has been out of circulation for a while.

But when he was out, the son,  
on the street, as it were,  
once a year he'd chainsaw down the sumac,  
about which Sheila bravely complained  
on behalf of our tomatoes two summers ago.

The others in the family,  
a blondish elderly woman,  
a young girl with a baby,  
and some young men,  
trail in and out, disorganized.

On the other side...Emily of the flowers.

Flowers in pots, on the front steps, pinks;  
flowers hanging in the windows with bows;  
dried ones made into flower wreaths;  
small clumps of flowers along the driveway, marigolds;  
flowers in pots on the back steps (without bows).

# 98.7

It is harder to see Emily's flowers now.

Between my house and hers  
she has woven plastic strips  
among the rungs of cyclone fence  
and planted two metal poles from which  
grapevines will be forced to climb.  
Emily has cats and sons and very good hygiene.  
On this Saturday morning she is probably  
scrubbing the outside of her sauce pans  
or scraping with a very small tool, dirt from a  
very small crevice somewhere.

I live sandwiched thus.

And on a Saturday morning  
in early fall  
with the warm sun  
across my brass lamp and seckel pears,  
the smell of the basil and oregano  
and begonias brought in to avoid last night's killer frost  
mingling with burned Portuguese muffins,  
I'm cozy, listening to NPR and the purr  
of the murderer's cement truck,  
knowing I am secure from Emily's rapacious flowers,  
I am safe and comfortable,  
at home.