

Limitations

by Brian Bell

Browning, crumpled register receipts float from maple trees.
A crisp, crusty layer across my yard buries my rake.
Tendonitis in my right arm aches from repetition.
My jelly knee wobbles on uneven ground.

My gutters clog with kittens, my sewer clogs with dogs,
The postman backs a dump truck to my mailbox, buries it in mice,
Worthless, the tools given to me, the ones I labored to hone.
I scoop the kittens, I auger the dogs, I sweep the mice.

I grow weary of the once fluffy, now sad faces,
The light fades to peach, then purple.

As fragrant earth air chills toward frost,
The lion in the sky closes his jaws.