



The courtyard



The hospital courtyard,
at three a.m.
the same for twenty years.

Even in heat, snow or rain,
only the trees are taller.

Tonight
it's quiet.
No wind or traffic,
just the slumbering autos
lit by the moon and streetlamp.

A mockingbird calls
from the young live oak,
a dim green island
planted
in the indifferent asphalt sea.

His stolen songs
repeat
in groups of three,
and echo
in the concrete canyon.
His music intended
for a softer realm.

I think of the thin old man
with the wispy white hair,
his dried apple countenance
creased
by a hint of a smile.

I just pronounced him dead.

Did he hear the same song?

It is good
to be alive
right now.

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