

Paper Boy

Brought back somewhat prematurely to this plane
By perhaps an unpleasant dream,
I peered absently from the bedroom window.
Across the street
A twelve year old boy delivered
News of the world's continuing unraveling.
His bag had been set down at the foot of a tree,
No doubt to provide a brief respite from its weight
While he delivered the paper
To my neighbors porch.
On the way back,
Inspired by some passing exuberance,
He leaped into the air,
And clicked his heels,
Celebrating
-----His youth
-----The sun soon to rise
-----Whatever
Like an unencumbered soul
Moments before putting on the task of this body,
And he fell happily on the paper bag.
Then gathering his task once more,
He proceeded with more circumspect step,
The bag heavy upon his thin shoulder,
Heavy with concerns for the still sleeping neighbors.