

The concrete patio

stamped to look like stone, is cool under bare feet
waiting for the sun to cut through the wood
separating it from the road. The patio,
lined by jagged rock, rises six feet before giving way
to a tidy lawn. When the grandbabies come

they fill their tiny arms with creamy-eyed daisies
until shots from the neighbor's range
sends them running. Fear radiates
from their shelter, the patio
abandoned in a shroud of faded blooms.

But now there is only a gentle breeze.
Dissonant notes of robins and cardinals crescendo,
an alleluia chorus silenced as a tsunami
of overpowered truck grinds up the road.
Probably a neighbor off to work. I hope

they have a good job, one that pays well,
getting up early to toil on some dusty site
or maybe commuting long hours to do the labor
that eases my life. But in its passing,
reverberations of impotent rage set loose.

And I know there is no wood dense enough
to keep me in, shield them from imminent strife
for in the roar of this morning's diesel,
I hear the growl of a gathering storm
threatening the life I so love.

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