

Mornings In My Neighborhood

Eight o'clock—
children appear,
backpacks bouncing.
Mom and Dads follow,
scolding, calling out spelling words.
Nine o'clock—
college students glide by,
silent scooters,
Lyft bikes rolling,
skateboards clattering,
all headed to Cal.
Ten o'clock—
the au pairs arrive,
pushing fancy baby buggies.
Each morning one buggy playing lullabies.
Eleven o'clock—
The elderly emerge,
hiking sticks tapping,
walkers rolling,
moving slowly,
along the sidewalk.

