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On the Deck

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On the Deck

Dave Schelhaas

May sunshine, and I am sitting on the deck.
I eat my cold beef sandwich—
the Germans call it fleisch—
as just above the grass
the sparrows trampoline
wind currents as if they're
guided by remote control.

The wren's so happy
she can't contain herself
and the house finch flits
from tree to bush, her neck
bright red against the green.

This morning I read
a freshman paper which told me
that "old people are waiting for death
and content with their surroundings."

I could sit here all afternoon, I think,
listening and looking.

Most of the perennials
have sent out shoots of green.
I imagine them slowly growing,
cating rain and sunshine
to stack cells one against another,
calmly working toward a flower,
pushing up, up.