

Music for Instruments

by G. H. Mosson

Cars purr past me, like heirloom quilts
sooth teething babies. Runners crisscross the cracked streets
of Baltimore, inchworms on leaves.

The clouds parade their shadows across the bricks of buildings.
My Sunday breakfast ebbs into a sudden blazing yawn
until a sprinkle-down of May Day relief.

Over unfingered newspapers flutter sidewalk buttercups.
A boisterous gang on a porch shares
a mother's after-supper iced tea.

Four grasshoppers approach the pinnacle of four grassheads.
In the abuzz dusk, lovers garland porches
and coax a language from biology.