

## LAWN MOWER

When I came out on the far end of the swath  
exposed by the five-blade push-reel lawn mower  
I had aimed in one direction till it reached  
the fence that keeps my yard from my neighbor's woods,  
I stopped and looked around at the green sea  
with its wake of cuttings, and I asked myself  
Why would you want to do a thing like that?  
and then I stood the mower against the fence  
and walked back up the path to the garage  
where the boxes on the shelves along one wall  
kept magazines and toys and hand-me-downs  
and the open sack of cow manure on the floor  
held promise of more grass I would not mow,  
and on the windowsill the radio  
played Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man"  
amidst a rubble of wirenuts and flathead screws.