

GEORGE BILGERE

Good Humor

You don't hear them often anymore
But now and then one that survived
The Great Ice Cream Truck Purges
At the end of the last century
Is heard with its sad little tune
Approaching from a far street
On the last page of the Book of Summer,
And even now this urge arises,
This panic to run inside
The house that is still there
To find the mother who is still
Sitting at her Singer sewing machine
Making a cotton shift for my sister
Who is still in second grade,
And ask her, beg her, for the nickel
That will still buy the drumstick
Or popsicle, or fifty-fifty bar
From the foggy cave of the truck
Whose music may be drawing closer now,
Or moving farther away; at this
Distance it's hard to say.

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