

## On the Steps · *Sarge Sterling*

One Sunday when the sky was dark green  
From the reflection of the grassy plots  
I sat on the library steps reading Trollope.  
When there he was.  
His pencil and pad in his hands.  
I must write two hundred and fifty words in fifteen minutes.  
May I sit beside you.  
I said are you really Trollope?  
Hey, he said, you must be joking  
Can't you see the sadness in my eyes  
And the world of my novels  
Dancing on the highways.