

THE FRONT PORCH

Elizabeth J. Coleman

How many shades of green alone are there?
Each one is showing off across the way,
beyond the stream blissfully unaware
of pouring water down the hill all day.
It's not just the varieties of tone,
but also shapes and sizes, long, round, short
—a fan, an almost five-point star, a cone—
a quiet stylish flair, a subtle forte.

While up here on the porch we people chat
and try to show ourselves the cleverest one,
forgetting that these trees have seen it all
before: the folly of the drunken human
voice; the pointlessness of saying this or that,
our foolish failing to hear silence's call.

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