

As If a Noisy Weekend

As if to speed me on my way,
As if to solidify my intuition
that this move
to northeastern Oregon,
(incidentally,
a quieter place to live)
is right.
As if to cast me forward eagerly
into next week,
This becomes
a particularly noisy weekend
Airplanes, lawnmowers
edge trimmers, hedge trimmers.

Someone metallically hammers
heavy, hard pieces of something rejected
into a metal, sheet metal
oh my, booming, metal dumpster
envious drummers
realize what they've striven for
and missed
gather together in admiration
applaud: well-done,
oh done so well
this loud, metal sound shakes
the clouds above
the blue of blue sky.

This much noise once might
have unhinged my hinges,
scattered my carefully gathered
calmness
to drooping tired bits
of frustration
but then,
tempered,
somewhat tempered
by
Parker, 11, and his friend
whose name I don't know
knock on our door
seeking earning for work
would rake leaves from our yard
work together.
dance together
play together while they work
black meets white
joy meets work

in our front yard
rake
twirl the rake
and dance
rake.

I give them five dollars
a high wage for such small work
but a fair price for the show
a low price for the reminder in dance
“find joy.”

The rest of today and
maybe tomorrow
noise is less
affects me less

I move forward
smoothly
make music again
write
move toward move
come out from
suspended motion
waiting
into now

NOW (LOUDly) airplanes. trimmers.
lawn mowers.
My guitar, harmonious music,
I sing My Song
blending with,,
Overpowering???

I sing Voice of Joy.
White Clouds Blow
across Blue Sky.