

## **A Sunday Constitution**

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Yellow pine needles gave me the slip while Jasper nosed his stop through frosty wicks, along the mansioned strip that's down and beyond my high pitched lane. Eric appeared in front of his buzz-cut hydrograss, on the lower hill, flanking his wider than deeper circa-1930 home, and gave me the lowdown on the former owners, one disbarred real estate attorney and his sniffing, shooting wife who took turns with basement lovers on the shag carpeting.

A mother-niece pair took the Sunday challenge of my privately graded, acorny hill. The niece, carrying bundles, two-thirds of the aunt's countdown, and bounding in a tighter shuffle, made unpretty progress. The aunt, in contrast, glistening, admired the steep drop over the edge of a constant remodeler's property, and contemplated the handsome 1967 Boston Red Sox.

Note: This is not a prose poem.