

Pu-Tai Tells

Mail truck whines,
the neighbor's poolside kids squeal.

Stunted lilacs, creeping bellflowers
flank the gardener Pu-Tai,
about it all.

Hands aloft, crest of our hill,
Greeting hubcaps,
shooing golden retrievers,
and shading the local sparrows.

Pu-Tai, crumbling, bleaching,
and lobbing us through.

by Paul Turner (c) 2006