


Yard work



The hounds are out this morning.
Five of them loll in the shade just beyond
the parking lot, snout the grass behind a shed.
A man wearing a blue t-shirt, blue cargo pants,
a badge, and brogans, throws a rag doll, whistles,
shouts *Get 'em!* and they're off
with long woofs and yelps, floppy ears,
aware of fear skidding in the wind.
Its particles kick up among pollen and sweat.
On the other side, forty-five pound plates
loaded on the press—the bench's cover
has split and yellowed where heads rest.
Clumps of grass are raked and smoothed.
Taut forearms are rebar, tattooed. The fleet
of mowers sound and glide. The next day,
in another yard, the guards have target practice.