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## Watching the Village

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Summers: Watching the Village

## **WATCHING THE VILLAGE**

**EPHRAIM SCOTT  
SOMMERS**

It is my old man riding a magic carpet  
home with six bottles of long-neck Pepsi in his mechanic hands.  
It is a husband and wife not dueling over footstools

in the living room, no flying wrists of wineglasses.  
And why so hard to be these people, so hard  
to be with people, so hard to people

this sadness? A blue man will find  
melancholy in a baseball diamond, in a Capri-Sun.  
Why so hard, elbow by elbow, to wish people happiness?

The small town talks to people it sees  
under the raised red truck,  
under the teal-flame '57 Chevy.

From the top of the Robinson's mailbox,  
a wooden magpie bobble-heads in the breeze.  
I too have ignored this, the only bird in town

that shits a mouthful of candy corn if you spin  
his head once to the left, if you hold out your hand,  
if you laugh with him.

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**Sommers**

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