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9:30 p.m. Sunday

Wearing a T-shirt and dirty pants,
You were poised on your elbow,
Sidelong in the driveway.
Smoking a dead cigarette,
You polished your car.

Your mother, a green
Hose in her hand, watered the lawn
Nearby and failed to notice
The spray touching you, her
Orange dress wrinkled from
Sitting at dinner so long.

I saw you in the driveway,
Your mother watering the
lawn; and I wanted to belong.