

# Ruth

Nancy Baxter

Socks sagging, jaw adroop  
Ruth walks the six blocks  
From Carrolton Avenue to the Friendly Family Food Market.  
Three times a day she goes  
At least  
For lemons or Lysol.

Caesar-like she waves her stubby hands  
at the milkman, or a Chevroletful  
of men in overalls picking their teeth.  
In some buzzy dream chamber of her half brain  
Her brown paper bag  
Makes her Santa Claus or Somebody.  
The man at the Friendly Family Foodmarket smiles  
Benignly.

I wonder what will happen when the A&P  
Builds their Super Serve-Your-Self Market on the site.