

I WATCHED THE CLEANING MEN

by Glory-June Greiff

I watched the cleaning men sweep the streets
and I laughed.

The leaves still floated down—
what beautiful insolence!

And the sky is brilliant
and grey in spots
and wind is everywhere
and the trees are upside down
and still too much green
but it's coming

it's coming
it's already here just waiting
to burst from the air.

