

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A Meditation

By Thomas DeFreitas

Burgeoning verdure
in the chill March wind:
those who are out and about,
few and far between.

Early morning sun
paints eastern sky rose:
sequestration, sleepy streets —
coffee-shop confabs

halted by prudence,
communal concern.
*God enfolds us all in love,
will not let us go.*

Taverns, theatres:
vacant for now. Life
distances itself from life,
but the sun still smiles.