

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Interruption

By Tim Suermondt

The widow has come out,
her shawl waving a bit in the breeze

as if announcing her return.
Not many people are outside

and her timing pleases her.
She walks past the construction site

and into the park along the river.
She sits on a bench near where she

and her husband liked to spend time,
the huge trees still right overhead.

She looks across the river, to the city
skyline she and her husband marveled at.

She's interrupted by a man who passes
in front of her, carrying a sign that reads:

Repent You won't live forever

"Oh Mister," she says to herself "you can

do a lot better." She takes off her shawl,
putting it on her lap. She's glad she's here.