

Inside

Stephanie Parsley Ledyard

Outside my
window, blue
sage waves to
fuzzy bees.

Across the street,
leaning oak
tree nods

to me. Kids
laugh and shout
from somewhere
I can't see.

It sounds like fun,
sounds like lots
of fun

to me. If
only I could
climb through this
afternoon.

My quiet room
feels like an
earache

to me. Then
the mail truck
slows, stops. The
driver beeps,
waves widely out
her window—
to me.