An Empty Rocking Chair On Mrs. Jackson’s Front Porch

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An Empty Rocking Chair
On Mrs. Jackson's Front Porch

My front yard. The ground shivers of fall
and the trees crouch down from the wind.
A child's wagon tips over
and chimes on Mrs. Jackson's front porch dance
like rain drops skipping on a lake.
Her screen door opens slightly
and slams shut, only to be pried open
again for one more try.
Leaves scatter as the wind hunts them silently
and down the street an empty bus
coughs black exhaust fumes,
its fluorescent lights flashing on.
Dusk approaches, and smiling alone,
complacent in its slow movements,
a chair rocks quietly
towards winter.

— Kevin Kuntz