Night Breeze

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Eight and a half million people live in Mexico City

yet the only person to help the sick, homeless lady (who sleeps on the cool-curbed pavement where VW taxies whiz by sucking candy bar papers behind back wheels all night long) is an old man, sick and homeless himself

with his hand cane he pushes and plods along the still sidewalk suddenly noticing her alone . . . somehow asleep in spite of the night chill . . . as he curiously creeps on by her taking careful little baby-steps toward a large piece of dirt brown cardboard tumbling a little ahead of him in the breeze
until he catches it by frayed edges-returning with it held tight as he peers into the lady's face (which is seemingly content with the cool nightfall) and then, placing the cardboard over her stiffly sleeping body he makes her swollen tree-bark fingers clutch it for a blanket in the night breeze

and with his hand cane he resumes his walk along sad city sidewalks and ebony night breeze, shuffling to the barrios wherein (my father once answered me) seventy-year-old no good winos waste their worthless lives away.