



Broom

[Cornelia Veenendaal](#)

Stiff broom scrapes concrete —
it must be my friend working
beyond the fence and trees
where I can't see her
elbow a piston, gloved hand
on the bottom of the broom handle
shoving a mass of dry leaves
to bundle in bags before dark.
All day the leaves have whispered
out of high branches falling free
opening blue windows.
Now the horizontal sun
blazes the still-yellow trees
and tomorrow will be Indian summer.

Broom scrapes on, shot through
with the voice of a squirrel,
the rough edge of his tongue
for the cat who comes and goes
without a sound.
Broom stops.
Squirrel highwires home.

It is so still
I hear a cardinal
hop.

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