



Signs on my way home

Away from me she walked
Retreating to the green light
Behind her back
In cupped hands
A cardboard sign
Single Mom
She retreating -
me approaching
Green Light
Hoping it would remain
So I would not see her face
Nor she mine
No yellow nor red
Proceeding
Shortly passing fast food
Another cardboard sign
Help wanted
Fifteen Dollars and hour
Flexible hours
Guilt retreating
Judgment growing
Nearing home
Passing yet another sign
Not cardboard –
This one in lights
In front of the church
Wherein I was baptized
Seven decades past
Judge less - Love more
Damn signs

Don Adams,

On Bethelpond, November 2021