



An ordinary street on Christmas Eve

The season sets its own mood and the street knows
A sombre cloud joins in the fun by pausing the sun hence
manoeuvring a perfect delay;

Not quite for an elderly neighbour that came to check
whether his son got mail (his son used to live in
this address);
He's been told many times to tell his son to redirect his mail;
it seemed to have no effect - it's almost four months now
and he still comes back smiling;

Two men scantily clad passed by, they offered the greeting
and was returned amicably;
A boy made new blue thunders across the street with his
buggy disturbing the quiet, he's greeted with a nod still,
message returned enthusiastically
(One easily figures that the season is for young ones
and they deserve an extra boost reasonably);

And a family cat squats nicely observing a novice's first
attempt at hedge-cutting;
Now and then she raises her head when snippets of
children's laughter scatter from across the fence.

Levi Tavita©2021