

Something about an Old Man

sleeping

where all the busy highways meet
at five o'clock as I walked by
enroute to home and family a neat
bundle of rags beside that bush thought I
but too arranged somehow and so my
professorial eye was drawn aside
reluctant still to break my stride
I peered behind the row of hedge where
rise of slope concealed the sleeping spot
from even those who used the muddy lot

and who, indeed I wondered could have guessed
at vagrants napping there with such success

long months ago it was I saw that little man
and paddled on with softened slap of shoe
as not to wake him there but still
his image disconcerts my brain why now
a simple tramp -- no -- *vagabond's* the name
because his cares could be contained
within that threadbare satchel placed
beneath his head, while mine were
scattering here and there
and burgeoning.