

GARY PACERNICK

Labor Day

Every Labor Day the two old guys trot out their flags
And hoist them up the poles toward the blue sky.
And the sun shines down brightly upon the drunks in the park.
And the Faulkner family has gone to Kentucky for the holiday.
And the fat lady her hair in pink curlers sits on her
porch bellowing Baptist spirituals.
And the whites of the houses are white and clean as eggshells.
And the Kroger store is dark and deserted.
And Tom, the neighborhood maniac, hops the bus to the
Ohio State Fair.