

## Shopping Cart

Windshield wipers,  
back and forth, back and forth,  
a metronome of tidiness.  
Mechanical order—  
makes it easy to see  
despite the rain.

Autopilot behind the wheel, behind more wheels.  
I look out the window to a common sight.  
Unlike black or white, the color of grey,  
cold rain shimmers on his shopping cart,  
his moving van on flimsy wheels.  
All he can bequeath, inside.

His face,  
weathered by societal ambivalence.

The gray hairs that crown his glory,  
do not soften,  
we have somewhere to be.

Later, I spot a panhandler  
with a sign I cannot read,  
I roll down the window  
hand him two bucks  
so I can feel good again,  
relieved,  
it isn't me.

An anxious hand  
accepts my expiation,  
my sin of disregard is lifted,  
then I feel sandpaper skin  
harsh against mine,  
I cringe  
and wonder, why?