Coastlines

Noise Complaint
(A Poem by Megan Wilkinson)

Carpet inches from the window sill and the fan blows the first of Fall inside.

Look past the uneven mesh at the quiet boy; his leaning form disturbs the paint chipping away from an old truck that hasn’t budged in weeks.

Hands, one by one, enter oversized pockets, reappearing empty, as his forward stare. The useless song of an ice cream truck slides by—fading.

Above, a woman’s harsh words at the many feet who stomp “Aggravatin’ brats” can go outside like the brother. No money for childcare or ice cream.

Slide the glass down to create a necessary barrier. The image of the boy remains.