Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Ed Wilcox: Two Poems

Ed Wilcox · Wednesday, June 30th, 2021

WHEN IT IS TIME

I
In the no-hurry sleepy town
Crowned, with old gnarly pepper trees
Barefoot-prints on dusty paths and
Alleyways with dirt-bathing birds.
In backyards clacking chickens grubbing the ground
Untied dogs, about, free to roam
In her place called home.

II
Good jobs blew in from afar
As a multitude mobbed in.
Wealth upset the solitude
To construct a commercial scene
Shopping centers, wide roads, paved sidewalks
Product purveyors restless for more to make more to buy
Upend what was the bucolic place
She called home.

III
In the old folk’s home on the porch
In rocking chair she stares
At the cloudless sky wondering
As the vultures soar
How much longer before no more.

*

Big Ag

From Frisco to LA
Down freeway five
Drive through Big Ag’s
Orchards and field crops

Watered from a river
Incased in cement
And smelly feed-lots
Crowded cows under
Tin-roofed dairies
Reeking corn-fed manure
Rest area urinals?
Don’t stop Man!
Even the road-side crows
Wonder why we feed
On Big Ag’s fare

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