

# 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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