

Walking Down Fox Court

Sometimes I loiter down Fox Court, my neighborhood,

In a stream of consciousness ruminating,

What have I ever done, what will I do

In the remaining short time on earth.

My reverie is broken at times

As I think of the magic of Fox Ct.,

Its cute boxy row houses,

Standing silently in impeccable serenity.

I am reminded of the luminaries dwelling on it:

Rabinowitzs, Kaplans, Smiths, Warrens,

Wondering whether I am disturbing their privacies

With my unbounded ideas and uncouth personality.

The names of the beautiful women on the street flash,

Possibilities loom large,

But I am reminded of my acute diffidence and shyness,

But still enjoy the elixir of the untapped resource.

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