Along a Schoolyard Fence

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Tumbleweeds roll along a schoolyard fence
begging to be let in. The composed green within
closes a uniform world against weeds’ motley:
ragged dandelion, crab-grass spikes, willy-nilly mustard, antennae scanning.
Just that row of chain-link separates wild
from tame: lawn, complacent, covering everything.
Debris, buckshot—forceful but misaimed—
hitting the wall and leaving geometry in relief:
paper squares and balls, cruciform twigs,
tumbleweed spheres, and empty boxes collapsing like problems abandoned.
Green’s smug serenity
accounts for everything, stands in the face of
the smeared fences, oblivious of their extension,
of strain, lack, and the pitch forward
like an asteroid against civilization.

Left there too wild to join, crazy with spiraling
and smash, skid into niche, disgraceful splaying,
no matter, lost matter.
The green just rolls away.