

CAROL SMALLWOOD

## THE BLUE OF SWIMMING POOLS

With power out--people were stocking water and ice:  
I thought it prudent to drive to town.  
The stoplights weren't working but people were polite,  
it looked the same; the only grocery open was Brown's.

I thought it prudent to drive to town;  
People were pushing carts, nothing was different,  
it looked the same; the only grocery open was Brown's;  
the store had power but customers looked indifferent

people were pushing carts, nothing was different;  
I checked on ice, thoroughly enjoying the cool air.  
The store had power but customers looked indifferent;  
it was good to be out and it was hard not to stare.

I checked on ice, thoroughly enjoying the cool air  
stocking things that didn't require refrigeration.  
It was good to be out and it was hard not to stare,  
not to laugh at the tabloid photo of alien navigation

buying things that didn't require refrigeration.  
The small alien carrying a limp woman made it impossible  
not to laugh at the tabloid photo of alien navigation.  
The bags of ice were colder than I thought possible;

the small alien carrying a limp woman made it impossible  
quite beyond belief. The letters on the ice were blue,  
the bags of ice were colder than I thought possible;  
the fleeting pleasures of hot days can be very few.

Quite beyond belief, the letters on the ice were blue  
soothing, the blue of swimming pools, hills of snow,  
the fleeting pleasures of hot days can be very few.  
With lots of water and ice I leave Browns's in the know:

soothing, the blue of swimming pools, hills of snow.  
The stoplights weren't working but people were polite,  
with lots of water and ice I leave Brown's in the know  
with power out--people were stocking water and ice.

