

On the way to work

by [Francine Marie Tolf](#) in the [February 12, 2020](#) issue

O they are happy and O they are loud!—
although only a saint, I suppose, could hear their singing.
Still, what a packed choir on this pie-shaped
piece of earth surrounded by traffic,
each chorus member craning toward me with
open-mouthed elation. I've written poems
about their kind, contemplative and lyrical, years ago.
This morning I want only to say
how glad I am to see them so glad.
Tiger lilies, you are as beautiful as ever,
and I am a year older, impatient as ever
and as hungry for praise. But you're not interested
in my or in anyone's sins.
You're too busy singing.