

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.