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Reflections

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Reflections

By Michael Heinlen

At night I can hear
the snowplow shoving aside
snow that will be melted
by morning anyway.

I wonder how often
the minister across the street
really prays to God.

My dog sits and shakes
on command,
in hopes of some reward--
are my own prayers
nothing more?

I heard a man say
on television once
that blind obedience
is the highest quality
a man may possess,
but I'm not so sure.

To me, dreams are
as real as a cigarette burn
or broken glass.

A woman I know
lost her eldest son.
Since, she has neglected
her youngest.

Johnny Morris,
a retarded dwarf,
always asked me,
what's for supper?
he is one of the happiest
men I know.

In the morning
a fresh layer of snow
has covered the
snowplow's tracks.