

## **Stroller running**

On the sidewalk along this busy street  
pushing her stroller in autumn sunshine:  
Happy mother.  
Who, without warning  
broke into a carefree run;  
unbounded energy.  
Maybe baby would like some fun,  
head down, pony tail swinging  
stroller bouncing slightly in the splits of the sidewalk  
running a simple joy, in such fine weather.

Baby, gurgled  
smiled as an artificial breeze  
played through hairlocks freshly grown.  
While young mother  
enthusiastically accelerated  
away  
into another warm day of her new life.

It was a minor celebration;  
one the child will not recall  
nor likely the mother  
as time rolls by;  
None to remember but I.

Steven J. Sackinger  
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MMVIII