

Strangers on the Street
by Carol Foht

Each day is a gift we
should count as a blessing.
If we stop the rushing
we might observe what we're missing?

Our lives are geared to live a fast pace.
We barely take time to see face-to-face.

Would a glance with a smile be that hard to share?
Just to let someone know...we see them there!

A man in a hurry pushes on by...leather shoes,
a suit and a tie, a perfect business dress.
His surroundings don't matter.
His world is focused on building success.

A couple huddles closely together;
voices whispering low.
With thoughts and secrets
they don't want strangers to know.

A young boy--red eyes swollen;
a face lacking expression
Heavy thoughts weigh him down.
Today he fights his depression.

A group of girls pass; giggling and sharing their stories of boys.
It's good to hear such a cheerful noise.
Their age holds innocence and good times for sharing.
With a spring in their steps; there's no time for caring.

Wrapped in a tattered old coat and ragged old clothes.
Walks a man defeated with the weight of a war he fought years ago.
Faded words on a misshapen hat that sits cocked on straggly hair.
"If you enjoy your freedom thank a veteran" is the message he wears.
Passersby, look away as if not to see.
Who do they notice most and try hardest not ... is it him or me?

An old couple hold hands, moving slower each today.
Do they wish for moments they let slip away?
Has time pushed passed them like strangers out on the street?
Do they look back on moments ignored; lost in a heartbeat.

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we might observe what we're missing.

Carol Foht moved to Cache Valley with her husband 5 years ago after retiring as a Realtor. She's always been a "wannabe writer" and is getting more into poetry which she's dabbled in over the years. Also, she's writing a fictional novel on the Oregon Trail. Carol's writer's group here has given her the push to continue where she left off when she became too tied up with work. She retired from John Deere before becoming a realtor. She worked on her novel for 2 years in between careers then put it aside till she retired and moved to Cache Valley. Her people have been stuck in Wyoming waiting for her to write them out of there and get them back on the trail again!