

Morning at the Falmouth Historical Society

He lay beside a bed of prize-winning roses.
His pillow, a grey backpack.
His bedding, two bright beach towels.
One to protect him from the dew, one to keep him warm.

My brain took snapshots as I hurried past.
Young. Clean-shaven. Dressed in black, like a waiter.
I tried to place him. Did he work in one of the posh
spots on Main Street? Had he been my server?

I turned back to where he had slept.
Already the grass was forgetting him.

Alice Kociemba