

Barbara Hunt

Florida Retirement

Old men perching
each in their safe warren

feel warmed by sun-bleached stucco
and terracotta tiles, burnished

by their reluctant treads. They sit,
reflecting on hard-baked days,

while staring down the sun, reclining
in its cider-syrup solace. Now

only prized by wives who do
their grateful dance soft-shoed

around the kitchen for a glance;
a crumb, when dinner's done,

awaiting family's frosty calls
from where home used to be.

Come dusk, the auburn sky
(a world away, tick-ticking)

cannot confound their peace
sinking slowly in the west.

They'll chew and chew sound wisdom
for each other to pacify their watch.

Barbara E. Hunt applies her poet's heart to many genres (along with a decade overseeing a writers' conference in Ontario, Canada ending 2016). She has literary journals, anthologies and magazines across North America, the U.K. and Australia to her credit; current writings (*free*) on WATTPAD and enjoys kudos for her second release, a poetry/colouring book called *Devotions* (Dec 2017).