

Intermezzo

It's a weekday afternoon
on a quiet street, precious little
moving but for the breeze
when, all at once, a garbage truck
lurches onto the scene, roaring
up the block, two sanitation workers
hanging off the back. As it turns
down an alley, there's a sharp whiff
of music, a pop tune blasting
from the rig and, just like that,
the trash men are transformed
into song-and-dance men, singing,
along with Lorde, about how they too
will "never be royals," before vanishing,
first from sight and then from earshot,
into the rest of the day, almost
like nothing ever happened.

Michael P. Hill