

## Linda M. Fischer

### What's Happening

What's happening a stone's throw  
from my kitchen window  
is the conversion of an open porch

to an enclosed playroom  
for the two-year-old next door.  
That's been happening for months,

but I believe I've heard the last  
thump of a hammer this week.  
It is mid-February—the grip

of winter unrelenting, my furnace  
working overtime—"Cold as Ice"  
the morning headline reads.

I catch a glimpse of my neighbor,  
wrapped in only a thin sweater,  
taking a quick look at the siding—

an unmistakable baby bump  
defining her midriff. Hmm...  
*that's* what's been happening—

more than I can say for this  
aging, neglected body. Prodigal  
in my 20's, I had *my* three even

before we moved in and at that  
we were the youngest family  
on the block. The demography

is shifting like the snow blowing  
off my roof. It might be a good  
time to check up on my grandson—

a college freshman marooned  
in the wilds of Massachusetts—  
and see if the boots I bought him

are keeping his feet dry.  
As for my broody neighbor,  
what can I say? Or think?

She has it all ahead of her.

**Linda M. Fischer's** poems have appeared in *Atlanta Review*, *the Aurorean*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *Poetry East*, *Slant (A Journal of Poetry)*, and elsewhere. Twice nominated for a Pushcart Prize, she has published two poetry collections: *Raccoon Afternoons* and *Glory* (Finishing Line Press). Her website: [lindamfischer.com](http://lindamfischer.com)