

Ruth Margolin Silin – Two Poems

Enough To Spare

I watch the sparrows fly
onto bare branches, barely staying,
maybe two seconds, maybe three,
before they move to the ground,
small heads moving rapidly side to side
searching for crumbs.

The man frightens them away, turns
the trash can upright, reaches in,
catches the prize--a portion of a Big
Mac still in its wrapper, ketchup oozing
onto his splayed fingers.
He stuffs the treat into his gaping mouth, uppers
noticeably missing, wipes his mouth on his sleeve,
tosses the wrapper on the ground and walks away.
The sparrows return and start anew.

I Know What I Know

I have been accused from time to time
of being a little paranoid, imagining threats
where non exist.
But I know what I know.
Once the sun has left to light another place and
clouds arrive to obscure the moon, those eyes
are there.
They look through slits in shades,
through threads of damask drapes, under
small spaces between glass and sill.
They peer.
I undress in darkness, eyes averted, ears alert.
I wait for creaking floors, heavy breathing,
barking dogs.

At day's first light I search for footprints,
trampled flower beds, empty Coke cans.
Not a trace.
Proving what?
I know what I know.
As sure as nightfall dims the light,
those eyes will peer again.

Ruth Margolin Silin is currently retired and has been writing poetry for several years. She has been published in a variety of poetry journals and anthologies, including *Main Street Rag*, *Hidden Oak*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Wising Up Press* as well as others. Her themes are varied, focusing on nature, emotion and the foibles of humans.