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**Yellow Weeds**  
Michael Bowden

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## Michael Bowden

### YELLOW WEEDS

An ageless man with five o'clock shadow leans his bike against a broken fence, prospecting a dumpster. So the secretary driving by remembers how she stood before a washer, hands on hips, her son emptying treasures from his pockets—arrowheads, a peacoat button's navy blue anchor. Elsewhere, time begins, measured out in proportioned counts of a cherrywood metronome. Someone's other child climbs scales, the cinnamon dachshund raising a howl at the pedals of the piano. The great composers don't notice the dust collecting on their powdered wigs. They stare out the window where a blond girl jumps hopscotch backwards. To see her is to grow suddenly young again, flush with bottle caps. To fall under the spell of fresh-cut grass, the patience that hammers pine slats between fence posts. And the yellow weeds making their own light.