

Song with Nothing to Do

As my mother
would find my brother
lying in the grass
that he was supposed to cut,
his languid brown hair
humming among the green strings

or as the teacher
so often complained
he sank in his desk,
loose and lanky
in that sleeveless t-shirt
with its slow coda of stripes

these lazing lines for you.

Lois Marie Harrod © 2012

Lois Marie Harrod won the Tennessee Chapbook Prize 2012 (*Poems& Plays*) with her manuscript *The Only Is*. Her 11th book *Brief Term*, poems about teaching, was published by Black Buzzard Press (2011), and her chapbook *Cosmogony* won the 2010 Hazel Lipa Chapbook contest (Iowa State University). She teaches Creative Writing at The College of New Jersey. Read her work on www.loismarieharrod.com.