

The Whistler

The Whistler bagged groceries six days a week,
whistling a familiar but unknown tune as he pushed noisy carts
for people he did not know but always recognized,
unable to accept tips, he whistled perfectly, like Bing Crosby, often in the rain,
with strong, dark arms, dressed in a yellow windbreaker,
estranged from his only son but bonded now with bag-toting strangers,
dutifully collecting carts so rudely left strewn across the parking lot.
He clocked out that Saturday night and bought a lottery ticket on the way home,
returning to work the next day, still whistling, three million dollars richer.