

Little Fire Hydrant

I watch the little fire hydrant
sitting by my road

He's part of the scenery
required by our Metro Code

He doesn't look great
in his fading attire

And his purpose seems lacking
unless he's called by fire

He's mechanically great
and tested enough

But he weeps in the night
when he can't strut his stuff

We all know he's there...
though we don't notice anymore...

Perhaps he's like many a man...
wondering what his life is for...

by Richard A. Nelson
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