

Tamer of the Suburbs

Once, we felt vulnerable; armed with only a rake and a pail
Men defending their bare grass against Willow, Maple, and Oak

Our senses on full alert, we endured

Sights of rosy-cheeked children running through yards
Sounds of chattering squirrels
The rhythmic scrape – scrape – scrape from the grass-rake
Exhilarating sensations from crisp breezes that carried scents of damp earth and decaying foliage

Heat and perspiration radiating out from under our windbreakers
The distracting growling in our bellies; fatigue in our backs and shoulders

Together, we would summon all remaining strength to finish the chore before succumbing to hunger and thirst
Nobody wanting to return after their bologna sandwich and Pepsi lunch break

It was too much to bear
We needed reinforcement
We could not allow our children to endure this burden

Leaf-blower, you give us strength and power

Your deafening roar and gasoline fumes ward off all natural sensations
Your ferocious gale masterfully drives away offensive leaves
It directs them into roads, gutters, and public water drains
It delivers them into neighbor's' flower beds

No longer do we suffer from perspiration or physical exertion

And at the end of the day, or in between commercial breaks
We can settle into our recliners with confidence
Knowing that you are safely holstered in the corner of the garage
Between the weed-wacker and the snow-blower
Freeing us up to puff on our inhalers and wash down high blood pressure pills with a Bud Light
Leaf-blower, you make us the suburban men we are today!