

It Won't Make the News

by Rosemerry Trommer



Painting: "Chronicle" by Ruth Bavetta. "It Won't Make the News" was written by Rosemerry Trommer for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, January 2016, and selected by Bavetta as the Artist's Choice winner.

What we really need is to gather in the street and talk to each other. Any street. Lined with shrubs or tenements. Paved or dirt or cobblestone. With orange cones or with wooden barriers to set off the block so we can talk, can talk and listen and watch the day go by. Some will join us. They will wonder why we've gathered. They'll pull out their binoculars as if there's something more to see. There's always something more to see, like the way the light comes through the hedge and makes it more gold than green. Hey, did you hear that nightingale? When's the last time you heard one? All my life I've been too busy. Rushing from one here to the next. But look what happens when we gather in the street and gawk in whatever direction. We start to become a we—you, me, the man in the yellow plaid shirt, the cop, the woman in white tennis shoes. It does not matter how we vote or where we've been or how much we make or if we pray, here we are in the same place on the same day. Not because someone died, not because someone's done something wrong. There is no one to cheer for but us. We'll go back to our homes soon enough, but for now, here we are doing the most important work, gathering in the street to notice together the scent of fall, the warmth of mid-afternoon sun, the way all our shadows fall the same direction.

