

Danny P. Barbare

The Janitor's Duty

To make people happy
I sweep their
troubles out of the
grain
and mop the floor they
walk on to a shine.

Daily Routine

With a broom, as if it were
a brush, I paint the
floors
as if they were heavenly
blue
my work of art
so people may enjoy their
walk.

The Broom

The spirit of the broom
is how I take
the handle—
says the janitor
like the golden straw
the very red thread of
it.

Morning Time Sings

At first, the tiny bird
with
deep
blue
feathers
and the downy orange
breast—till perched in
the sky.

About the Poet

Danny P. Barbare resides in the Upstate of the Carolinas. His poetry has appeared locally and abroad. Including recently in *Columbia College Literary Review* and *Cardinal Sins*. He lives with his wife and family and small dog Miley in Greenville, SC.