

Winning Poems in 2021 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

6. Science and Technology, Third Place

The Cart

It bustles along, shining and squat
Rushing with its cargo
Toward a doorstep a mile away

The robotic cart looks like a child's runaway wagon
Cruising over the sidewalks,
Its small wheels zipping past the dips and cracks
That cross its path like dangerous snakes

When the cart reaches a curb, it pauses to sit on the speed bumps
Leading into the street, its wheels reversing to move
Away from a huge pickup about to turn

High on a metal pole, its plastic flag blinks
To alert pedestrians like an exotic firefly saying, "Here I come!"

Drivers watch. The cart is so animated it seems alive; so adorable
People want to touch it— like the girl who pushed one
Off its path to carry it home but instead signaled the cart
Chaperone who came to its rescue

It travels without complaint, never sick, cranky, or lost,
Bobbing forward like a tireless swimmer in a race,
fulfilling its job, brightening the day.

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