

Shoulders
by Naomi Shihab Nye

**A man crosses the street in rain,
stepping gently, looking two times north and south,
because his son is asleep on his shoulder.**

**No car must splash him.
No car drive too near to his shadow.**

**This man carries the world's most sensitive cargo
but he's not marked.
Nowhere does his jacket say FRAGILE,
HANDLE WITH CARE.**

**His ear fills up with breathing.
He hears the hum of a boy's dream
deep inside him.**

**We're not going to be able
to live in this world
if we're not willing to do what he's doing
with one another.**

**The road will only be wide.
The rain will never stop falling.**