STILL LIFE IN PARK

my morning walk solar powered
sharing the roads with short-cutting rush-hour traffic
with local high schools’ track teams’ practice
:: a fox trotting among the rhinos and gazelles

first lap :: at the curbside drain
a small blue plastic sandal abandoned—
{ { all that’s left for the sewer of the boy
carried away by his parents } }

the stocky man all muscles
and beard all brownness and bald
steps out of my path waves me on with unflagging words
doing a good job baby

whhhhhh[thud thud]iiirrr

whhhhh[thud thud]iiirrr

{ { biker? } } { { runner?? } }
jogger with stroller panting

the long car approaches shrouded in darkness
windows curtained and tinted headlights glaring
trailed by black blazers blinking their hazards
:: a passing omen

second lap ::
{ { or all that’s left for the parents of the boy
carried away by dark water in the sewer } }
{ { no imagined tragedy } }
panties enlivened alive crawling
equilibrium takes a quick nap
  leaving me to teeter falter flag
half-massed insufficiently inspired

we are and are not animals
geese squirrels humans ducks flexing pushing playing
getting carried away
are/not willows oaks clover plushing in the sunlight

vertigo suddenly sheers off full speed ahead
  { { don’t let a hearse slow you down } }
the track coach yells—
  at me :: i like your pace. nice pace!