Motion

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2004/iss2/7
A ten minute walk and
Nothing stops.
The leaves scrape the pavement
in stereo sound.
The air released from the garbage truck
Scattered specks of dirt on my sneakers.

Deaf people sit and silently talk.
The black Beetle parks in a tow away zone.
White stands are erected next to refrigeration machines
Humming and releasing Freon to mingle with the
B-L-T’s and burgers at noon.

American flags stick out of windows while
Below an old woman digs through a garbage can.
Up on Harvard, a retired gent walks his
Cat.
An old woman yells, because her Velcro strapped sandals
Won’t stay stuck.