

**THIS STRANGE
EVENTFUL HISTORY**

Saturday night, the bars
are full of young folks,
dolloped up in fashionable
uniform, eyeing around,
drunken, stumbling,
wanting so hard you can
smell it in the air
over late night snacks
in the overtime kitchen.
The entire universe appears
to revolve around this
mammalian space
of posture and thrust.

Sunday morning is light
and breezy in the park.
The elders walk their
scruffy little dogs and
initiate conversation with
innocent remarks about
the weather. The air
is fresh and clear;
the prominent acoustics
are of soft puffings
through trees; it
smells of nothing,
and the atmosphere is gentle
to fragile bones; the shaded
grass easy on the eyes.

I sit in the middle of
the park and remind
myself how misplaced it
would be to walk
like a crab.