
Sliding down Jackson Avenue

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The old oak trees enclosing
my hair, following the wind
And the smell of fall in New Orleans
 brings back memories
Of things that used to give me joy
 but can, no longer
But the memory of that joy is enough
 to trace a smile
Audobon Park, the grass, the ducks, the crisp air
 of winter—playing
The father who used to take us there
The industrious grasp of small hands
 climbing
The roar of the street car clickity-clacking past
 in the distance
And the shoosh-shoosh of brown leaves
 that never get covered with snow
The absolute quiet that cold brings to this place
 is unfathomed by most
The irresistable peace of walking down the crooked
 Sidewalks, abused by roots
And you can be alone here and at home in minutes
 on some anonymous street between
 St. Charles and Magazine