

GARY PACERNICK

Dayton Poem

I'm walking with Sandburg
in downtown Dayton, Ohio,
city of the Wright brothers,
that famous black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar,
and this old man with slits for eyes
and a droopy Chinese mustache.
"Nice weather we're having," he says.
"I sure am thankful for this here
warm weather. Winter's too hard
for an old man. Well, thank you
mister for speaking to me."
This tiny old woman
wearing wrinkled hose, blue sneakers,
an old blue raincoat and a blue beret,
who pushes a shopping cart,
says, "Cmon Homer, it's time
to go home and get supper."
I watch them walk to the bus stop
in front of the downtown Dayton
public library. Their shadows
are giants in the sun.