

Of August Descent

Summer days, hell, long after nightfall,
The sun, white as Michigan sand, passionate
As good Mexican food, and sure as a dozen
Clergyman, warms a palm tree beyond
An unnatural singular wall.

Everything is cool, he mutters to the
Beautiful people downtown, the ones
You hide your smiles from, long after
The last child leaves, and then hope
No one cares.

A crow, detestable yet familiar, stops
Her daily search for sun cracked
Snails, to watch the man's eyes of
Faded-jeans blue cultivate their
Traffic-light-red streaks.

True, he once walked, as all men
Do on occasion, head up, eyes focused,
Even his hair was arranged. His
Mind fixed on twelve things at once,
Never surrendering.

