

In San Francisco

Lazy afternoon in the city
To relish in the sunshine I will endeavor
Golden Gate, the Avenues, Haight Ashbury or Marina
I peddle on to North Beach
To Washington Square to laze
In the grass
To watch passers-by of a million colors
Wearily my heart beats slow
And my mind drifts off to bliss
In the grass I am one
A flavor of the masses
As fog moves in my senses awake
Blades of grass imprinted in my cheek
I catch my breath for motivation needed
To peddle onward towards home

