

walking away

the neighborhood dogs didn't hear me
when I climbed over the fence

and passed the yellow plastic Buddha
and the smashed grocery cart tangled in ivy

I walked around the brambles
and the hobo camps
where hotdogs burned on garbage can lids

when I found the red clay banks
I followed the river
looking for rainbows on the surface of fish

I walked under the tree
where Regina hanged himself
beyond the brown scum of river shallows
and the muck gripping tin cans
and broken bottles

I walked over mildewed clothes
to avoid stepping on the dead gull

I'm lucky the neighborhood dogs didn't hear me
as I followed the river
over boulders and fallen trees
into a field of tall grass

from *blue wolf*