

indecision

I've walked most of the way
to my car but now

I'm stuck in the middle
of the street watching
a leaf the size of my hand
fall as it holds
an answer for me

my car is full of sun
and the idea
of a room of people
I'll have to greet with
scrap apologies and excuses
as to why I'm late

no doubt I'll be pulled
into a small group of people
and conversation will come to be
jewelry around throats and wrists

it's the suicide of the day
for me to consider anything

more than my friend
behind me in the park
sitting in his shadow
as if it were a boat

I'm interested in his fingers
hooking into the sounds
between brain and guitar

and the simple
act of watching
leaves fall

from *blue crow*