

Michael Asleep on the Milk Crates

Michael, asleep on the milk crates
in the back room the size of a closet
shoes kicked off, feet sticking out the doorway
pale toes poking through holes in worn, black sock

He wakes for a moment as I walk past his resting place
A muffled greeting rising to me from the floor

And later, resurrected, he saunters past
long hair matted, wild curls sticking out at odd angles
from beneath his slouching cap

Curls and clumps that toss and wave in the wind
as he rides his bike
like some pixie-slim juggernaut
through the night-fall city streets

There, but ever-fleeting
a crooked-toothed grin and a wink

The kind of Peter Pan sprite
who, it seems,
will never grow old

He leaves, back into the night
from whence he came
tossing up a peace sign,
with his back to us

Before mounting up and
taking off
the shiny black of his jacket reflecting stars
or streetlights
or the ember of his cigarette
like a firefly
speeding through the night