

## **What People Are Thinking**

strength of air  
through tight bands of flesh  
waving thought tangible moisture  
a silence chosen  
marking chimes promise movement  
of time as she counts tiles  
counts grains of spilled salt  
remarks how clothing must define  
laughter deceive

the cashier contemplates later  
rain falls from outer darkness  
feeling pressure rising  
equilibrium resolving  
her mind settles  
a song running through it  
ignoring wet soggy travelers  
moving through the doors  
ignoring the screen-lit faces  
waiting for outer peace  
from a steady drip

the busser wiping counters  
contemplates wolves  
running freely  
without hesitation from the weather

## **Toward Evening**

through dark clouds  
and dull leaves  
grey buildings cast long shadows

the western sun  
paints gold and warm  
onto walls of city blocks before

rain obliterates the moment  
better left to the eastern sun  
pre-caffeinated risers, birdsong

city evenings workers hustle  
heads down, planned or not  
rushing for somewhere

**dun sparrow,**  
chirping in the chaff of mulch,  
you fail to learn  
a song to serenade  
but then so do so  
many of us fail  
    to learn  
        songs or anything at all

your cousins  
bearing songs  
in their names  
will trill to be heard  
though some here  
won't notice or listen  
or recognize or even miss  
    when autumn comes  
    and wind shuttles  
    the songs south to warmer days

chirrup-sing your chirps  
as insects rubbing legs  
and find your twigs  
and thread to build with  
    there is still more  
    you know at heart than I