

I'm Not the First to See Him

I'm not the first to see him.
When I opened the door
Couples on both sides
and kids over hoods
of parked cars watched him
blow and steam in the street.
His wings hung to the curb
shook gold in the gutter.
His hooves spark the pavement.
Near the end of the block
he thunders again, goes
beating past the lights
and wires. I go back upstairs
for the radio announcement
that never comes. Later
plainclothesmen do.
I insist I wasn't alone
in seeing him, or first,

but they tell me to take care
what I say in the future
and especially what I think.

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