

The Fast Shuffle from Sunup to Midday

The fast shuffle from sunup to midday
brings him where the wind was
sometime before it reached his nose.
His legs swing through the morning heat,
each ball joint in its socket
churning the shoulder fat.
The trip seems to take forever.
His rheumy eyes ignore the fragrant
den, the sweet teeming log.
The third year appetite is on him.
The smell of it batters his brain.