

## **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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