

Sundown at the Dogleg

Sundown, the Mercantile patio,
bats at the library second story
flitting above the dogleg,
buzzards milling overhead
coming home to roost in Tombstone Canyon

First taste of summer a month early:
half-naked girls and young women
dressed and undressed to the teeth,
guys, less costume-conscious, in
whatever helps them feel up to the job

Singles and couples, family groups
from parents with babies to elders with walkers,
the halt and lame and devil-may-care,
tourists pointing fingers and cameras,
shopkeepers glad to close up and head home

The Women in Black roll up their banners
walk from the bank to the post office
as they have every Friday for decades,
hold hands in a circle and sing
a few rounds of *Give Peace a Chance*

It's too early for the bar scene on the Gulch
so few notice the pollution-pink moon
over B Mountain makes the streetlights
coming on in Lyric Plaza
strictly ornamental