

Cityscape, Spring Equinox

after Cesare Pavese

This morning I'll wear a fire-engine red shirt,
a lumberjack's flannel, and tie my hair up in a knot
so men on the street with their neckties and briefcases
will pass me in the opposite direction thinking
What a loser and women dressed to the teeth
will figure me out without a second glance
while I walk obedient to one *Wait for Green*
signal after another, eyes on the end of the road
where buildings on either side come together like jaws
biting the black pavement tongue so its traffic
babble is stopped at last and I feel at home
under trees and blue sky, songbirds not pigeons,
a melody in the breeze like a shepherd's syrinx
replacing the clang of trucks swallowing trashbins,
the roar of internal combustion, the blat of horns,
the blare and chatter of radios and handheld devices
behind me as I open my shirt and let my hair down.
absorbing the moment for all I'm worth
as if this might be the last spring ever.