Belonging in the Park

This low island is filling up
With fallen leaves larger than hands.
The half-bare trees are screaming with crows
And jerking with squirrels;
The banks are raucous with ducks;
And I have crossed the bridge
That rises high above the eager river,
And I have found the delicate white blossoms,
And I smell honey, honey, honey
In long, long breaths;
Clover in November!

Martha M. Pickrell

October 17th

While riding today,
a sparkling child
called out as I pedalled past,

"Hi Grandpal"

I had no response.

(When I got to
the old neighborhood
I discovered I
did not belong.)

She must have mistaken me
for a younger man.

Chris Berreth