

Bernair

For a second
I imagined you there at the park
Stray, crippled dogs surrounded
As stale pieces of leftover bread
Fell from your hand
Waiting on a frail, splintering bench
Clothed in tattered, olive green shorts
And a Christmas red flannel
While rays of sunshine penetrate your
Handsome, balding head
You're speaking in Turkish
And answering in Dutch
Such an intense conversation
For one
Soon evening will approach the park
Laughter and music from the brothels
Will crowd the summer air
And you will leave the park
Walking past the women
Dancing in their windows
'Til you find your nested newspaper
And settle in for a warm, lonely evening

MICAH CURRIER