

All Else Stopped

by Carl Santoro

it seemed odd
from even the
first few seconds.
 we were discussing
 Guru Maharaji,
 vegetarianism, and
 more while in a car
 waiting for the “light”
 to change.....
 ...and somehow, we just
 stopped talking
 and
looked to our right.
 there on the sidewalk,
 in front of a Mr. Donut,
 on Hempstead Turnpike
we saw
 a man.
 squatting down and
 inspecting
 the carcass
 of a
 long-dead bird.
he reached down and
touched it's tail.
 then I noticed he was
wearing glasses,
had pen and paper in
his shirt pocket;
neatly dressed, and
probably on his

lunch hour also.

he stared at
the body for awhile,
and then
he picked up a
handful of nearby
gravel, and proceeded
to cover
his discovery.

he maintained a serious
thought-filled face
with almost a
predetermined direct fulness
with each move.

all else stopped
for this magnificent
streetside ritual.
we looked at each other
with smiles on our faces
as the "light" changed
and we were swept away....
the Birdman of Mr.Donut
got up and walked off.
on the sidewalk
lay his friend, the bird,
disguised as a
mound of gravel.

it's strange how things
were timed
for us
to arrive at

his ceremony.

