

The Stoplight

by Carl Santoro

I stared at my shoes.
Then I noticed my jeans.
The faded indigo reminded me
of our nightly campfires by the lake;
the Eagles singing out from an iPhone,
October leaves, belly-up, floating by
on the cool mirror of black .
My shoes steaming, resting near flames.
My mind dreaming, staring at the stars.
We agreed I would go back up
to the cabin for another bottle.
The fire needed attention; its' glow was low.
A wolf howled, a horn blared.
I had to go.
The light was green.

