

Fugue State on the Waterway

by Con Chapman

I am so lost in thought
as I ride out of the woods
that I forget which way I ought
to turn, left or right; this can't be good.



I recall going in on a rock trail
called The Waterway, and cycling on.
At some point my consciousness failed
me; I emerge with seconds of my life gone.



I took the hard way today,
up the hill all the way.
Maybe my blood sugar's low.
I'll have a scone when I stop, then go

home by a route that's flat all the way.
Little signs of loss, as time
wears the high relief of memory away
leaving only this rueful rhyme.

