

# 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.

