

Path of Least Resistance

by Gary Hardaway

I don't see crones
or gap-toothed rummies anymore.
I followed the car-path tendrils
further and further north.

It's so less marginal here,
the fringes less extreme.
We're not without diversity.
We have mercados, taquerias,

emporia where Mandarin predominates,
the day labor center just behind Best Buy,
tote the note car lots and an Apple store.
You can buy a Fisker now

where Sewell once sold Saab and Hummer.
For Bentley and Ferrari, though,
couturier and hautest haute cuisine,
take the tendrils south.

Perhaps you'll even see a crone.

