

Taking A Walk

by J.A. Pak

Taking A Walk I See

13 rooks
on a lifeless tree
waiting

I Wrap My Sweater Tight Around Me And Continue Around the Bend But There

In a hole, against the wall
One bunny, two bunny
Three bunny, four
Five bunny, six bunny
Seven bunny, more
Heaped together
Neatly stacked
Even
Babies no longer
Than a hand
Eyes all closed
A hoard disturbed

So I try to Refocus But See

Leaves turning into birds,
birds, old men.

From A Desolate Distance

Nothing is as it seems,
the eye only catch thoughts
and single moments
and I think
they should not belong

together.

I Go Home And Shut The Door

