

# Park Bench

by Roberto C. Garcia

A young man at mid morning  
Collapsed on you, dropped his books  
One leg bent  
The other leg slacked  
Towards the ground

He slept balancing his knee  
Like a Wallenda  
Adjusted his head under his arm  
Shielded his eyes from daylight

When he woke, he scratched his head,  
Marched on,  
I stifled a laugh  
For my youth now gone

Then daylight's lovely lantern  
Dressed in yellow white  
cleanness

Danced a ballet towards  
Her majesty's park bench  
She did! She sat on you!

Transformed you  
Into something  
Antique and elegant  
Victorian or Upper West side  
A Manhattan penthouse parlor  
Adornment  
She with her book in hand

A small one

*La femme petite*

Posed for Monet  
On a patch of scenery  
I lifted my hand  
Positioned my wrist  
As if holding a brush

Painted a still of spontaneity  
The girl  
And her other  
you

She left  
Beckoned away  
By a cell phone

And,  
Like little mice  
They came  
Early risers  
Get up and go'ers  
The 6am to 2pm  
Tribe

Scampered on so busy  
'Must get going'  
'I'll catch up with you later'  
'Can't right now'  
'Who has the time?'  
'Let me think about it  
and I'll get back to you'

Not one of them stopped to sit

On you or remark  
Not one of them dreamed to  
Subtly or accidentally  
Create beauty

