

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

