Thanksgiving

by Tim G. Young

Didn't usually go to the parade
because it was long and cold
But only a few blocks
from the apartment
Maybe if the sun had
warmed all up some

Marching bands
kids in eskimo outfits
mom and dads
in knit caps
the cheerleaders
fine formed legs
Big bass drums

Santa Claus came in
at the end
Red and white
not looking anything
like the rest of
the day

Blue police barriers
sprouted like
corn rows
a little wobbly
to lean on

Buses from Indiana
Illinois and Iowa
First time in
the Apple

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Canyons roaring
massive creations
soaring up on
tender ropes

Sabrett hot dog man
wraps a knish
mustard slides down
glove coated fingers