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Assembling Prospect Park

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Caldemeyer: Assembling Prospect Park

ASSEMBLING PROSPECT PARK Chris Caldemeyer

Listening to the march of a crow,

I hear the muraled cry of a child knowing somehow that it's not

a crow and that it's not human.

Somewhere there are glimpses of deer,

necks craned, backs bow-like, hidden by falling

new rose and a bean-heavy catalpa.

The cement steams with the bracken haunt of use.

A child runs past me careless of traffic

*

and the shrill voice of his mother calling

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something that neither of us understand.

The soft rolling back of the seal-grey clouds passing

an immeasurable girl perspiring

in gentle bright breaths,

arm raised, a hand spread wide against my chest.

The wind is an illusory force,

a spiral.

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