

The Intersection

Crossing against the light
blue jeans fading to white in the white sun
smile flung back over left shoulder
untied tennis shoes ready to trip you up

Staring back across the street
arm lifting shading sun-sensitive sky-eyes
squinting into the hot gust that blew you there
silver-gray-blond hair catches drops of light
flung like dust in my eyes.

The car pulled over and sucked you in.
I could have shouted almost did there was time
I closed my poised mouth pressed the accelerator
and swept blind on the unleashing green.