

SCOTT MARSHALL

Crosswalk

As I travel
The boulevard
I find Miss Success
Tempting me,
Legs in the air,
With her promise:
Wet security.
For that kiss
I've left
Pieces of myself
Behind, for want
Of time.

Now I stand,
Blistering,
In the crosswalk,
College barefoot,
On the hot
Fleshy pavement.