

Griffith Park Tableau

Ron Pronk

The leaves stumble
like small children over her shoes. The woman
thrusts pictures at the boy, probably her grandson balancing
on the bench, bobbing
with the elm settled sparrow.

She must need to tell stories. Her spent hands
twist like itchy pallbearers. He
needs rows of sickled grass, I think. Tobacco
hanging in barns.
His eyes follow the leaves.

The edges of the city are curling, rocking
on a ragged grey
green bench.