

Windchimes

Ron Johnson

The ice cream man arrives with the wind.
His bells punctuate
dull twilight
and puncture thoughts.
Children chill.
Lovers stop hugging earth.
Two Czechs fold
an unfinished game of chess.
Lonely men gather around
leftover charcoal.
The ice cream man, neck snuggled into chest,
like pigeons, shoves his cart through the wind.