

## *Wisps*



...

Leaves

Bounce along, unmoving-human designs

layered about, bricks stacked

sedimentary

But my skirt flows

While my bag is fixed -- unmoving

Holding down, my indecency,

--naturally

Particles pass me by in a breeze

That sounds off, a chime

-Twinkly-

From where — it is not distinct

its song echoing off the brick walls

that encompass us,

Like we were set — inside of a guitar

And from my vantage

I cannot see the strings

or the artist plucking them

Suddenly -

sirens break the new silence

And leaves the sounds of nature behind,

Before the blaring-sirens wane

And has gone to take a human call.

A blast of sun smacks my unsuspecting eyes

Briefly

For a moment -- I am stunned

As a golf cart passes by

And on the sidewalk

I am still,

-stationary

My hair brushes between my eyes

hitting my polar ears

becoming curtains,

flowing in front of an open window

and the leaves,

cascade around my legs,

whispering in the breeze

-- I am still, unmoving