

On the Bench (Matthew III)

by Mathew Paust

He's in the shade

under the station portico at Bay Transport,
the usual hanging head
as if asleep on the bench;
too late to sneak around behind.

He'll look up in an instant,
win the day;

but you're not easy, you slow your pace,
step with care, do your cat walk,
turn your face.

Something glimpsed stays with you:
the wisp coiling from his fingers;
you stop, stand awhile, he could be gone;
you stoop, ease away the smoldering butt,
replace it with the dollar.

-- m.d. paust

