

City Gentleman

I

To refresh on the worn trail
is to find oneself in total clarity,
unbalanced steps
jar the city gentleman.
He has always determined
that beaten down trails
squirm the truth out of him.

Truth – the returning word-
appears stable like a dry trail
on shaky California hills
the loose soil begging for drink.

He walks past oaks scarred with

Melissa, Jerome, Dad 3-87
carved in a symbolic wound.
The trees stand demeaned.

II

Rigid, designed city park,
manicured as the economy churns,
shows off selected azaleas and succulents
befits the dress of the city.

The soil is thus changed
ignoring the common good,
the natural in nature.
It breaks down the run
into the head of the trail creek.

The square-ness of where he is
forces a peace in him to stop.
He feels alone in nature.

III

The gentleman walks off a creek yard
where the running water
spits out a harkening by
twists, elevation, and rock,
stepping onto pavement and concrete.

He takes a deep breath, good-day.