

ON THE STREET

Often I watch the walkers on the street.
A sea bird does not lift its sinuous wing
To share the grey wind's wide adventuring
With grace more marvelous than moving feet.
Feet young or wise, defiant and discreet,
With an amazing ease balance and swing,
As in each footstep's even echoing
The slow triumph of time is made complete.

And sometimes I forget what time has told,
Hearing beneath the thud of feet a sound
Articulate as the silence of the sea.
I hear the furtive effort on the ground
Of those who strive to find and struggle to hold
The meaning of their own identity.

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