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## City Bench

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## city bench daniel walter

Breathe in the night air  
As if it were filled with  
The nicotine you need to  
Keep your hands from shaking.  
A band of crickets plays  
Jazz on the street corner for  
Change, though they know  
You have no change to give.  
You sync your eyes with  
The blinking streetlamps,  
Off/on, off/on, as to become  
One with the city night.  
Relish in the silence of the  
empty sky, with no stars to  
wish upon, you throw a handful  
of dandelion seeds to the moon.  
Contemplate the strangers on  
The sidewalk, read their stories  
Printed on the sway of their hips,  
The beat of their step, the tune of their smile.  
Give meaning to the rolling trash  
Being swept into the storm drain,  
Recycle it into a metaphor for  
Whatever demon you see fit.  
Once you've had your fill of  
Time and remembrance, take  
Leave of this place, leave an  
Imprint on this city bench,  
Take a piece of the night  
In your bag, next to the  
Car keys and pepper spray.

