

Ducks

Walking
the weather had just
started to become cold

I wore a scarf
like a *real* poet

as I walked
I looked down

I looked down
at the sidewalk
and counted the cracks

“1...2...3...”

I was oblivious
to all else
just the cracks

who killed JFK,
MLK, Christ...

“4...5...6...”

it was odd to me
how many cracks
were on the sidewalks
of a fairly upperclass
neighborhood

I walked
looking down
and when I looked up
there were two ducks