The Deserted Park

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College of DuPage

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Tree

Not a tree,
dead,
what was a tree.
Black leafless twigs against brown autumn,
it does not bend;
fingers snap, drop to the grassless dust, lie
motionless.
This tree does not remember summer.

Fountain

The fountain bleeds quietly,
the water, drop by drop, rusty
dark.
The wounded statue stands above the seepage, armless,
staring across the park, a dying soldier searching the field for comrades.
Bench

The park bench shows green only tentatively.
Not even green, but what is left when green sinks to despair.
On the slats the paint has yeared away
 growing the lead grey undercoat that used to be this city's trademark.
The rusty bolts are giddy by comparison. Concrete stanchions anchor this quarter-ton of furniture against time's passing.
This is not a bench for sitting:
 forgotten sentinel of a deserted park.