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City

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CITY

Robin Anthony Krieglstein

Among towers and traffic and people —

The dizzying grey came down to us in beautiful layers
promising sun pools awhirl and play
somewhere above

here I could easily be in the center of all the
world's people, glowing confetti ripe with purpose

I took in each one in turn, to see by what magic strings
they fired about on such determined missions

A business man and woman, walking side by side past the
pizza-to-go, one taller, then shorter as
striding muscles under prim and ironed suits

A girl, eyes shattering unnoticed in the city-glow,
juggling ice cream, balloons, and the spanky pace of
her adventure

Her flustered parents' arms flailing in the gush and tide
of mid-day mayhem, wanting their little girl back
from the jaws of the sweltering child's storm —
metropolis.

One man crying, discreet, head bowed in shadow —
a local storm and passing tempest, all flushed and
flustered passing slowly down the street

Here's a charged youth, love wreaths and Cupid swirling
about and peaking in his spirit eyes. A rose in one
hand and a smile in the other

And in the city's accustomed crash and fire-moments I'm
turned:

the volatile girl content to spew her mind unedited
to my face

I turn, humbled, and stray back to my own —