

Walking on Modest Days

Joel Kady

When the sun dials
Behind a billow,
I leave for walking on modest days,
And late mornings, when coffee
Cools, through looping strolls
Beside ash heaps and loose
Clotheslines,
Under trees taller than I,
Limbs longer
Than mine.

When water seeps through
My shoes, I change
My socks,
And shoes.

Deer drop gray stones on my porch
Steps, which I remove.

The rhododendrons have lost
Their blooms, their green is paled
And veins wrinkle the
Underside of their
Leaves.

Lumped beside the fern trail,
A sandy anthill in the shade;
I've let the edges of the trail go,
They have overgrown.

I'll leave walking for another day;
There's a cold wind etching my skin.