

Patricia Corbus

A Quiet Walk

All my life I wanted a mind flush
with reason, exact as the point
of a plumb-bob, but, hell, it's June

and tonight I want to love everybody

I mean really love them down to their
clammy feet, ridged and imprinted
by all the buckles, tongues and eyelets

of all the shoes they have to wear

and I want to help everybody escape
and feel their souls and bodies
flutter together and throb as one

Now I'm turning onto some avenue

crowded with fragrance, not like Johnny-
one-note roses, but cloudy with fresh
everything in bloom all at once

Overhead the cicadas are screaming

Alleluia, rubbing their heels or something
together on a loud rollercoaster of love
Though I took a solemn vow never

ever to put cicadas in any poem

here they come falling out of the dark trees
flinging themselves by the thousands
at my feet, coral pushpin eyes, filigreed

wings and moist little bodies flush with love.