

Janet McCann

IN THE PARK

old people  
throwing bread to birds,  
white flakes on the dusk.

old people worn so thin  
slats of the benches  
show through them.

they do not hear the airplanes  
or the distant mowing machines  
drawing the dark  
inward around them.  
they see the fluttering wings  
of the pigeons  
where the pigeons were  
before landing.  
they nod to a refrain  
in another language.

their solid watches  
and their cameo necklaces  
are real.  
feeling this weight  
in their hands  
they are reminded  
of the time  
the place  
the pigeons  
and not to fade away  
entirely.