

Jon Bracker

IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

Like a Roman Emperor I recline, elbow-propped,
on a slope overlooking the benches and sycamores,
absently curling a blade of long grass
between finger and thumb, aware of but not thinking
of Whitman.

Having no hat to doff to God,
I take off my shirt to sun.

Today there is no need to say
anything,
only to praise

the successful outreach program of the gulls
with their light-heightened wings
high and supervisory over the trees
I cannot think how to describe, their branches
rustle so quietly.

and these two whitehaired well-dressed older
women
walking past, arms linked,
making me think *and almost whatever else comes.*