

from Juked #6, Spring 2009

HOWARD GOOD

THE PARABLE OF SUNLIGHT

It's a rare sunny day,
but the streets are strangely quiet,

as if arrests have been made,
or are about to be.

Head down, heart bending,
I start across the square.

The fountain is dry, stained in dead leaves.
An old man, with the drab, diligent face

of a lifelong student of numbers,
scatters bread crumbs for the pigeons.

I pretend not to notice him – it's safer – and in seconds, reach the
far side,
where bodies in the early stages of decay hang like gray rags from
the trees.

I glance back at the old man.
He's watching me, and I wonder why

and whether tomorrow
is supposed to be just as nice as today.