

Golden Gate Park

Parked in Golden Gate Park
I gaze at the gray immenseness
packed between bay and ocean
between mountains and buildings.

I listen to the swaying bridge creak
and moan,
listen to the thick wind whip down
abrupt embankments.

Birds too,
birds sing within this gray city.
They lighten the weight of the
structures around me.

I get out and pick a daffodil

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