

No Trespassing

Six legs walk along a beaten path

The man on the left of me has a wiry frame,
hair in four directions and a cape that matches his blue eyes.
For flying?

No. Mosquito net
His shirt is made of primary colors,
he thinks it makes him look innocent.

And him to the right he walks with head down

He would prefer a storm;
it's the former teenage angst in him.
Sun beats on his freckled face forces him to squint his eyes.
This one doesn't have a cape
for flying or mosquitoes.
A storm will be here soon.

No one gets left behind
Air soft and lazy.
Sand and rock rustle under exposed toes.
The trees that line the road release a warm breeze;
it is singed with honeysuckle and linen.
As they put hand and foot and leg over the fence
metal enters their noses and rust fills the mouth

Someone is near
The fireflies scatter.
Sometimes it feels like you are watched

and you are.

They turn the other way
trusting their backs to what they are unsure of.

"Was that a gun?"
A shot soars in the air and echoes in the trees.
Drops from the sky create dust rings around their ankles.
Feet move quicker
until they are running.
Laughing so hard they are crying.