

The Poets in Elm Park

Cheryl Breslin

“You look familiar.
Do I know you?”
he shakes my hand heartily
a kindest of all greetings
which makes me want to say
“yes” (even if it’s not so).
a summer afternoon in the park
for thoughts, loves, fears, words,
pondering, reveling in
words.

poets making
shadows and glimmers
the lights of the city and
the waters, the cemeteries
the parks and places of play
breathing in breathing out
the life and death of it all

work play work play
city sounds
breathing in
breathing out
children, a train
a motorcyclist hits a car
police sirens
and words more and more
words.

they share slivers of themselves
as they share their pieces
of Worcester.

breathing in breathing out
their heads cocked as they listen
to each other
words on the breeze
until it is silent. becoming
we are becoming.
now? now we are knowing each other.
now it’s a “yes.” all together
breathing in and breathing out