

## parking lot hymnal

children again, we, with dreams and schemes  
driving like drawing, like coloring books  
staying inside the lines, stopping to go  
green versus black, a square plot trap

a sea of black, a sheen of gray  
the lot fights wheels like warriors  
like the rabbits that scurry and fray

stop signs and white lines  
crosswinds and crosswalks  
tic tac toe, telling you where to go  
migrating like elk  
to the snow, all in a row

watching rabbits like waves  
folding over the grass  
bodies fixed, only eyes can follow  
our minds join them in the furrows  
the dusty brows, rambling upon the breeze  
bouncing in step to the clapping car keys

burdened by yearning  
under clear blue skies  
notepads for launchpads,  
the book bags and hand bags  
our tethers, our ties

chained to asphalt, punctuated  
by flotsam cups and auto parts  
discarded papers and broken hearts  
cracks hold rubber bands  
and rubber mends  
while sheets trapped in fencing, dancing  
recite a frantic prayer of release  
that will escape in time  
to the rhythm of the winds

still, they beckon...

those “waves” inviting us to the green  
free from chains and lanes,  
from squares and rows  
no signs or lines,  
or bags in tow  
just winds and walks  
and never cross,  
no schemes