SCENES FROM A BENCH

 Reclining on a bench, Rodin - like,

 A gentleman, strands whitened by years,

 Waits quietly in rainfall,

 For a bus he doesn’t board.

 Others regard him curiously,

 The mobility of their lives

 In sharp contrast to the stillness of his.

 Reflections vie for space on glistening streets.

 Lights, dancing off rivers flow toward the gutter.

 And in perfect cadence, notes fall from the sky.

 The night song of the storm rises.

 He lifts his baton, guiding notes deftly over the crescendo,

 And fades the percussion to earthy sounds of a viola.

 Impatiently, he turns.

 With shaking hands, he hushes traffic

 To hear the final haunting strains.

 Then in silent confusion

 The maestro smiles, draws a newspaper over his shoulders

 And sleeps.

 A bus approaches, the driver with vacuous stare nodding.

 His shift is over at five-o-clock.