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Befogged

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Befogged

Not little cat-footed
But giant panther-pawed
The phantom springs
Engulps me whole

The road fades
Disappears
Behind white-belly walls

And I'm afraid
I am no Jonah

The Remnant

Alone in the city,
I try the church doors.
They are locked.

As I turn down the street,
A car slows at my side.

Remembering yesterday's news,
I walk faster,
My face a dead mask,
My eyes straight ahead.

Then he pulls to the curb,
Leans over,
And says to my back,
"Miss, the doors open
In half of an hour."

As I turn in surprised,
"Thank you, Sir,"
He smiles back.

Beginning

I caught you looking
Waved and smiled.
You smiled back
And fell in step.

But when your black hand
Brushed my arm
(A courtesy
While mounting stairs)

I started.

Forgive me.