

# Neighborhood Walks

1

Christine Arveil, March 2020

The prisons we create,

golden gates  
iron gates  
wood be gates.

Our mind's eyes piercing through  
to the other side  
– or not.



Someone left flowers on the table.  
Was it before or after the meal?  
– How come the absent plates call aloud?



The cushions retained your ambling self,  
gentle crush,  
so soft.

We roughed a bit the pillows...

So far gone that we could have been making love at the bus stop.

A wind sweep.

The morning paper.

Passerby, I beg you, tenderly smile,  
for the place is yours now.



Eclectic chairs,  
rocking,  
electric.

Your

gaunt shadow pressing against the strap  
carved a new geography.

We called it: "Heart's hollow."



The flowers do all they can:  
solar powered bells lighting blue grass;  
growing drum sticks;  
velvet rap in a foreign language,  
where *pensées* are just the thoughts I am sending you.

