

Jeff Hardin

IN THE PARK

Seven boys seem to think they're birds.
They caw and hoot, running beneath
a stretch of thinned-out trees. They raise
their arms to steer themselves toward each other
and through this maze of limbs dipped low.
Every minute growing louder seems to lessen.
And we talk of a need to witness miracles,
everyone flying so close at each other
until the last possible moment, then veering....