

KALORAMA PARK

I.

mist,
when you leave be atomic
else not wake again;

if I were you
I would pursue,

raindrops closest to my own
for a chain-reaction-exit

like little kisses,

away with the winds,

mist.

II.

wide road
how often I say Wordsworth
when I see you

like a conception.

III.

cumulus
i can see blue skies
vast and wide

fill spaces
between
each of you

so weather
is incongruous

but generally
your stormy effects

dominate

and my shivering
is more reverence
than dislike, say-