The Crescent

On days like this, the air turns liquid and time
chases its tail. I have been here for twenty years
and children I watched growing up, have children
of their own – but every year when days stretch out
and promise never to end, I sense that each generation

is the same generation – their red and yellow kiddie cars
or pastel scissor-scooters just attributes of a young-ness
that never disappears but moves from one vessel
to the next, each ignorant they are possessed
by a benign and joyful shouting daemon.

An enigma in itself, the Crescent is a street
that might have been called *straight* – but the real
mystery is how sound travels on afternoons in spring
and summer, how in my sad and sterile grown man’s attic,
as I write these sad and sterile grown man’s words,

those shouts seem not to move through air,
nor make contact with bones and membranes
of the ear, but to resonate on a frequency to which
the street, the Crescent – all of us – respond,
beyond age or youth, over a receding horizon.