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.