

Chevron of shadow pointing as trees in waning sunlight at the end of the day waiting.  
Sungold Oakland black ducks swim from chevrons in the water behind them waiting forward  
on a Thursday without a pen next to the lake, looking at the lake, waiting facing forward toward the lake.  
Waiting on another surface of the words, waiting rippled surface emanating from black ducks on the lake.

Walked past. Jogged past chatting. Walking two small dogs and talking. Shifting, tense. Without a pen.  
Geese honking, translating landscape, accounting for ducks, runners, the surface of the lake. Without a pen, sliding.  
Circling back in conversations passing, animated, defiant. A small proud dog on a leash.

This weird finger wagging motion, this odd timing, kids these days, don't even learn to write,  
with hands too unused to form the letters, we don't know the first stroke.

Let down, the carrier carried the first note. We don't know the future form,  
we don't use the hands, these timed days, running, weird motion, this odd wagging.

Learning to write we finger unused letters, don't know how to run, this carried future,  
weird wagging days, let down hands.

Too busy to tie my shoe, gotta tug my laces.

The sliding back, the soul no aching path.

Now I like to nest.