

banners once hung
(omaha)

A seacoast town --
lamp post sentries
watch the mist roll in from the sea.
The light from their faces
greet the landing fog bank
proceeding through the main street.

Rhythmic step of soldiers, soft and muffled
ribbon and string, of banners once hung,
fly in the breeze like flags of an army come before.
No one wakes to greet them.

So very still
their march slips around cars, posts and down alleyways.
They have no leader through the town.
Covering all things they do not stay long;
not a soul knows they have come and gone.

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