

Marc Carver

ANON

I went for a walk
in the sun
looked down on the path.

Kids had been writing in chalk
and had drawn a hopscotch grid.

I bent down picked up the chalk
and wrote some poems on the path.

It was going to be hot for the week so
maybe a few hundred people would see the words before
the rain would surely come
and both mine and the kids words would be gone
and no one would ever know who wrote them
and that of course
is how it always should be.

HAVE TO

I can't quite leave it
whether I want to or not
something keeps pulling at me.

Dragging at my soul
Like those times you see
beauty in something or someone
sometimes you have to look hard
but you see it,
and you know it is real.

You have to give what you can
if nothing else
you can't keep it to yourself
and pretend you hate everyone
because whatever has happened
it cannot happen again.
It can never be any worse.