

John Martin Petriccione

Moments at the Park

An elderly man with an umbrella
took a stroll in the towns park mid-day—
watching, he sat solemn on an oaken bench made for four.
He saw grass and trees leaves shimmying to the rhythm
of the winds breeze and clouds in the sky
mirrored by the still calm of a small pond.
He stares at his feet as they sift through layers of gravel
making up the parks pathways, and at the bugs and the dirt.
The man admits to himself, he knows very little about what he observes.
He accepts the beauty with which the world presents itself
in these quiet moments, but not even an old man understands why.
Moments, precious moments
going by passing constantly away forever as he looks upon the landscape darkening.
A pitter-patter of rain drops begin,
increasing exponentially as time drifts, and in an instant it was pouring rain,
but the man did not move.
Tilting his head toward the crying heavens he smiles.
“I got something right,” he says to himself in a whisper.
He sits no longer and stands with the weight of his soaked clothes.
Walking along path he marches peacefully to the parks front gates.
“I got something right,” he says again as he tosses his umbrella in a trash receptacle.
With both hands in his waterlogged coat pockets he begins walking toward his home, miles away.

From Behind the Falls

From behind the falls
nobody sees the man who lies.
When the breeze ruffles the leaves
you know the rain is coming,
clashing in to eyes in anguish.
Look alright with your hands clasped together.
Pray for the grey, not a saint of a sinner.
Gods are great while sitting in the center of intertwined lovers.
Bow to them, you owe them a mother.
Closing fast the winds against red cheeks.
Smoke ahead, coming from abandoned chimney stacks.