

KITTY CORNER THE TIM HORTONS

Idling at the lights, eyeing the intersection's
three empty lanes. Then, in a trice, I'm distracted
by ruckus stage right.

My sight catching on the dark flapping
of a garbage bag inverted by a sudden gust,
tethered to a dustbin's rim.

Its black agitation taking it noticeably nowhere:
ghost of a sinner not quite ready to split.
A lie lingering on the fibber's lip.

But in the instant of the traffic light's dialing
from red through green my mind flags,
lags following my eye between

perceptions: the windsock bin liner raises
its pointed face, rearing a stale half donut. I stumble
over the garbage can gestalt

shift, which leaves me (on go) craning
into my blind spot for one last peek
at the massive scavenging crow flown straight out

of an Old English elegy and into
this untroubled afternoon sunshine. I strain to fix
him as he dips and hops on the brink,

flaunting multistability and robustness
more than the sum of his splayed tail feathers.
And me in my hermetic box with the pedal floored,

I imagine him dropping donut crumbs on the canary-
yellow heads of dandelions that hold firm
their positions in the fresh absence of breeze.