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.