

Someplace Else
L. J. Bowling

The air clings to me like a damp cloth
as I sit beneath the trees.
Their crooked fingers reach out
as if they must get ahold of me,
but I'm not thinking about the trees.

The grass is cool and dewy
between my chilly toes.
Cars speed on the highway forgotten
like a song I used to know,
but I'm not thinking about the notes.

The crickets resound in unison
waiting on the downpour.
The bench creaks and complains
under my weight, waging war
but I'm not thinking much anymore.