

The LORD Watches Over the Sojourner

*Behind a red car
among mesquite pods and dry leaves
sits a statue
waiting for a train*

*He waits and waits
in quiet stillness
spirit seeping into hot cement*

*Like a street-sweeper over sun-baked asphalt,
humanity's eyes brush past him*

*A still-life
A shadow
A gargoyle
Stone*

*Until somebody stops
and asks his name*