

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND, EACH IS A SEPARATE PLANET  
(Star Date: 06/04/2022, Almost Heaven, WV)

The man at the intersection stands like Jeeves,  
waiting to be of service, arms akimbo, hands clasped  
on his belly. His face is a study in benign.  
I think he is chewing gum. Or perhaps he has a nervous tic.  
67 E and 67 W are arrows out the side of his head.  
He wears a faded Bush/Cheney t-shirt, Bermuda shorts  
indicating he has not stepped out of my woods,  
a habitat for multiflora, poison ivy, ticks.

I am at the screen door peering through binoculars,  
back to the wall, not wanting to be seen, meaning no harm,  
dealing with my own conditions.  
He keeps checking his watch as if to signal  
an important meeting, a place he must be.  
Something in his posture reminds me of Uncle Rodger,  
dead forty years; nostalgia sniffing through my skull.  
I imagine; perhaps I smell Old Spice.

His thumbs go out for traffic in both directions.  
I go back to my computer. I'm trying to activate  
a surveillance camera via a route that includes China,  
some working knowledge of Chinese.  
Time passes as it does. Meaning nothing I suppose.  
I give it up. He's still there so I go out  
and offer him a ride. There are places we need to be.