

Golden Gate Park  
Chris A. Smith

Forgot my earbuds  
so I'm stuck with myself  
and the wild wind blowing off the Pacific  
as it slaloms through the trees  
the wet huff of runners and nylon whoosh of bikers  
the clamor of socially distanced play dates  
masked moms chatting, to-go cups in hand  
old Russians in puff jackets, slow as bears,  
their words murmured and twisty.  
But mostly I hear the birds,  
the bright tattoo of woodpeckers  
the chitter of chickadees and sparrows  
overlapping songs like a sacred round  
rough music riding the wind.