Smoothly side-stepping the skunk—critical underscore of the road—my body runs past, emphatic, not turning a nose. No sweat. Knowing press is a thing I am good—& not good—at. Press on, press toward, take it to— but fatherless is not news. Another grief in a surfeit of losses, yet I flatten faster than tanoak leaves skeleton to lace. Bunny loop my bows together, berate how I trip, breakdown. Am, for the count: 3, 2, 1 as the walking man flashes to red handing me not much left. I am not the anchor my mother needs— not the leg securing gold, now—unmoored from all clocks. Watch how she wants infinite magic hours for me to keep dashing off lines, marathoning across the span, to bridge generations gone. Ahead, all fog but in its wake: a road marked black & white, stench & jasmine—plain at least: what to rush, where to avoid. A void. Every place I turn—: curb cuts smooth the awful way. Spray in your hollow of a throat—how it perfumes the live-long days