

Tyndall Park

I met God this summer
on a soccer field
she was younger than me and had never taken sertraline
she was skinny, but I know she never thought about it
she was looking at the dandelions
we didn't say anything to each other

I walked a lap around the park barefoot
I walked the path the lawnmower made
the sparrows traded songs back and forth
like beads glowing in their throats

on the other side of the park there was
a kid smoking weed
she didn't seem to mind
there were mountains in the distance, did
I tell you that? they were blue

and I sat there writing this poem
and God was with me
you'd think it would be a bigger deal but
she's not so uptight like that
she didn't give me a pamphlet or try to convert me
she sat there cross-legged and so did I
and the birds sang and the mountains shone
and I think I really liked her