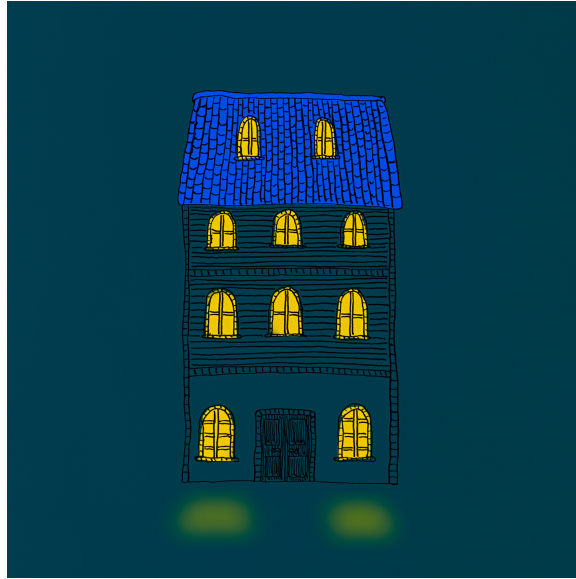




Pthalo Green House, Ink & Digital Color, 2025

Walker

It's been "one of those days"
many days in a row.
Should I press on, or change course?
I still don't know.
The ideas have jammed,
progress has been slow.
I need to go for a walk.

So I drive to the local library parking lot
where the neighborhood has shade,
so it's not too hot.
Set my shoes to the pavement,
more a-stroll than a-trot,
and take in what's around me.

Oak tree leaves of pthalo green—
those ents of the south,
as big as I've seen—
the Tchefuncte River all a glimmering sheen,
and folks in foldout chairs fishing.

I continue along,
making my way in a loop
past the fleur-de-lis fences,
and, to my surprise, a chicken coop.
There a playground, here a basketball hoop.
And now I'm almost back.

At the library's a statue
of Mr. Walker Percy,
with a shrine of sorts outside
dedicated to the words he
wrote. I pass by,
give the male equivalent of a curtsy,
and continue along my wayfair.

I get back to my car,
now lightly sweating,
but overall peaceful
and more clear headed.
The destination's still foggy,
but at least now the next step is clear.
And I trust that the Lord
will guide me from here.