

## My Revelry

I like to walk down the middle of the sidewalk.  
That stretch of pavement from Evans to Grant,  
I dawdle dead center.  
Yes, people pass by my left and right,  
But I walk mean to their paths extreme  
And enjoy the adventure.  
People just don't walk down the middle of the sidewalk.

I like to gaze at the sky on occasion.  
In my bleak routine from Verser to Lile,  
I look as I linger.  
Well, people find fault with not looking down.  
But clouds and birds that's all they do  
And envy me as I chin up.  
People just don't gaze at the sky on occasion.

If I were to make a request of them all,  
"People," I'd say, "do you yawp? Do you howl?"  
Like Whitman, like Ginsberg.  
Why don't you yawp down the middle of the path  
Or howl at the blue of the sky?  
For you may bump heads or scrape your knees  
During frivolous flight patterns  
But...  
You'll see clouds and meet people.

NO REPRODUCTIONS W/O AUTHOR'S PERMISSION