

Invisible Movements

1

Near the city's glass heart,
a blue heron paces his sandbar
like a professor. He's studying
the river's piscine text:
catfish and smallmouth bass,
carp flicking. Down
his long beak he peers
as if correcting a pupil,
then grabs a bite of lunch.

2

Strange what rich folks throw out,
thinks Mr. Preacher, who travels
the alleys with his closet
rescued from Kroger.
Today he finds seven cans,
an umbrella that opens
to a rainbow, the overcoat
of a giant. Next time it pours,
he'll raise his roof of many colors.

3

I'm biking to work, Vonnegut
in my pack, through a district
that's disappeared. No firebombs
or tornadoes, just the cool sweep
of time and eminent domain.
Carefully, a student unearths keys
to bulldozed houses and dreams
of streets that don't exist.
The future? *So it goes.*

4

In Das Deutsche Haus,
now the Athenaeum,
runners sprint on treadmills
in windows framed by ruddy brick,
but the Rathskeller's stags
still converse in German.
The trolley of history
runs on such moments
from *Ach, du* to high five.

5

Cold night, warm bus—
the interior lit like a kitchen
where words become poems.

A haiku floats overhead:
*'Round midnight, Wes M
strums soft octaves with his thumb
so his wife won't wake.*

Pull that yellow cord,
you'll pause the melody.

Karen Kovacic