

Urban Nomad

I walk a random path through this desert of concrete and asphalt, an urban nomad, a caravan of one, with thick-soled shoes and shoulder bag, who treks arid miles where myriad people and vehicles swirl around me like sand, in all seasons, by day or night, while I pass unnoticed, listening to jazz from clubs and hymns from churches, the chatter in schoolyards and parks, the haggle of markets and gossip on corners, the stadium cheers and barroom talk: each oasis of sound refreshing my spirit as I walk by on a lone route through trackless terrain.