The evolution of a pertinacious pedestrian walk

Contributed by Teresa Ann Lowenstein
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A simple commute brings unexpected pleasures.

A large tortoise meanders with a philosopherâ€™s jaunt

as we and other vehicular traffic choose a path

that does not intrude on his scholarly dissertations.

On the tarmac that intersects academia

and commerce the chanced glimpse

of a bushy tail betrays the pilgrimage of a red fox.

In a moment he is gone, in fact his quick

flight is nearly missed by my two daughters.

For this day we are all fellow passengers

on the highway that unfolds before us.

Here too, are geese, unwelcome guests

who will not leave, with them, their offspring

no longer chicks, but rowdy adolescents

who swagger before stalled impatient drivers.

Further down the street a rambunctious rabbit

forgoes verdant sheltered paths to cross

the byway that dissects a neighborhood.

Later, in solitude on a pathway less frequented

by commuters, I chance upon a red tail hawk

and wonder at the width of its wing span.

Now, I wonder what else lies hidden?

What waits beyond the turn?

Or the rise in the hill?

Or just beyond my neighbor's fence?

More than expected sightings of possum

and raccoon, of this I am sure, for nature seems

to have evolved a pertinacious pedestrian walk

and claims the macadam as her own.