

Jumping Fences

avoid the bent metal prick, sharp and keen
and hoist himself over the barrier
sprawling trees above to remain unseen
wave a quick arm; the more the merrier

flat rubber soles clapping on the asphalt
a force rippling through bones, a huff of breath
“if we all get caught, it won’t be my fault”
they saunter, creep forward, a dance of death

planes rumble to life in this setting day
petroleum a stench in the damp air
they flop and play, backs flat on the airway
loose white shirts, dark denim, oh and that *hair*

they take off like swans and then they are gone
he laughs and wonders if he could hang on