

Sitting Is The New Smoking

By Gregory JM Kasunich

Last night I went walking
the sun dropping, dripping the

Last imperial purple drops of light
From the sky,

my world worn sneakers treading
Upon the gray pavement, still hot in the newness of the night

And my eyes began to wander
from the curb to the trees, fingers tapping on my thigh

Plasticine pods providing the soundtrack
Lending a beat to my ambulatory twilight stride.

And as I jostled down the street,
shaking the work screen glow from eyes and (straightening my keyboard scoliosis spine)

I caught a light,
yellow and warm coming from inside

A small blue home with
a large tin star adhered to its side (and I was filled with desire)

A yearning to find out just who dwelled behind those gossamer blinds.
I conjured a conversation between husband and wife,

a whispered secret born from love and time,
and a troika of children, calamity entwined

I wanted to reach inside, to intrude upon this little life
And ask if I could sit with them and dine, sharing stories, laughing till we cry

But alone - I went on walking
remembering what I myself had left behind

When years ago I sent myself looking seeking, far and wide
seeing if I could find,

Something more, something more
I tried

I peeled myself away from the scene
and departed, back into the night

I went on and on treading
Endlessly looping the moment in my mind