

Stevan Allred

From a Bench on Broadway, in Estacada

Big bad
chocolate lab
in the back of a truck:
Hear ye, hear ye, I am alive,
woof-woof.

Empty
street, except four
pickups parked in front of
Duane's shop, 8 a.m., Saturday.
Haircuts.

Brand new
Prison Blues, slack
in the ass, and cuffs rolled
high. Suspenders. Your logging's done,
old man.