*Eight stanzas for Radial Trail*
By Ryan Pratt

A gif of North America
models the solstices:
battle-lines which bloom
and wither in months
as measured,

like reverse beeps
of dozers I lose in the trees,
a community
of steep chins
Chedoke Park sits under.

For meteorologists
it's all sport: red versus blue,
skins against shirts.
The graphic for rain,
always green, contested.

In a plume over Rifle Range,
a candy scent — I wonder
will the woods,
come November,
soak in peppermint?

I think about equator red
licking at the brink
of Texas lawns. When
un-swept leaves gleam
railway stones, a patchwork

in grey splash orange
around Princess Falls,
and the path beams afternoon
back toward a canopy,
the gif comes to a halt.

Cricket intimate,
the August eye
suspends evening.
My auburn city, on an easel,
reclines into shadow.
Upon this crest of blues
I circle, air heavier, to see
dim-lit belts of streetlights ripple
in the crisp pool of almost
    and forget-me-nots.

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