

*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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