

lost in oradel

a white tavern's
neo-compass acquisition
pulls my dirty sneakers into town

a side tour off 95 south
rocket's me around
tree-lined streets and well appointed driveways
make the thoughtfully arraigned shrubbery
that much closer to the ground

pulling a hard left into
mazzi's pizzeria
a quick call re-orientes my
sense of direction
and evaporates with any sense of purpose

blue sky, warm air, early morning
a sense of quiet and
parking lot redemption
in a perfect space with
splashy neo from the previous evening
now dulled and sent packing by
the daylight

sitting motionless on a smooth asphalt
patch of safe, safe
refuge for
a road weary soul, covered by
the here and now

swirled about by soft sunlight
in the asphalt layers of a parking lot
sitting motionless

eric sommer

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lost in a moment of reflection
lost in the highway miles
lost in oradell

The small parking lot
next to the pizzeria, the
defining image of rural new jersey
and the soft smell of crisping calzones and
pizza being birthed

floats in the clear easy sunlight air
bounces off the white concrete
walls and finds its way
into the front seat of
my rental car parked, running, on the small
asphalt apron
next to the concrete wall
of mazzi's pizzeria

safe for the moment
surrounded by pizza and sunlight
safe, quiet and bathed in
clear light reflected off the concrete wall

lost in new jersey
lost in oradell