

Jack Granath

Testimony

I admit to a prejudice,
a native suspicion of
duct tape on small cars,
and this one had lots of it.
Despite midwinter weather
the driver's side window was
down and looked as if
it were always down.
An arm shot out, a fistful
of brown something fluttered
to the street, and I,
an outraged citizen,
rushed to bear witness,
stupid with fury.
The man had littered,
and he would pay.
A citizen unfortunately
on foot, I moved in
to document and knelt,
then stood again, snarling
traffic, a sudden scofflaw
myself, but a dazzled one,
musing among the horns
on the strange ways of
strangers and the delicate thing
I had found: a swirl
of dead leaves, diminishing there.