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.