

## Tapping

Walk, meet the world on its wandering  
terms, answer an ever-yearning  
to find your place. In the dark

bat-like, craving echoes to know  
each obstacle's position, I take  
a step, but cannot hear it yet

over the low drum roll of traffic, endless  
polluting prelude to magic that fails  
there's no great car democracy

do you remember them gone, the street  
ceasefire when, to beat a virus, people put  
their vehicle weapons down

then I heard children talking  
saw them chalking pavement rainbows  
heard overhead the joy orchestra of birds

and my footsteps sounded again  
like a friend window tapping for attention  
each stride the world calling, waving back