

PAUL SOHAR

Picnic Tables

Prisoners of a rest stop on
interstate 80 in PA, chained
to concrete slabs in the ground
where they gaze and graze,

dreaming of tearing off their chains
and running around on the grass
like the restless children and dogs
that burst out of the cars,

and the picnic tables don't want
to stop at the curb but keep galloping
flexing their stiff legs,
on the highway in a happy herd,

in a march of freedom the cars
could never understand, the trailers
and semis would not even deign
to observe; the tables though would not care

to see how they might appear, they'd be
happy carrying on top of them
the feast of the wind and the rain, old
companion as free as the tables want to be.