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## Midnight Crossroads Standard Time

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## Midnight Crossroads Standard Time

*Ryan Frabizio*

Invisible Vivaldis saw away  
as I sit aside a festive pool.  
A leaping fountain moans,  
“another ellipse elapsed,”  
as the gush from its gold-blushing base  
turns uncertain gray at its peak of life  
in the heavy ink air,  
and flops dead by the glowing core.

I watch the spectacle while sitting  
at a crossroads of concrete and grass  
Where time runs backwards in both directions on the cooled pavement  
washed with brain fluid  
and drags my hopping wagon, laden with seeds, one sprouting blade  
farther—  
if I execute the turn.  
I could keep to the rock.  
It’s easier on the feet.  
The grass, though, is a drug, stuffing the eyes’ hunger for possibilities,  
A popping pillow to sink the mind into  
As my feet stumble ahead of my youngest past seconds.

The concrete can only be washed  
And polished to only a finer gray by my shuffling revisiting feet.  
My own orbit of U-turns.  
Okay: turn east on the grass: the west is green-gray.

From the expanding distance  
I see the old dead ends to the north and south  
Becoming northwest and southwest,  
In danger of becoming part of the west.  
Sight a half-second to the north:  
Grass should be downtrodden only once by weighted feet.  
One past midnight CST,  
Some artificially induced new year.