

MOSES

(a statue in Washington Park, Albany, NY)

You stand with arms outstretched
blessing the park,
asking your people to enter
this verdant home
of tulip beds and frisbees.
The trees have labels
in scarlet lettering
to tell the chosen people
what to call them.
A fountain rises
from the prophet's feet,
promising fertile earth
and pregnant women.
The children wheel
along the cycle paths
or turn their cartwheels
in the damp spring grass.
Young couples walk their dogs
and let them mark
the golden garbage cans
that line the park.
You guard them, Moses,
nor do you forget
the old men hiding bottles
in the hollow trees.

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