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# Walking Russia

Walter Rhead

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# WALKING RUSSIA

WALTER RHEAD

There are the stones  
like sunburn peeling,  
and there the park—all mud,  
no swings. And over there a chunk  
of sidewalk iceberged in the road.

And there, beyond  
the drugstore (with the  
broken window front),  
a woman bound in gray raincoat of  
male cut and stringy scarf to  
match her matted hair is walking

near the bakery now—the one  
across from ticket booth, the one  
with entry bell—and now  
she sees me watching her,  
and now she glances down;

and now the gutter, chipped  
and dry, the gutter cold and  
graying, has caught the slug she spit—  
the one that sparkles under lamp,  
that's oozing toward the drain—  
and sent her onward, praying.