

## A WALK IN THE PARK

By Susan LaFortune

Talking on his cell phone,  
He walks with a familiar step.  
He owns these streets.  
His conversation,  
Reveals the truth.  
He walks closer  
Knowing what I just heard.  
I see a bulge in his lower leg,  
And I know  
He's a killer.  
We all are  
In some form,  
Not always physical.  
So I smile, just to show  
I'm a girl, who's not afraid,  
My smile is real.  
What's to be afraid of?  
So, he has a gun  
And I have understanding,  
We both carry weapons.  
I know  
The fear  
Ignorance brings.  
Ridiculous.  
Dangerous thugs,  
Selling and killing  
Trying to make a life.  
Not my choice.  
Not his either.  
We're all stuck  
Until we realize  
The glue is cheap and faulty.  
His eyes meet mine,  
A smile forms across his lips  
White teeth glisten  
Respect.  
We keep walking,  
A shared moment  
Between killers.