

Manson Solomon

Crunch World

The crunch of gravel beneath the feet
Hear it
Feel it
Sneakers, rubber twisting
Boots, leather grinding
I have been hearing, feeling, this, my whole life
Echoing backward
Reverberating forward
Forever
Utterly familiar
Like the rush and susurrus of the brook over the rocks and around the boulders
Scrambling headlong, as it hustles
Heraclitus
Immersed in the never changing, always changing, river of crunching

A car rolls by
Tires crunching
But a different crunch
A rolling crunch
That resonates hollow from the soundbox of its undercarriage
And its wheel wells
As it throws up, scatters, dispenses
Stones and gravel
As it rumbles over them
A wake of billowing dust
Obscuring, muffling
Everything
In a cloud

Its occupants peek out through the windows
They see me but do not hear, do not feel
My crunching world
Borne along
Trapped behind the glinting glass
Peering from their cage at the world outside
Looking at it but
Not in it
Nor of it
They are only observing it
Like a movie, a passing show

You can step into the river and be of it

Or watch it roll by

No Hennef Here

You blow in
like a breeze, a wind, a hurricane,
carrying all before you
blasting it up into the air like so much debris
shredding it like timber frame houses ripped into
fragmented splinters,
scattered over the earth.

Couldn't you tip-toe in
and gently place
on the corner of my desk
an apple,
a crimson pomegranate,
to say
I'm home, we're home?

Or softly hum a tune
barely audible
a plaintive blues perhaps
I'm home, we're home?

Tossed into the air
I'm a white gull endlessly circling,
wheeling over the forlorn landfill
searching amongst the flapping white plastic tatters, rusted cans,
bits of broken chair legs
for a place to alight.

Manson Solomon emerged from the womb with a mission to be a writer with a large trust fund. Said trust fund being inexplicably absent, he took the road more traveled, acquiring graduate degrees in Economics, Psychology and Philosophy from the London School of Economics, Columbia and Harvard, engaging in various academic, artistic and entrepreneurial pursuits -- in New York, London, Jerusalem, Johannesburg, Nova Scotia, Wellesley, Cambridge -- while also taking the less traveled road, generating exquisite poetry and commenting astutely on the work of others from deep in the woods of Lincoln, Massachusetts.

