For Gary Oak

Or crouched in the brush. Cramped, grazing
sleeping in tall grass, rare
stars above us, breed a town's edge
or half your charm on me together
cruising, throwing up cut
from error, we'd settle home.
If you would a bridge
the lone path towers ahead
in scenes not ours in hiding, chaste
after you I repeating, after you
over again.

For you'd rather name plaques
while I learn your defense.
Always in front of us.
Dashing repellant fleeing.