

## **no place for a horn**

thin line side road  
follows the river  
trees tumble down  
the water moves swiftly  
sun peeks out  
low clouds fly by  
silent moments to  
the open eye  
the brick walls bake  
under a fat sun  
asphalt markings  
peel, left undone and frayed

from a table in the coffeeshop  
the slowness of a tennessee afternoon  
gently pushes the clock forward

traffic is deliberate and  
pulses through the downtown street just so matter of fact  
no place for a horn  
and hand gestures out the window  
so graceful, so fluid  
are the preferred approach to traffic management  
and ever so gently suggest the traffic along

and not a car out of place  
not a moment squandered  
not a thought to this  
magnificent peacefulness