Six o’clock, 9th Street Rush Hour Traffic in Beautiful Corvallis

The burrito-eating driver of a Saturn almost de-wheels my Geo as he pulls out of Taco Time.
   “Whoa,” I grunt as I slam on my brakes.
   ‘Is a Geo that hard to see? Or was the burrito too big to see over?’

A battered pick-up with Alaska plates – the old gold and blue ones,
Blows by me like I am standing still.
Since I’m doing 30 – he’s definitely speeding!

Passed by another driver-vehicle combo who barely gets around me
Before darting right to turn into LBCC and Borders.
“Whoa!” I slam on my brakes, again.
   “Guess he needed coffee!”

Overhead, I hear the whomp, whomp, whomp, of a helicopter.
It sounds low, like the Marines invading,
So I stick my head out the window and look up,
   hair blows like a lab retriever’s ears at 50 miles an hour.
On both sides of 9th, young men, old men, bearded and clean-shaven men
 are standing with their heads cranked all the way back on their necks.
‘Is it the second coming or what?’

A chunky lady runs north along the street.
She passes people who do not even look at her.
But I look at her!
   She wears black lycra tights, a maroon way-too-low tank top,
    bright, white athletic shoes and socks,
       and
    A gold tutu with silver satin ribbon edging the ruffles.
    Golden balls hang from the layers and bobble as she runs.
    She wears it too high – like a fat belt around her middle,
   So the tutu frames her round, plump rump — a picture in motion.
     I am mesmerized --everything moves on this runner –

I guess you had to be there.