

A.G. Dumas
Summer Night Walk In Provincetown

Like latter-day Nazarenes they can walk past full benches
in the town square unmocked and unscathed, until met by
kindreds who urge them to join in baptismal rites, of sorts,
down by the water.

Young men embrace in the middle of the street as
two older men in matching cardigans pass by, smiling their
approval and showing the scars on their faces, remnants perhaps,
of less accepting days.

All of these men parading hand in hand are joined by
women arm in arm, as well as by young mothers and
fathers who weave in and out with strollers, and little toes,
dangling sweetly.

Grandfathers in old sneakers and grandmothers wearing
floppy hats traipse along with grandchildren, paying little heed
to all around while grossly intent on licking, rather adroitly,
melting ice cream.

The local custom of walking with suspended sensibilities
sadly isn't practiced in many places, particularly where iscarlots
lurk in the shadows on more dimly lit streets, waiting feverishly,
to pass judgment.