

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

Milton P. Ehrlich

BUSTED

Nothing more ball-dropping
than those flashing red lights
and blaring siren,

a beefy choleric cop
hand on holster
gets in my face,

he wants to know
why I'm walking around
this fancy neighborhood
with a piece of rusted rebar
and other burglary tools.

I explain they're found objects
for my wife, an artist
and meditation teacher
who uses rust to teach
the Buddhist concept
of impermanence.

He lowers my head as he thrusts me
into the back of his squad car.