



An old man,
almost so old
as to mesmerize himself
sitting with a bag of cans
on the block wall
of the combination
gas-station mini-mart
holding a cigarette in a pinch
tight as his crossed legs
in a dirty blueblack jumpsuit
with a dirty white beard
exploding in all directions
like God's maybe
with eyes locked
and staring at space
like his space that is
occupied but only
as stationary scenery
because it really feels
like he doesn't count
and flat level with his
homeless head the
box on the wall spells out
in big red letters:

A-I-R

Hugh Findlay's writing and photography have been published worldwide. He is in the third trimester of life and is working on a book of "photopoetry," similar to the Japanese Haiga. Instagram: [@hughmanfindlay](https://www.instagram.com/hughmanfindlay)