I saw an old man

Trying to cross the street.

Four lanes of surging traffic

With a crosswalk twenty feet

To his left, a cane

Clutched to his right.

He hobbled in broad daylight

To his destination on the other side,

Only to return right back

To his origins at the bus stop.

An elderly lady

Clutching a plastic shopping bag

Stuffed with old issues of

The Seattle Times,

Could not fathom this sight

Fighting before her eyes.

Upon the man heaving himself

Back over the curb,

She cried out

“What is wrong with you?”

And was met with silence

From this man, with wind

From cars racing by.

She tried again.

“There's a crosswalk right there!”

In a voice similar to his vision,

As rough as gravel,

He replied “I know.”

“Do you want to die?”

Indignant, unfathomable,

Offended at the thought

Of someone dying

Before this lady's eyes.

“No,” he replies.

He walks away.

We all wonder what we just saw,

And why.