

Mark Nenadov

Windsor Heat

He drove a classic car
full of wax
toward downtown
and took a hard right
where Robert Burns stands
saintly and proudly
stone figure
like a warden
guarding the plight
of the heavenly garden.

Soon it was apparent
that Robert's
cold, sculpted, Scottish stare
wasn't cold enough for him
in this steamy scene
sauntering in Windsor, Ontario
for a summer stroll.

He left the garden
and smelled the smells
of summer mingled
with a fell skunk
suffocating
the piercing sun
frying everyone
sautéing them.

His sweat spilled
off his back
bellowing like
Iguassu Falls
and now he appears
as an expatriate hack
a wanderer wallowing
in a cold den dug
in a place called North Ridge
and the summer heat
is buried in a cone
of ice cream.