

## *Jack Granath*

### **Testimony**

I admit to a prejudice,  
a native suspicion of  
duct tape on small cars,  
and this one had lots of it.  
Despite midwinter weather  
the driver's side window was  
down and looked as if  
it were always down.  
An arm shot out, a fistful  
of brown something fluttered  
to the street, and I,  
an outraged citizen,  
rushed to bear witness,  
stupid with fury.  
The man had littered,  
and he would pay.  
A citizen unfortunately  
on foot, I moved in  
to document and knelt,  
then stood again, snarling  
traffic, a sudden scofflaw  
myself, but a dazzled one,  
musing among the horns  
on the strange ways of  
strangers and the delicate thing  
I had found: a swirl  
of dead leaves, diminishing there.