Washing with Water of the Word

Once, preparing for a trip across Texas

I somehow knew

I’d come home a changed man.

Early on a Sunday morning in July

I left our home,

three, four, or five guys

living together in Larry’s studio,

upstairs over the pawn shop

across from the grocery store

run by Chinese-Americans,

corner of Woodlawn & Flores.

Instead of heading north

for my trip across Texas

I turned south,

a few blocks, into

San Pedro Park

to the font

the spring headwaters

of San Pedro Creek.

There, I bathed,

immersed in water fresh

from the Edwards Aquifer

deep within the Balcones.

There, I chose to leave behind

a childhood

an adolescence

some regrets

lots of friends

Then, I turned north

on a trip across Texas

where I then met a woman

“You can call me Lee”

who later married with me

upstairs over the pawn shop

a few blocks from the font,

the spring headwaters,

of San Pedro Creek.