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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Armond Kinard: "The Silent Corner"

Armond Kinard · Wednesday, July 17th, 2019

I must arm myself and prepare,  
for the many beasts of the land.  
Here in this hustle and bustle,  
on voyage to somewhere.

In several directions, I glance,  
checking for a surprise,  
hoping that all remains calm,  
hoping that nothing tests my fears.

Each step quickly followed by another,  
with rhythmic timing.  
The path is clear, the ground is smooth,  
I am free to move.

My destination, Venice Boulevard,  
but first, La Fayette.  
With one swift step off of the curb,  
I peer left, then right.

The path is clear, I am free to move,  
no engine, no wheels, no doppler.  
Just open space and travel,  
until the other side.

One step, then two,  
onto the stiff dark grey road,  
that is LaFayette,  
which will end if I go right.

But I am set for Venice,  
so I glide left.  
My eyes divert right,  
catching a beautiful sight.

Three children at play,

tossing a ball in the air,  
that fills with their giggles,  
they play, they play.

I miss those days, my mind says,  
those days when play was all.  
Play was every, play was again,  
again, over and over, and next.

My mind snaps out of the joy,  
a presence is felt.  
The air is still,  
yet the hair on my neck withers.

I whip my head to the left,  
my eyes become stuck,  
as danger advances,  
in the form of 20 miles per hour....MOVE!!

Life continues for me,  
thanks to the spirit,  
that guided my steps,  
and the voice that told me to look.

I now walk with a new sense,  
of awareness.  
Serious injury or perhaps death,  
was removed from me on the silent corner.

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