

Dave Parsons

Night Hawk

Congress Avenue rolls south from the Paramount Theater straight
through sentries of Live Oak over the Colorado River before it was a lake—

over that first main bridge before it housed the dark cloud of bats
and past the flagship Night Hawk restaurant, where, I remember

running head to chest into President Lyndon Johnson as
his secret service agents, holding the glass doors open,

looked on in horror at the unexpected possibilities
of our collision, as I swung into the double doors

like some unexpected and inescapable event in Asia,
from the snaky nook of the restroom corridor, unaware

of his incoming entourage—*s'cuse me—no, pardon me!*
For a brief moment we did that uncertain dance to squeeze

by each other in the small vestibule of the double door entry, LBJ
in trapped composure, I imagine, with steak or a beer on his mind—

I—in awkward and puzzled wonderment—secret service agents
on the outside and inside doors—staying stiffly cool—sizzling—