

i listen and watch nature in the city even though i am told there is none.
straining garbage trucks with hissing pneumatics.
sirens swallowing bodies between incidents and the hospitals.
vehicles clearing their throats trying to start up in black smoke.
arguing smells of public transportation and its disorderly engagements.
hard breathing bicycles with their flagellant metallic chains.
newspapers hitting the porches before they become extinct.
lights on the street switching off clicking like snapping necks.
doors unlocking brutal secrets that have been held back.
ghost winds snaking through the office towers
steam grates smoking like ancient portals
metal and glass swept up by minotaurs in street sweepers.
litter rustling with hungry rats.
spit that pastes debris to the ground.
cigarette boats sailing in the murky gutters headed for the harbor.
crows like black lanterns with golden eyes cawing at the dawn.
sunlight rethreading the regular order of day.
delphic priestess pushing a grocery cart of street treasure.
wild accents of street vendors assaulting the reluctant.
plumaged taxis with broken meters squealing with each turn.
uniformed nightsticks with tactical thumps
pigeons in pigeon parades picking crumbs off fallen bagels.
used needles falling further down in park trash barrels
the sound of god ringing church bells.
the homeless shuffles of beggars moving into position...
the underworld shaken by the inbound trains.
burglar bars opening and exposing the faces of merchants waiting in ambushes.
curses of carelessness and spilled coffee.
violin strings being stretched.
gypsy tag teams working on wallets.
i share a bottle with the back alley dead end pantheists in various states of worship.

states of worship.
wf.h.
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