

## **Relying on the sun**

Her dark eyes pierced the day  
as though pouring through the asphalt of the city streets,  
turning it soft and weak like me.

Her hips were lazy in a rhythmic swaying  
with a deep tart scent coming on through --

But if the sun  
sent a message to the stars  
through the vacuous deep darkness  
of eternal space  
racing with light speed  
relaying a signal down to earth  
exploding on the street,  
she would surely be with me.

I never could rely on the sun.

## **Indifferent Day**

Work day morning  
dull and busy  
a grayscape day  
that day.  
Strangers trudging --  
morning travelers  
in and out of trains and buses,  
buried heads in tiny boxes  
ears were covered  
no connection  
no one saw them  
get away.

But hip hop  
and no stop--  
seamless shapeless people fell  
dropping from the sky.  
No names  
No plaid  
No color showed  
With toes that rattled  
when they walked  
just floated down

real slow--  
prowling in the wind.

They giggled gulped and belched a lot.  
They moved in rows  
real tight.  
They slouched and rubbed  
with eyes real close.  
They only danced on bells.  
Their homes were bubbles  
for a while.  
Faces popped  
and buzzed so much--  
they always squeaked their toes.  
Just tiny people,  
wet and noisy  
slow as hay that day away.

And the morning travelers  
just kept going--  
head down people in  
squinting sunshine  
still only seeing  
indifferent day.

### **Silver City**

In harsh winter days,  
it is a silver city  
alive in vibrating neon,  
as its streamlined steel and glass towers  
set sharply in concrete platforms  
spiral into the sky  
like vapors  
in a miasma of light and sound  
replete with luminous spaces  
flush with sensuous lives.

And some watch from their windows  
high above ordinary travelers  
while the pavement tightened  
in the hard winter freeze  
amidst the blasts of cars  
sirens  
and the endless city hum.

Quietly days might pass  
this way in  
shared silence,  
the tremble and moan of bodies  
sometimes  
joining close  
naked and small  
sharing soft sounds  
like a hollow echo of one  
shared past.

And still on the streets  
the cold air  
turns to steam that rises  
from subterranean tunnels  
stretching from the narrows  
to the broad avenues  
where cars are paced into slow crawls  
on the icy city streets.

Then, finally  
when they leave  
and daylight passes away,  
their reflections vanish  
from the windows,  
gone into the solitude  
of the city streets,  
as wayward dreamers  
traveling low  
amongst the brazen city lights—  
no delusions  
only crossing shadows  
as midnight passes on by  
into winter's neon night.