

# Urban Unrest

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*Tom Moran*

Behind a bolted window,  
I lie in sultry darkness.  
Thin sheets cling randomly.  
I'm discomfited by disquiet  
and the vague feeling I  
need to piss.

Over the aluminum channel  
and through the venetian blind  
(the one that never falls in place)  
comes the jangling clamor  
of a rambling shopping cart,  
pushed by a refugee  
scouring the blue light.  
Further out,  
a wailing ambulance  
dispatched  
to some ruinous mishap.

A car alarm erupts nearby.  
In a distance three  
gunshots, a Cadillac  
becomes a casket.  
Sweeping daylight explodes,

the walls revolve into  
a shadowy centrifuge.  
The rotors pound the  
exhaust through every crevice,  
burning the blackness.

Downstairs, Sam threatens  
to finally kill the bitch.  
Through the drain  
muffled pleading  
echoes from the porcelain.  
The wall on which my head rests  
booms under  
the thump of matted hair.

I roll over,  
momentarily cooled  
by the dampness of  
my fossil impression.  
Again my room thunders,  
the door slams below,  
perhaps at last  
unhinged.

Outside, shattering glass.  
A car window, a bottle,  
or a pipe  
fallen from numbed fingers  
blindly foraging  
among the blackened shards.  
Another car alarm  
sluces down the alley  
surging over graffiti,  
into the canyon of  
urban cliff dwellers.

Another round  
tears from its chamber  
finding home  
somewhere soft and  
sudden.