

(featured at the Phoenix Readings, October 1996)

Concrete

My steps sound on bleached stones
poured in squares. Some lifted. Some flat.
In black, a thin line cuts downward,
dreams my journey. It's a lazy globe,
an Islamic lord who taught me how to speak.
I pass a shop, empty windows, recollections
of yellow flurries, sunflowers burning forth
throughout the day.
This night, whole worlds have been submerged
in incandescent noise. My sky,
a dragon. I walk with him,
with her, with this bright city
and the impending stillness
on its streets.