

Lowell street bridge  
It smells metropolitan clear today, after  
last night's nor'easter, now

truckin' through cascading streets  
sidewalks full of hard bootprints  
manpowered trucks and shovels  
have cleared away so man and  
woman can pass by  
and now, after man's progress  
it smells clear  
the country owns no such smell  
pines, wheats, plains (plainness)

metropolis pungent sours  
    matted hair, fingernail grit,  
    aftershave, love juice, leftover egg  
    crates, dog lice,  
    mannequin dust and  
    underground steam  
the country never smells clear

Waiting to feel the spine rush  
the gust electricity that blow  
dries your marrow, fast

Waiting on Lowell Street bridge  
closed for repairs  
    but nothing's happening  
still closed for repairs

Waiting on the wooden sidewalk boards  
feeling with my muffled toes for the juiciest wood

twingling my gloves through the chain-link

Waiting, for the light I see now  
the bridge bolts are the first to feel it,  
slightly, they shiver and try to turn  
themselves around, look away from  
the eye of the storm

Waiting, breathing hard now,

Dead possum lying on train tracks  
for four weeks now, twelve times a day  
the rail flies over him: Vzzjoommmmmnnnn...

his hands held out and up, crying out to something above  
he looks ready to hug  
his mouth left open, eyes shale marbles

costain  
con-force – last words he sees

he's been gutted by flies and probably rats

the scream up  
lays on his side

every Sunday when I walk back from brunch  
with belly full of eggs; there's my gutted friend

Dead Possum lying on the train tracks  
for four weeks now, twenty-three times a day  
the rail flies above him

did the rail run over you?  
did the opposite train throw you onto their spouse's tracks?  
did you scream when the train hit you?  
and reach for something above?  
how are you so intact?

at least stuffed you might look alive  
not hollow (but you're hollow)  
you've still got your tail  
they can't take that from you  
and your coat, it doesn't look matted at all  
the wind still brushes through it  
I'm sorry that you're on your side  
on gravel, under a train twenty-three times a day  
I'd like to cradle you in my arms  
and kiss your wet nose, and hold you gently  
so you can see the train fly by  
and feel its power.

#### CON-FORCE

We don't know how you died  
dead possum, every Sunday  
morning for the last four  
weeks you still lie stuck  
between train tracks, a bed-head  
coat, your insides gutted  
by rats and flies.

your left arm extended up  
frozen, fingers spread wide  
reaching to the heavens  
just low enough that the train  
doesn't snap it off

eyes tiny black marbles  
catch no shine even as  
the sun blankets endlessly over  
you from above.

stuck open in constant scream

at the right time of day  
your hand shades your face

Here comes a train!

All your pain is gone  
but your frame, your place  
a reminder of all mankind's trains

twenty-three times a day  
the rail flies over you  
one hour of uninterrupted peace