

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

twirling 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: Vzzjoommnnnn...

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