2nd July Poem

the sirens begin
before dark

not one
but a litter of them

red mouths opening
down the avenues

heat has driven
the city out
of its skin

men shout
from car windows

dogs pull hard
against their collars

a woman stands
in the sprinkler spray
with her work shoes on

and laughs
as if laughter
were another fever

above the park grass
fireflies lift

green nerves
stitching and unstitching
the torn evening

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2nd July Poem

little signals
no one commands

while under the viaduct
a fox
thin as a bad thought

carries something dead
in its mouth

hurry up
the sirens cry

wait
say the lights
appearing
disappearing

not answer

not prayer

only bodies
trying to be seen

before the dark
finishes

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