

New Kids on the Block

A floating crap game of bodies,
playing catch, mocking lost drivers,
shouting, jumping in the grey rain--
my neighbors are leashed
to the nights. They beat down stems,
bushes, and grass, but soon
spring stirs anyways,
like a trick birthday candle,
on and off, off and on.

On Sunsetview Drive my home keeps heat
and I ask for little. Shouts
mimic Browns' heroes and fans,
stroking the perfection
of the porcelain kitchen
that lives inside me.
These black bodies charge
at one another in glee,
digging up divots of turf,
small graves
that I survey in exile
in my morning's desire to be single
and radiant, ignoring balls
and dirt and leaves,
wishing to live forever.
In my winter. My wheelchairs.