

## B L U E   B R I C K S

wet summer grass  
reaching up green  
through the ether,  
a gray-purple sky  
overhead cut into  
slices by cris-

crossing telephone  
wires, with sordid  
pigeons perched  
on them staring down  
at me roughly  
with dark swirling

eyes while I  
tend my potted  
cactuses which are  
stacked on a  
three-tier

orange rolling cart  
and the tan dog  
in the yard barks  
at the black dog  
in the next yard

and the houses  
apartments  
lights  
fences  
grow up out of the

ground all around  
me... the wind  
lays quiet  
still and the

B L U E  
B R I C K S

are flat  
on the  
ground  
in a line

beckoning me  
to sorrow;

a place  
I do not want  
to go.