

*SIDEWALKS AND STREETS:
I. PEOPLE STOOD WAITING*

The view from the roof was yellow with dew
And it rose from the gleam of the leaf covered stream
The day fell anew upon streets and avenues
To explode in a ripening rose-steeped string
While we sat below scores of old columns and rows
And we drank from the well, toasting cold coffee and ale

The sparks shot between construction boards and beams
As the steel poured over the crowds underneath
The city was bright with a glow and was visible with light
And it reached to the sky with its fingers to pry

And we stared at the still tops of buildings that filled in the spaces with
faces of steel

The air was a cool and wet dripping pool
And fell upon city sidewalks and streets
The train came and went through a dark alley vent
An underground ship speeding recklessly quick
But we couldn't tell from the scope of the bell
And the ring that it lent was subtle and bent

I swung from the lines and fell ten stories from the ringing bell
I saw the gardens creep and crawl, the buckles see and saw
There I bent to a knee and shed my skin into a drape of red
And passed the pillow stuffed with ash
To rest on winter grass

The air was a cool and wet dripping pool
And it fell upon city sidewalks and streets

We approached with great haste and toothish smiling faces
In love and at last running full-fledged and fast
Near the center square fountain stood a gaping gray mountain
Where a song could escape in a noiseless charade

Collecting in a nest underneath a wooden park bench
And swept away with a stick in a pile of magazines and bricks

People stood waiting on the platform escalating
Into stores selling smoke and shops hung with rope
Open and echoing the morning in a liquor-shadowed ring
While passers ignored what they felt was useless and a bore

We knelt in the cold wet puddles and felt with our hands what hands had
built

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