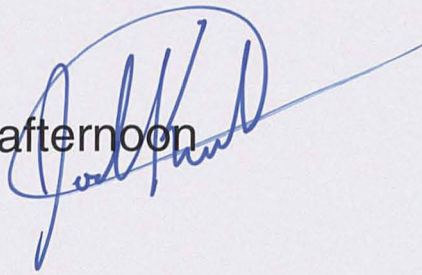


tuesday afternoon  
josh kracht



A rainbow of old oil drips from the carriage of a car,  
into  
a river of gutter that draws a line to the edge of sight.  
A river that lulls along the shallow cliffs  
of  
a lonely curb; kissing a sidewalk  
that  
never knows the joy of feet under a ceiling of gray.  
The City dies in this gloom of rain.  
The machine gun tatter of drops on metal or stone.  
The City is a wasteland.  
No brightness.  
No noise.  
No squeals from active children.