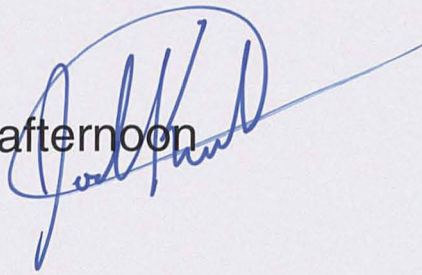


tuesday afternoon
josh kracht



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.