

JULY 14TH FROM 80 LA SALLE

Dawn in the city, windows wide open—wham!
Slam! Screams! Now scaffolding confronts this hometown—
trash smashed, strollers, birds, doors opening/closing
Here happens, all day, tending to tones sounding
in our ears—Beep! Vehicle backs into street
veers round the corner—listen, take note of this
city waking, summer moistened with sirens,
syncopated noise—beats anticipate stress
as skyscrapers vibrate—“All’s well,” you say, “All’s
Here”—a car idles, shakes, feeds the vertigo—
water the balcony’s garden, hear children,
hear the blaring radio counterpoint to
the modest breeze this morning—back inside then,
at the desk, the sawed railings of the poem