

of this time-worn
Medusan whoring sky

and dust.

Now dust

of the summer drought
(settles)

on the mindless -- barren rocks --
while this dulled broken edge

a window windless --
someber silence of what's past,

barking out from somewhere's crevice,
and summer voices echo (.
silence)
echo

of glass-life dreams

and the urban matterpiece
imaged in the shattered mirror
of Elysian lake,

as once then last

drummed into mind:

birds

birds

birds

there were birds...

on the corner of 6th street
curioshop:

birds gold cage

cold glass life

in the windows, sitting...