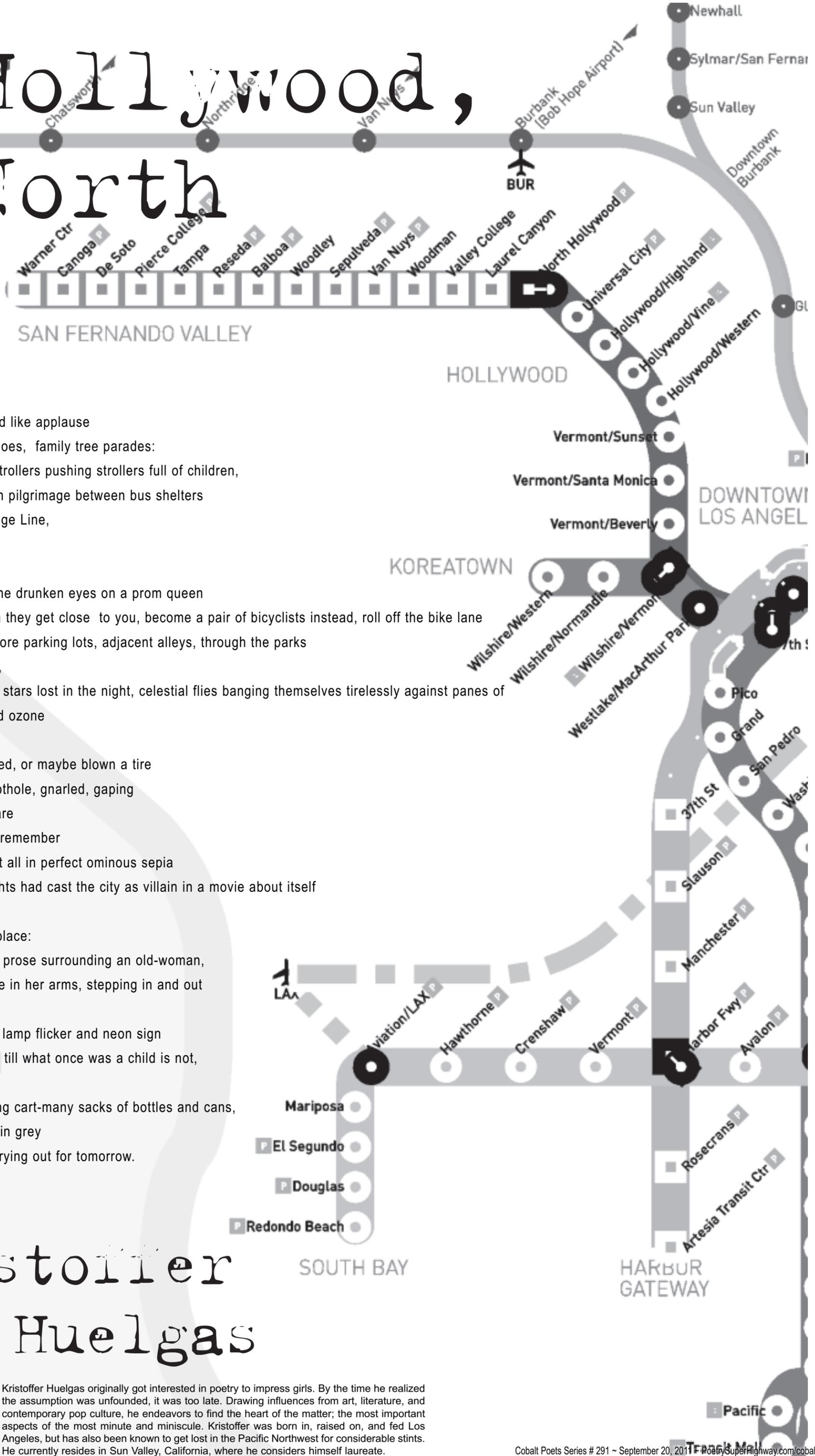


Hollywood, North



the streets sound like applause
 flip flop slap echoes, family tree parades:
 children out of strollers pushing strollers full of children,
 child spectres on pilgrimage between bus shelters
 to the 2AM Orange Line,

emergence
 headlights like the drunken eyes on a prom queen
 grow apart when they get close to you, become a pair of bicyclists instead, roll off the bike lane
 into the liquor store parking lots, adjacent alleys, through the parks
 on the overpass,
 Shooting stars lost in the night, celestial flies banging themselves tirelessly against panes of
 smog and ozone

my car had stalled, or maybe blown a tire
 in a nail-filled pothole, gnarled, gaping
 jagged as they are
 who can remember
 I thought I saw it all in perfect ominous sepia
 like the streetlights had cast the city as villain in a movie about itself

the truth of the place:
 lines of invisible prose surrounding an old-woman,
 cradling a bundle in her arms, stepping in and out
 of existence
 on approach via lamp flicker and neon sign
 growing grizzled till what once was a child is not,
 rather,
 one of a shopping cart-many sacks of bottles and cans,
 old newspapers in grey
 with headlines crying out for tomorrow.

Kristoffer Huelgas



Kristoffer Huelgas originally got interested in poetry to impress girls. By the time he realized the assumption was unfounded, it was too late. Drawing influences from art, literature, and contemporary pop culture, he endeavors to find the heart of the matter; the most important aspects of the most minute and miniscule. Kristoffer was born in, raised on, and fed Los Angeles, but has also been known to get lost in the Pacific Northwest for considerable stints. He currently resides in Sun Valley, California, where he considers himself laureate.