

This darkness is a serious problem.

It makes it difficult to properly read
my Scales of Justice and reassemble my AK-47.

My woman asks me how her hair looks
and I have to tell her *like* blackness.
Endless blackness.

I run my fingers along the wall to find my way
back to her and I'm surprised to feel the plaster
turn into her face.

Across the street, at night, the homeless living inside
the hollowed out stores of the strip mall
hunt stray dogs and possums with broken bottles
and BB guns.

We watch them sell drugs under the olive tree
in front of the auto parts sign. When the cops
cruise by, they flash their empty palms
at the officers and say, "Magic."

Touché, bums, touché, I say under my breath.

In the morning when the sun rises
to nourish our tumors
there will be a line of people half way around
the block seeking their advice,
survival tips.

Where do we sleep?

Where go when rain come?

How we build big bright sign and dig?

How make fire go back bulb?

I notice a woman near the back of the crowd
with duct tape wrapped around her arm
"to keep the loneliness from seeping out."
She's rubbing two sticks together
to light her last cigarette.

Me, I'm at the kitchen table,
which is this park bench,
devising a new calendar with broken teeth.

Invention

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