

Short Cut

I stroll across this parking lot
a black topped short cut

metallic darts in my eyes where once
this harsh sunshine dabbled in leaves
danced with shadows at my feet

Echoes of shouts, of pounding placards
live their desolate lives here
confused with the sound of doors slammed
shut

It is said radio waves carry
our voices into infinity
but what of our acoustic cries

must they remain tangled in the tiny
tornadoes of city streets, whirlwinds nipping
with the litter and the dust at our ankles
as we pass

deafened to an eternal weeping for green
by the revved engines and the dented metal

holding our noses against the fumes

Sandy Shreve