

St. Louis

strange to
walk along the sidewalks
where so many
other writers
had walked

strange to count
the cracks
they must have counted
while looking toward
the ground on
a winter's day

strange to stand
at the foot of the Arch
and marvel the way
they must have
marveled

the city is made
of decomposing brick
and steam rises out
of the pavement

the Midwestern haze
hangs
grey and lingering
below the skyline

midnight trains
pound through the city
carrying girls
with broken hearts
and men with
empty wallets

a grave as been dug for you
and the
brown waters
of the Mississippi
can take you there

if you're
ready
to go.