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(Untitled Verse)

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(untitled verse)

thrown scattered about
(once pressed close to a young lover's breast)
the pages of a shrivelled memory
brush the gritty pavement
of the sidewalk
at the heart of the dozing metropolis

in this midnight lull,
the blurred verse
advertised by the
artificial glare of the lamppost
guarding the corner of Fifth and St. Clair

vulgar, now,
in the grimy hands
of the ever-so-public night,
the poet's soul
tossed into a gutter by the wind,
his voice
lost forever to the callous city streets

– Jen Rudgers '96