

*Springfield Journal #3*

The streets are wet.  
Before dawn a balloon loaded with dew  
& the thought of bulbs & seeds  
burst above the town.  
The western sky passes north  
like the hull of a destroyer.  
The white poles of the Sunoco sign  
raise the sun.  
Plumbers, construction workers,  
businessmen enter the restaurant  
drink coffee & eat breakfast  
watching the tops of semis  
slide by above the town.

América is scored with a music  
of speed of identical destinations  
images without mirrors  
repeating themselves  
in great leaps  
like diagrams of radio waves.  
Identities burnt  
like torn recaps on the highways.

But in this restaurant  
between the staves of the roads  
you can't hear the trucks.  
A backyard laced in with chain link  
protects a garden plot  
below a clothesline  
the upturned earth black.  
This summer the town will  
shimmer like a mirage.  
A few tulips & roses  
will light the dry shadows.