

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.