

## LARRY SMITH

### *On a River of Steel*

Sand seeping out  
    from a ring at your waist—  
The night crew comes on.

Elephant furnace  
    swelling with gas  
as men touch your ears  
    with the wet in their eyes.

The hearts of dogs  
    line the floor  
    when a whistle blows steam  
And a train through the door  
    melts in the air.

And you walk up the street  
    where ribbons unfold  
    over bricks of white heat  
under orange clouds of light.