

Jim DeWitt

THE COLOR OF CRANBERRY

The color of cranberry
is today's sun going down the throat
of this city's edge
when heroes hide
and guns bulge pockets
and bared bulbs splash dulled gobs of light
onto bored punks clustered - -
see sleazymotel office rooms reverting to
slide-through money trays
but bed is for nobody who can
still handle the street
"yo mister police-man, how ya doin'?"
and don't just take me to no fancy night spot
just a place where
my kahlua can runneth over
where the burgers are served red-raw
in an all-night diner
but around here finding no one
I repeat no one
who's looking for "peaceful dreams"