

looking up and running
 into others when he walked,
 bothered by the birds
 that sounded in flocks like metal
 hangers on metal racks
 in the mall where he was
 head custodian. Call that song?
 He wanted to lie down
 on the sidewalk, all his feelings
 put to sleep and laugh
 at gravity. Drifting

from his business one day
 he saw a woman astride a balcony
 railing, disenchanted
 with her private prison, wishing
 to be disenchained.
 Firefighters idled in the drop zone,
 while cops tried to con her
 into staying. But the suasions
 of space won and she jumped,
 exposing the anatomy
 of unhappiness, choosing death's ad
 infinitum over
 desire's insuburbium.
 "I did it 'cause my parents wouldn't
 buy a TV set."
 That was her statement
 from the rescue net.

High-rise car barns stood
 for hills in the flat place
 where he lived. People spiraled up
 in search of redder sunsets
 or better prospects,
 like the swash of coming
 storms. He drove himself
 through steel I-beams,
 to see and not be