

KIRBY WRIGHT

*To a Friend at the Ben Hur Apartments,
San Francisco*

A cataract sky on Hyde. Something flies by – an albatross or a plane. You're up on the 6th floor where the bed bugs live. I like Ben Hur's cobalt canopy. A boy in jeans enters the shade, searches the list of dwellers. Salt greens your buzzer. Don't miss his shy ring boiling water for Earl Grey.

I have seen your BVDS tumble dry at Dair's Speedy Wash. You buy cognac at Serve Well Market. Cigars at Mini Smoke Shoppe. Your voice drags Sunday mornings, when we sip espresso at breeze window watching our city shrink to a village. Smell ocean? Below us, the escape ladder slants 60 degrees. Traffic's one way. A loose dog pisses a hydrant.