



PRINTER'S DEVIL REVIEW

Chris Hall. *The Ground*.
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Chris Hall

The Ground

We keep the ground there by walking on it
Otherwise it would float away
Hurlled up, torn up, the wind pushes the sidewalk
under our feet
We let it pass
Stamping the cement down
as it's conveyed along

That deviant ground will be made an example
It won't learn from rugs, send us tumbling
The wind strong, its warden, gets the trees involved
Their roots deep so it can't dig to stall,
Instead, stuck with initials and sewers,
curbs and gum, cigarette butts and losing scratch tickets,
left cracking itself with no better plan
than to wait like a trip wire under the sun