



Printer's Devil Review

M. R. B. Chelko. *from* Manhattations.
Volume 2, Number 1 (Spring 2012)

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M. R. B. CHELKO

from *Manhattations*

sun so bright it voids one side
of each building

all the windows broken
in my mind

my mind the abandoned dance hall
the pigeons don't fly when

I kick them
New York

aging New York elderly even
the sky its crisp

bedsheets the clouds
its white plumes of hair

my toes cut up and covered in dirt
bird shadow

on a sun drenched brownstone
I'm awake

I've slept through the war
a single lit candle

in the rubble of a church
long stemmed like a rose

who knows what in the night
tried to get in

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thanks but I prefer to perpetuate a difficult
and lonely lifestyle a birch tree I'll glide
easily on this bridge over the river because I don't have to
understand why I am a tree or how a bridge gets built
to use one how it must have thrilled those first
savage engineers when their horses refused
to enter the depths
the rapids I don't want
to live forever not even after
my conversation with Nick about not wanting
to live forever I'm reaching can't you tell
the emotional center were I'm still
a child wandering through some neighborhood
in Indiana on a street named after a beautiful woman
Marilyn not Monroe just some
farmer's daughter