

JESSE MACK

Song

Indifference of construction workers
boiled the evening to its pulp.

Over the curbside bounded
the trash barrel, kicked over & still smoking.

Sun's last glint off truck ladders
minted itself on our skulls.

We were passersby, on our routes home
from darkness into darkness.

It confounds me, still, how much else
was going down everywhere around us.

From the rooftop swimming pool:
the quick squeal, then dive.