

## **brockport, ny**

thru the  
diner's window, out  
across the street  
long shadows of the late  
november sun  
bounce, absorb and tangle  
with the  
pizza parlor and laundromat  
across the street

the waitress clears my table  
2 eggs over  
now all gone  
and the desolate visage  
renews itself continuously

bare trees  
white, wooden so-worn fences  
harsh red neon  
competes  
with a setting sun  
whose long shadows  
illuminate off-handedly  
and dwarf the power of any  
manufactured transmitter

the newspapers  
the low hum  
of the cold cuts case next to my elbow

and the low hum  
of the human condition  
in the diner, of the diner  
the human wallpaper

reel me back through  
the neon  
past the parked cars  
and asphalt road covered  
travel lane  
over the curb  
and back peddle  
thru the gorgeous  
but oh-so-out-of-place  
japanese maple

back thru the diner window  
over the paper to  
this page