

clark street din

the chicago transit bus
works its rush hour way across town
riding devon past clark and exposes the scars of navy pier
and the grime of madison/wabash

now here the chicago chill is on
an early warning of the coming havoc
the wane of this day is crisp, bright and brisk
makes everything clear
and the atmospheric clarity
permeates the lounge area
next to the bar on devon
the changing sky
from afternoon to early evening
casts its shadows
against the elegant architecture
and rococo fenestration of the UPS store's
inexplicably ornate facade
which features protruding flagpoles
between each
2nd storey window
and seems ingeniously
out of place this far up on clark

the bar is drenched
in afternoon shadow
the soft music sonambulates
the one or two patrons
sitting at the bar and banquette
sipping wine and coffee-something

from a white, porcelin ocean-liner style coffee cup
and tall stemmed wine glass

the shadows wrap around
the window edges, cast long, smooth fingers
through the bar-stool legs
and gently cradle the
whole edward-hopper-picture ensemble
into the early evening cocktail hour
here, up on clark
somewhere between the last phone calls
 last delivery
 last pick-up
 last elevator
and the parking garages
somewhere far down on halstead street or
on the michigan avenue lake-side
 where the small waves
 wash up on the shore rock break
and the downtown shadows
inch their way effortlessly
towards detroit