

David's Market

the front glass entrance doors
are deceptive
not glass at all
but old, yellowed plastic sheeting
bolted into place to thwart
the constant assaults on the market

the large sign on the top of the building is gone
all that remains is the grime and dirt outlines
of where the letters once were

every part of the facade
speaks decay, oldness, abandonment
a general malaise of disrepair, neglect
and why-bother-to-fix-it-ness

the color choice of a white building
with bright blue trim
has de-evolved into a
faded, off-white, like a tooth-decay-white
with more decay
and the bright blue trim
rather than lifting the customer's spirits
as it once did
now supports the tooth decay white facade
with a faded, off-cyan
blotchey color field
which contrasts so perfectly
with the bright blue of the
AT&T pay phone
mounted next to the front door

bolted into the wall
with impossibly big carriage bolts

now missing the telephone
once resting on the cradle
now gone, ripped from the box
by an irate customer
angry the change
wasn't returned
or the deal went bad

the ever present
savannah heat
suffocates the last afternoone dixie roll
in a layer of thick, hazy mugginess
a savannah standard

but it won't save david's market
bring a single customer back
or find a lost receiver handset
and bring an ancient
communications tool back to life

back from the decay of the dead and gone