

## **from grace street in wrigleyville**

a green motorbike leans impossibly over  
jacked up high on it's pull-back kick stand  
it is engaged in protecting the flank  
of a line of parked cars facing Wrigley Field  
on grace street at the corner of grace and clark  
in an almost spent november

the shadow of the late morning winter sun  
moves slowly down the curb  
and the crazy angle mirrors  
the frozen-midair-leap of the brave motorbike  
who's powerful position attracts  
a bicycle, two small dogs, another bicycle and  
a vortex of swirling leaves

the chicago winds blow the leaves across  
the asphalt, pebbled and pockmarked  
and they collect en mass at the base of the  
leaping motorbike  
as an occasional car passes by  
heading thru from clark street to n. lincoln  
and, taking this traverse, it intersects thoughtlessly  
with the stark, late morning  
winter scene playing out before me

The light throws branchy shadows  
on the side of a silver car  
now dulled by the pale blue sky  
so tempered by the change of seasons' adjustment  
and the sudden, furious bursts of wind  
that fill the air on this chicago corner of

grace street and clark street  
by the alley driveway  
surrounded on all sides by a wall of  
small bright yellow leaves, so bright  
as to be almost surreal

swirling and turning and scattering wildly  
across the asphalt  
to settle below and beside the silver hub caps and  
stylish spokes of the parked silver car just a few feet from  
the leaping motorbike  
and completely hiding the base of  
a small poplar tree  
now leaning so far over  
from the force of the winds  
that it must be crying out

and the tree, in pain, leans  
so far over in the wind  
that it almost touches  
the top of the parking meter  
anchored in the concrete sidewalk  
next to the spot  
where the two bicycles remain affixed  
next to the leaping motorbike  
caught in mid-leap by the kickstand

firmly secured to earth  
at the corner of grace street and clark street  
in wrigleyville