

LEXINGTON

Green waves of grass and trees.
Fighting unconscionably with it's age
While downtown old neighborhoods,
 People sit upon their wide porches.
Outer ring: No porches at all.
 Enough for a door set deeply into the
 Façade of the house.
Late Twentieth Century architecture.

Can we not learn from our mistakes and
 Bemoan the lost past in the same breath?
I have had enough of sloganeering, a practice
 Honed by decades of advertising. We live
Now in a country where Folgers sponsors
The half time show. And believe me, it's
Sure to keep you awake.

Words are bricks and they are wings.
 We have said so much to one another
 That my soul is heavy with recrimination.
My tongue is bound to previously laid foundations
My arms complain before embracing.

And with one phrase, one blessing
 My heart is christened with another name
And I fly over the waving emerald branches
Of my city's tree lined streets.