

Urban
Julia Christianson

Flat, iron-gray puddles stand
ankle-deep on dipping sidewalks,
sidewalks that swoop and bend obliquely,
throwing off the footing of buildings
precariously balanced on concrete supports.
Ripped rubber soles of tennis shoes
drip bits of foam and canvas shreds,
soon ground into malignant smears
that I take care not to look at too closely,
intermixed with the refuse of discarded lives.
Squirrels and pigeons vie for food scraps
and pieces of trash to sustain life,
life lived on tiny squares of prickly grass
and in bare, polygon pieces of sky
losing color to the blank faces of skyscrapers.