

indianapolis street

cloud tops
tinted orange pink
match the orange dividers
on indianapolis streets
the melody inn
next to joseph's jewelry and loan
offers a musical balance
to the inner city block
except that it is
miles from downtown

and has all the grime and
grit and rough and tumble
of the inner city
where the girls
walk around
in house coats in july
and yellow furry open toe
slippers made from
someone's old, ratty
discarded shag carpet

the buildings are clear in the distance
and they are a blue
smokey silhouette
against the pink evening sky
dusk covers all the city's sins
it's cornered, angular skyline
that gives no sense of depth

eric sommer

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no sense of
the pretzel seller or
the costume jewelry store
and the glass reflects
this wondrous interaction
between sky and shadow
the real and the merely illusional
streetlights
in a marching row formation
and the cab drivers
in black cowboy hats
spin and circle
dip and dangle

wash effortlessly over
the faded urban scape