

just an after thought  
an occasional car  
clips through this intersection  
oblivious  
to the desolate panorama  
spread out here  
in hard, dark asphalt

a banner flutters in the breeze  
the sun beats down  
the chairs shadow  
    a vacant space  
    a swinging, wind tossed gate  
strains to break through  
the rusted hinge  
rolled razor wire  
a complex of decaying buildings  
watch the intersection  
uneasily

shadows ebb  
and advance  
across the asphalt  
the streetlights sway occasionally  
from the cross wires  
over the intersection

the sun heats the sidewalks  
and the asphalt softens  
to receive the  
speeding car