

# upstairs seventh avenue new york city

by  
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turbid dreams gel  
and soak in rancid mental  
oleo staining scraps of fading  
blue paper napkins lying balled up  
between  
exfoliating lead-white walls  
and cobwebbed runners  
of oscillating unravelling  
wicker-seated bent cane rockers  
bearing tarnishing ebony madonnas  
whose fingers woven over  
sleeping infants are everests  
to once courageous roaches  
now turned conceited  
a hundred foot square purgatory  
supported by the plunder of  
dun-colored windowed envelopes  
bearing dire warnings of incarceration  
for misuse  
wrested from the clutching  
reluctance of welfare workers  
dissembling behind cloying pale-lipped  
sweetwater smiles