

Fifth and Quincy

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Penny candy and
double-dutch games
littered streets
like confetti
between dilapidated homes
that crumbled gradually,
like ancient tombs
and this corner
was the star
of the Christmas tree
where we saw
winos stagger
attempting straight lines
and swinging their
brown-bagged bibles
and curse words at the
loose women who taunted
and lured from them
their sacred juice,
after escaping schools
named for dead presidents
we skittered the concrete
buying pizza puffs and
gossiping about who
goes with who
this week and how
cute the substitute
teacher was in class.
It's a wonder we found
our mecca in the midst of
starved yards of grass.