

A Viewing of Street Night Alley

Laugh whispers of rain fallen drops of snow.
I look to the floor to find a way to the ground,
Dirt to lie in.
The sun sets in my eyes.
I only wish I could find hunger.
The pictures of my life cover the wall—
The child, the lover, the dancing spirits, love, lust, anger, all aliens.
People are everything.
They create every emotion and aspect of life,
Every ounce of hope.
Fear of loneliness is the only thing that keeps most together.
A sad smack will send you running, the cold sky will bring you back.
The smoke and coughing of a bum in the corner makes me ashamed to be so sad,
Angry over such little things.
When he finds a half-eaten burger in a dumpster and calls it dinner,
Eats each bit like a Thanksgiving feast.

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