

Franz Douskey

ESCAPE FROM THE LOST CITY

night blows across summer streets
as nighthawks screech through the dark

I turn out the light
and sit in a chair facing an open window

I hear sirens
hear roaches feast on oven drippings
hear someone crying next door

a bottle breaks on the street
and someone's peeing in the hall

but I don't care

I dream I'm Whitman
walking in sunlight
up a curving dirt road

white shirt opened to my navel
butterflies in my beard

my wide-brimmed hat cocked just right