

Roberto Valenza

INDUSTRIAL PARK

the tourist buses are humming and resting  
on Sunday  
their old spark plugs sleep deadly atop the tired  
old ground on the asphalt  
it's amazing all the things man has made  
that are lying around used and waiting  
to become minerals again.  
the sky is blue, the flags wave over Sears  
and J.C. Pennies,  
there's a sale on ammo boxes  
that once held 200 cartridges.  
it's Sunday, the cyclone fences rest,  
the gas pumps smile out on the street  
and whisper to each other, "it is good to  
have a break  
from all that pumping, by all those hands,"  
the little mail trucks agree from across  
the street,  
all the man-made world agrees  
that it's great to have a break on Sunday.

used candy wrappers & newspapers  
are tanning in the sun,  
the fire hydrant leaks a small river  
for the ant people who strangely  
enough need a piece of styrofoam  
perhaps for a boat or a beachchair  
it's hard to figure  
just by looking and guessing their  
motivation,  
the dandelions might know but  
i haven't learned their language  
either.  
i know one thing though  
and that is in the time of the great  
industrial dissolution  
we will all be able to melt together  
and know one language . . .

now though

plastic coffee covers reign supreme,  
and glass

and concrete and colored paper pieces  
and cigarette filters,

pieces of things no longer a part of their  
original intention

having finished their mission  
they all rest on Sunday,  
forever Sunday.

the railroad ties are falling apart today  
i acrobat on the rail that stretches  
into infinium,  
i laugh and skip stones across the  
ground

and count the skipping across this planet's face,  
silence is broken by the wind over my hair,  
my black boots touching step by step  
the man-made stuff  
that lies resting on this mysterious living object.

i love it i say, it was hard to say it once,  
and now that there is no reason to say it  
i can say it clean and clear  
and reflect

like a bright mirror  
and rest, rest, rest,

breathe and sigh with the resting cans,

rubber bands playing by paper bags,  
magic hieroglyphics of rust everywhere,  
ancient wisdom everywhere,

the time is near,  
the blackberries make ready  
to give gifts along the way,  
and i can say i love  
and feel it

put it places  
never lose again  
that treasure i was given by my  
mother and father  
in their heated moment of moments.

Oh Prehistoric blackberry bush!  
Oh forever bird on my shoulder!

Oh water container!  
Oh rust, rust, rust.

oh sound on my feet ringing the  
Sunday church bells  
in the sleeping bag bones of a universe

so sweet  
and used  
so used  
so nice and neat  
and used  
and priceless.



Jessie T. Ellison

#### THE DRUMS AND FEATHERS

were for days and days of  
the Animal Dance. Now the steps  
are fewer and the movements  
cut into smaller segments.

Tourists grew tired standing  
in the hot sun waiting for  
rituals to end. I give my drums  
and my feathers to my children  
to play with.

There is no longer a reason  
for dancing.