JOHN FREEMAN
HOW TO ENTER AN EMPTY LOT IN THE RAIN

Think spit in a telephone receiver,
Think slurry of speech
Incomprehensibly begging
For that which every human being's owed.

For what has been squandered
We could offer up
Windrows caught
In the teeth of chain link.

Shaking like a leaf,
It's hard to know who's joking
Or who is tragically enacting a joke.
There is a difference. Think shadow

Of a derrick or a bird,
Spume of a fountain, laughter,
Pollen from an elm blown out like cotton,
Regeneration or our doom.