

The thick-greened branches pinch in yellow buds
at the tips, the city blinks
and ridges in the afternoon, its
white edges coated with a dust of light
stretching, sighing, sinking, blue iron-roofed
underneath the blue tawny
fingers of the clouds, this: run together with no
particularity of chimney or wasp, no
humid breath against this urban gravity, ashy and
we all fall down.
The birds are so heavy on the trees.

BELVÉDÈRE

by: Mary McColley

