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The Wonder of Silver

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The Wonder of Silver

At midnight lights from a stalled car flash under the viaduct
A heavy rusted chain by the tracks . . . a box of flares,
hammer, wrench and spud bar in the basement of an old house

Once a friend worked night-shift as a janitor in a hospital
When she opened the garbage chute, a bushel of paper dropped
with plastic cups, a blue apron spattered with blood, bed pads,

clumps of hair, a brand new roll of gauze, and like a spark
out of nowhere, a girl's silver bracelet One Way, the street
sign reads Stiff night stick, black boots . . . the shotgun

in a squad car can shred a telephone pole, or lift a man off
the street as if he were weightless What woman feels safe
when a cop pulls her over . . . asks her to step out of her car . . .

demands that she open her trunk?