

Winter 1994

## Mission District Sunrise

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Christopher Davis

# Mission District Sunrise

Cruising alone down a brown, oil-stained alley. Using  
a pawn shop display window's fingertip-smudged  
surface.

On a dry tongue, dew tastes of rust. Exhaust smells  
sweet.

Smell the caramel Swisher Sweets smoke held for years,  
turned

to acrid piss behind the amber layer of Fadeguard,  
blistered

Mylar insides, charred leaves peeling back from heat,  
falling

in, dead skin cells flake across the faded felt's gray shore.  
There seems no use for used Selectrics, ruby slippers,  
backlit

holographic snakeskin boots, empty, haunting the earth-  
amber shadows sinking toward  
me as noon peaks. The plateglass drowns in murk and  
glare.

Wouldn't forehead skin feel soft? An emerald lawn,  
reflected  
from behind my oil-blurred shoulder, simmering closer

in the heat—that's my vision: two pink strokes, the boy  
shirtless, stiff on his spine, lids closed, hands in prayer

on his still chest, and she above, hovering savior leaning  
over, concentrating on red nails, spine hard to get, her  
solid

one-piece swimsuit a red cell he can't unzip. Propped  
on elbows, trembling, kneeling up, bald head rising,  
sway-

ing near her lap, stare still cut off, please  
stare *through* me. Reflected here, across

the asphalt street stained red, a passing  
windshield glints. A diamond earring

in your lobe.