Quick Sell the Pig

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All sorts of plants were beautiful 
and seemed worthy of description. 
The trees, for instance, fingered low clouds 
suggestively 
along with spotlit bats. 
Construction awaited an impressive building. 
Teachers led their classes to the flowerbeds 
where they wrote in their notebooks. 
One particular flower— the rose—
attracted the most attention. 
From an open window: timpani. 
From a passing car: a thin rainbow on the damp 
streets. 
From the farms outside of town: the unmistakable 
smell. 
The fog rolled down every street in town 
alphabetically, 
while small groups of people strolled by the river 
pretending 
to enjoy each other's company. 
One worried he would be asked which part of dusk he liked best. 
The part at the beginning when the bats come out and everything seems possible 
or the part at the end when all that can be seen in the moon is a dog.