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The Tourist and the City

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The Tourist and the City

“Clutch the rail,” we said.
Sprickety-splat, the flim-flam
slip of spittle shot back.
“That’s rain.”
Always forecast, still flipping
doped-up droplets, ripe.

See the terrarium, cloud box,
planet’s urban eye—
buildings sharpen and shine
our shacks into upright
slivers. The city’s glass gowns
settle over gristle.

Someone coming in
would see a scrim.
Someone coming in
would hear a foundling.
Maybe fog, maybe tin—
“Never mind that wind.”