Mission District Sunrise

Christopher Davis
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.