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# L. A., Loiterings

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L . A . , L O I T E R I N G S

1. Convalescent Home

High on painkillers,  
the old don't hear  
their bones hollering  
anything tonight.

                                They turn  
harmless and furry, licking  
themselves goodbye

They are the small animals vanishing  
at the road's edge everywhere

2. The Myth

The go-go girl yawns.  
The cheap dye  
her mother swiped from  
a five and ten has turned  
her hair green,  
but her eyes are flat  
and still as thumb prints, or  
the dead presidents pressed  
into coins.

                                She glints  
                                She is like  
the screen flickering in  
an empty movie house  
far into the night.

3. Spider

In the bruised doorway  
that has been jimmed open,  
even the dark spider shines,  
tears at its belly  
and moves sideways a little  
on its web, swaying,

while my hand on this pencil  
knows nothing,  
moves back and  
forth, takes hold  
of things, is never sorry.