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City of Angels

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City of Angels · *David Schloss*

if it die, let it be

We hang around our living room
to the point of dullness,
dryness: a black wind
which doesn't just cover
a couple of houses, but
big enough to hurt everyone.

What gives this leisure such
an important place in our lives?
Sometimes we stare into
the palms of our hands,
then come nosing down the hill
to show off our dirt

even as it turns to muck
and rolls into a ball:
nothing more can be done
to impress the populace than
this display of the richness
of our cars' droppings,

residues of affluence—
and if our money scatters like ash,
still it is ours, from higher
up this hill threatened by fire,
now burning like kindling
consumed by our desire.