

Bradbury (304 Broadway)

Gabriel Kahane

Tribal neon
On the rooftop
Through the fog Search lights, white dove
Am I dying
Am I done? Have you known
Anyone designed to break down?
I was shown
Pictures that I thought
Were family. Hong Kong slavers
All the symbols
On the mast Gleaming squalor, decay grown taller
Through the ceiling
Through the glass Have you known
Anyone designed to break down?
Oh, oh have you really known
Anyone at all? Like me, the dark city
Thinks its recall
Is its own But have not its thoughts
Been suggested
in the bone? I've seen things
You people would not believe, like
Great glittering c-beams
Fires feeding on an airplane - All these thoughts
Moments I've collected
All, all will be lost
Lost like tears in rain.

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