

Black Garden (2673 Dundee Pl.)

Gabriel Kahane

In this black garden
Of this carrion light,
There is a suspension
Of motion and stillness
That hollows the night. In this black garden
Of heartbreak and wonder,
The banks are all ablaze,
Self-satisfied
As they plunder. I am alone on this hill;
These vistas are certain.
I may be frightened by the sounds
Of history crying as it drowns,
But I will pull back the curtain. In this black garden
I once called the selfish city,
I try to calculate the anguish
And the anger and all the aspirations
Of the millions who have lived here
And will live in desperation,
Who are careful and are careless -
Whom I have cheated -
Who thought the swindle that I offered
Was a salve...

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