Days before the New Year
I have made this warehouse home.
Haunting the concrete yards, kicking stones,
I watch how the leaves, too, having nestled here
subside together in a delicate season.
The rhombus panels of a chain-linked fence
are overgrown, unkempt, buckled, and twisted.
The teeth-like galvanized wires gnash
into the wild parts of the earth,
a baseborn prairie of the urban landscape.
There is a refuge, a home with inner rooms,
steel doors twice bolted and checked.
The listless air harbors a sanctity,
a knowing that in this place I live unafraid.
Daring, I follow a hopeful lamp unsung,
listening to the tender beat voice
of a mystic Junk generation.