On the Way Between

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everything aside, america
is poor and what would I give to feed
the piles of trash we donate
and you, yes you
still waiting for the proof,
the receipt:

and how much do we give way
to lies, and how many times
does the eye
need

to follow the roads
full of litter
and decay.
and on the move, the metal collecting
the way on the way:
matter and time, dead
petals of winter,
and the cold:
cars smashed over
cars, and the old fridge
on the pile,
no door:
the magnet, the machine
swindling over scraps,
attracting and losing:
this is the way of the land, center
coming out of center:
the in-
between,
the open sore,
the one
that keeps
what has
been left
behind.
then by stonewalls, stone
stacked against stone,
grey concrete
wrapping
around edges
and missing some parts
of the stone:

it goes

up with the vision
blocking,
holding dirt
pushing against stone:

and the orange pipes
breathe

sticking
out:

and the rains
fall:

waters

touching dirt,
pushing dust back
to earth:

and the wall breathing
drops

gushing
out of dirt,

gushing
against stone,

into the hollow
pipes: and the wall
keeps breathing land.
back then we were occupied in land, water s gathering on the flat roof, above heads they slide to where they are about to slide:

into the orange pipes against the white walls, and from one corner in the structure to another, the water s go down,

down the steps, down and above level ground:

down they drip into no light: down the ripples make sound.