

Matt Pond PA, City Plan

the burns of our beginnings are gone in lights like these
orange white, they try to kill the night
get turned on for the streets
we could lay and give into them or pray for a small breeze
the city plan is already made up, crossed off with names of trees

that doesn't justify your wake

the fences have been covered, a coating that is clear
i've walked around and thought about back yards
there's nothing like that here
it's underneath the sidewalks and buried in your ear
how could i have set off all these alarms and never have been near

*i don't care where you go
that doesn't justify your wake
the plow, the water turned
we'll finish out of place

we sought out the connection, the height of where we are
the building tops look down and make us hot, they don't seem very far
and all across the sidewalk
try not to look too hard
the broken glass cannot control itself, it makes fun of the stars

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