

Susan Vega, Zephyr and I

Zephyr & I stand out on
West End Avenue
talking about the things that
all of us used to do
and the wind kicks up with the smell of rain
now the kids are gone but the souls remain
Zephyr & I sort out our
long time memories
do you remember, he says,
the 1970s
this was a youth mall
of America on this street
all of us hanging here
like underaged cops on a beat
and the wind kicks up with the smell of rain
now the kids are gone but the souls remain
the graffiti goes but the walls retain
the flowers go but the Earth must still remain
the spring the tide in Riverside
will wash away the cold and frozen
river rain will clean the stain and
wash away wash away downstream
out of the corner by the
Fireman's Monument
this was the place where all the
fatherless teenagers went
well the wind kicks up with the smell of rain
now the kids are gone but the souls remain
the graffiti goes but the walls retain
the flowers go but the Earth must still remain