

THE GEOGRAPHY OF SPACE

by

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Romare Bearden

"The Street" (1985)

I've seen this street,
lying upon the fringes
of the sparkling city scape. I know
the lives that people
its asphalt and stone, the men
who produce the blues
with the movement of their feet
and who lose themselves in a bottle
when the music refuses to come. The women
wedded to heartache, who negotiate loneliness
when sunset stumbles into the cracks of sidewalks.
I know this street,
reeking of piss stained steps, the stale scent
of illicit sex, its children
waking each morning, peeking beyond windows
to catch a glimpse of first light
or to grasp at the wings of a bird
poised for flight on a nearby ledge.