

Dan Sicoli

alley view

fourteen bulbous pigeons slotted together  
on a power line in a snowless january

a shyless gray sky ominously  
imprisons the cold still air

curtains unfurl like party horn tongues  
from an open apartment window

left agape since the sun's lam  
after a bruising battle with itself

preening birds occasionally shrug shoulders  
as a garage door rises for an emerging car

the sedan skillfully backs out  
between trash totes tossed askew

a roof shingle lays purposeless on pavement  
a water tank waits like a log to be hauled

a pigeon flies off baiting another to follow  
into the morning silence of a missing dream

## porchman

porchman knows of two crow's nests  
seated high in the neighbor's firs

he polices the block from cushioned perch  
with an everywhere stare siphoning all

he's got an eye for distinguishing parked cars  
even as most vehicles are black and look alike

it's an attribute he's honed--  
an artistic eagle for detail

as the self-anointed guardian of  
all our outward intimacies

he'll postulate on unseen and unheard  
events occurring beyond his purview

porchman surmised the new tenants  
across the street moved from new jersey

he's certain the wife is a nurse  
and will wager hubby steps out on her

radio song spills out from the  
open-air veranda into the living world

a flapping american flag on a pole holder  
attached to one of the porch columns

will surely slap your cheek should a stray  
zephyr swirl about as you ascend the steps

once while passing by he waved me up to  
jaw as the beatles filled the background

while attempting to retract a tear he said  
*the long and winding road* was their pinnacle

though there may be things porchman misconstrues  
the overnight silence of falling leaves is a reminder

of a past marooned with days of impatient  
anticipation for a new light to appear

resigned now to clocking out a father's echoed curses  
he rubs festers left by ticking cogs of boneyard hounds

## evenfall

she's pulling weeds again  
roots, leaves, petals, et al

something here of work value  
and a notion of control

before devastation marks  
a smudge of neuron

edging of tall memory  
vying for a surge of chaos