

...january 30, 1985...

do you want me to announce you
to the sisters of the realm –
the wraiths of smoke and ashes –
the daughters of the dream?

do you want me to announce you
to the welfare of the streets –
from the kitchens of the crackers
to the kingdoms of the cheap?

you have travelled far too long
to hold a parkside bench –
watching pigeons congregate
for any audience –

you rose out of the cockroach rooms
to haunt the sewer lanes
and live the greys of window grime
with faded plastic flowers –

you rose out of the cigarette butts
to age the hours in wine –
and sleep beneath newspaper sheets
and beg a march of dimes –

your god was thrown among the rats
of back lane garbage cans –
you praised him long from under stairs
that canopied the rain –

but bottle days have ended –
you are the kingdom come –
do you want me to announce you
to the sisters of the realm?