...july 13, 1993...

*i live beside the park – derker park – not large – a magpie park with grass and thistles tangling a mown patchwork lawn –* 

between collapsing fences roses push their thorns into twisting masses with irises between –

black-white magpies – slouching passers-by – stray dogs sniff a crouching patch of green –

halfway children smoke their cigarettes tossing butts into the grass between empty cans and bottles shattered in the rubbish of old dreams.

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