

URBAN UNDER

Bridges above me—giant warps over river,
roads, tracks, the arteries of my childhood.

Creeks were my veins, else

I would have become cracked clay
long before the sun smothered.

My origins were up there in a brick bungalow
once atop that burrowing segment of superway.

The new tunnel, breechloaded with cars,
blasts a volley of steel over the bow of my small boat.

Beyond me—an oil barge, weaving up river

like a disease-bearing snail, its slimy wake above the sludge
where my slow fever thinks the bones of my old home lie.

Their rotting cries flow weak beneath the weft of the city.