

Metro Retrofitting

by Bill Yarrow

Fax me back to the locked storeroom
where I'm kissing the hickeys on your back
while across the hall albino Flora sleeps in a narcotic haze

Fax me back to South Street listening to the dumpster
trumpeter, standing like licorice in the rain,
as the fetid officers assemble for the raid

Fax me back to running in the florid dark
stumbling like redundancy over stumps
in a stampede of buoyancy toward The Hotel Elsinore

