

shame

by Kurt Facknitz

A deserted breeze hangs and waits
and talks with staggered shapes in the sky
like a melancholic child,
held behind
and forced to face the wall
as better taught and better-tempered children
dig for ancient ruins
just outside;

styrofoam cup
plastic bag

banana peel

A shameless wind
disturbs these artifacts
and fills the void
as a shameless child

desires.

