

# Street Lamp

*by* Mark Waldrop

An old man leaning over his stamp collection.

His burning face glows with bourbon.

Underneath, children try to stretch moments.

Each toss of the ball, turn of the handlebars a  
deliberate time shaping exercise

to see how much distance they can create  
between dinner time and just after dinner time.

Soon enough,

the street will be left without a shadow blanket,  
trying to hide her cracks.

Pieces of her crumble with no adhesive  
to bandage asphalt.

Moths buzzing the sad old man's face

hope for a smile, until one notices the moon.

He takes all he has in search of a new friend.

Before long, the old man is abandoned;

the sun is rising and the moths have gone.

He will feel left without meaning for some time,

until he and the street begin a secret

love affair, strong enough to make them both stand up  
and walk.

