

# Wilting Magnolia

*by* Michael Tusa

Hard pieces of cold metal resting against black bony hip.  
White sneakers cry, dripping from the power lines.

Three men soldiering.  
Three shots on their block.  
Three soldiers hit.

The night waning.  
The hour of revenge.

Candy cane t shirts swirl  
around  
sweet successful murder.

And the flowers fall from Magnolia,  
as sirens whine on hot corners.

And bodies under greasy street lamps  
lie limp on beds of broken Mardi Gras.

