

step martyr

by Rene Foran

my heart
is a broken
standpipe

fanning
city water cayenne
across sidewalks

gutters ripple red
over fast food bags
and cigarette butts

over the feet
of priests
and pit bulls

over the hands
of drunks
and babies

and into the mouths
of rats
and raconteurs

you never oughta
drink it
when it ain't runnin

