

# 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

