



...october 20, 2010,,,

where you are i do not know
beyond this small no-parking zone
wondering if i'm still here
or if our car is being towed –

i sit inside a hidden seat
holding someone else's spot
between the walls and rubbish bins
where windows scrape the skies above –

parked somehow illegally
though no one really owns the air
except by that strange protocol
of paper rules and back lane signs –

twenty minutes – maybe less –
i watch stray couriers and vans
edge between the ups and downs
of back-door smoking passers-by –

when you return – like fugitives –
we creep beyond forbidden zones
back to nameless crawling streets
that gradually erase our slight.