

## *OBJECTIVE CORRELATIVES*

Under the eaves  
of the Chinese Seventh Day Adventist church,  
a young woman, smoking  
a cigarette with mechanical  
insouciance, waits for the Geary express.

Kneeling on the sidewalk, a small boy  
methodically dries, with a tattered white  
tissue, the inside of his big black umbrella.  
He pauses, peers through misted  
glasses, then rubs again in long  
swatches from spoke to spoke.

Watching the child preen, with silent  
deliberation, the dark spread wing  
that has shadowed his dreams for weeks,  
the young woman, still in the strutted  
stance of a dancer, suddenly  
understands the flesh will always be heavy  
as water that can't rise, light  
as water that can't fall.

Somewhere deep inside this city  
in a muddle of dull green vines,  
bright blue trumpets sound, morning  
glories.

