

## Concrete

## Karate

Reticent she returns to the streets  
Where she once floated above  
in hospital sheets  
Hands on the walls  
where small handprints still weigh  
With the burden of crimson  
indelible paints  
Where are the hands  
that once fit these young prints?  
What have they grabbed at  
ever since?

Nights used to be dangerous here  
But now the mornings have exceeded  
her deepest fears  
Because that's when  
the concrete creeps in  
And perpetrates  
with more than  
the greatest sins  
And weighs down  
on what used to be known  
as the neighborhood

Deliberate,  
slow,  
destructive defeat  
As new corners  
consolidate  
the neighborhood streets  
Where are the ones  
she stepped with right here  
Below the bar, now a bank clad  
with anonymous steel?  
Where are the sounds  
of the childrens once heard?  
Replaced with new parking  
and yellowed-out curbs

Now she can only  
afford to return  
For a doctor,  
an in-law,  
or a day in the sun  
Some still cling,  
if the building still stands  
Some sing liberation  
from felonious hands  
But most will get lost  
in the peripheral sprawl  
Where new handprints  
signify on old concrete walls

Florescent excuses  
for light  
Steal all the shadows  
from the nights

from the nights

Parody  
or progress?  
You just want to tear it down  
As you're standing  
right in the middle  
of the wrong side of town

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