

## South

## Karate

How many times have I heard,  
"In the South they just don't work."  
Lazy angels spill time  
and use lives  
as I would mine.

Pouring out of windows,  
like strange flags,  
come clean clothes.  
Spit-free sediment  
sweep dives  
from broom-kept porch  
in no time.  
no time.

Now the sun strips that same sidewalk,  
with the day-dried test  
of small talk.  
She walks quick, fresh,  
with clean, black crease,  
and navigates this mess  
with protected ease.

Does she leave?  
Does she leave.  
Does she come home?  
Where does she sleep?

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But somehow the gate's not right.  
A face stripped of something  
since last night.  
Can you carry that smile  
to the store  
or a job?  
And what's such a rush  
that would let you be robbed?

Do you leave?  
Do you leave.  
Do you come home?