

## City of Angels · *David Schloss*

*if it die, let it be*

We hang around our living room  
to the point of dullness,  
dryness: a black wind  
which doesn't just cover  
a couple of houses, but  
big enough to hurt everyone.

What gives this leisure such  
an important place in our lives?  
Sometimes we stare into  
the palms of our hands,  
then come nosing down the hill  
to show off our dirt

even as it turns to muck  
and rolls into a ball:  
nothing more can be done  
to impress the populace than  
this display of the richness  
of our cars' droppings,

residues of affluence—  
and if our money scatters like ash,  
still it is ours, from higher  
up this hill threatened by fire,  
now burning like kindling  
consumed by our desire.