

The Streets That Matter

A new year and nothing new,
your silence as long as winter
and as silent as winter in dreams;
the list of things that burn
and leave no ash grows longer.

Then there is the list
of days it took to build the canal,
the list of men's names
who died underground.
A rough horse with cataracts

sprays her nostrils' mist at me.
Each moment of the world
is a color of stone.
The streets that mattered
I find everywhere.