

Short of an Elite Street

Olivia Perry
Junior Poetry

Magic
Absent, lacking
“Urban” not as I dreamt
Clusters of young lads loitering
Street talk

Slick, thick
Grease in the air
Wrestling with my lungs
Inhale potent fumes, suffocate
Street scent

Owners
Shoo thieves from shops
Yell, chase, threaten: failure
Dart down alleys, lug stolen goods
Street walk

Leaning
Acrid clouds bloom
Cigarette in his grasp
Ersatz, artificial sun beams
Street light

Butchers
Disassemble
Sidewalk turtles for sale
Animal enthusiasts wroth
Street fight

Frantic
Drivers rush home
Making their car horns squawk
Hardly halt at intersections
Street sign

Street resign