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You spray always too far off
as if the sun whose only crop
is light and side to side

—you tune the nozzle
for that distant evening
when the first plow

cut open the night sky
and the Earth was born
with no turning back

—what you hear are streets
row by row, frail, their hills
allowed to fall

and without any shade: paving
is all it takes, the grass
made whole, already spreading out

and nobody dies anymore, your belly
lasts, covered with the same dust
all roads return to

for the slab smoothed down
by road crews and rakes: the black hair
beginning to stir, the breasts

become another heart
already trembling, filled
by a garden not yet green

torn apart by a touch
almost morning and roads
for the first time endless.

Simon Perchik