aztecs nd sun

a quarter to ten
nd four ravens
flap recklessly through
the alley way
squawkin nd sweatin like
they’re talkin about
some kind of a crazy
old time sign

of the flight veers
off to the left
hot nd high over my head

i’m superstitious as hell
makin sure there’s four
of them
watchin the whole place
creepin nd crawlin with those
god damn
caterpillars
all over the
handrails along
the sidewalk
nd that old summer
smell
oozin outta the walkway
fryin in the air
just like
chapultepec park
everly in the mornin
before the heat
of the crowd moves in
nd starts firin up
the concrete
i’m standin on
like another boilin
aztec temple
nd sun

WAYNE KEON