

NOLAN CHESSMAN

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STREET POCKET PARK

*After Ed Roberson*

Stone ponies crack and rear, an almost  
daily beat of boredom. We cannot close

our ears to it. Their eyes are hen-  
pecked, soft. Their mouths are thatched

with hay. The river is silting in, lull  
of soil gently slumping, the bed

of cobble cold. A parade-ending din of blue  
houses slip their stilts. We are without words

sullen plums pocked and marred, vulnerable  
to each other, to any thing's tiny teeth.