

## RELIC

Brittle silence parts the dry grass,  
tinder                      with no chance of ignition.

A heavy branch severed, never hauled away  
its branches asleep in a complicated  
embrace.

Passion instead lives in full red letters  
sprayed  
    on an alley wall, blackened  
with some unknown burning.

The calligraphy of gangs  
their cans, pregnant with the chase  
have marked this territory behind the garage  
navigated with the excitement  
  
of death.

The tree's relic, twisted on its grave,  
crisp leaves still clinging:  
it, too, has energy to disperse.

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