

Fossils

These are the paleontologist's passion,
all explicit configurations here in this area
called Needle Park.

Can you dig it-----
the vivid miasmic scene, money moving, man,
exchanging hands in contraband packages
& veins which nearly glow with an effort
not to shake.

Stay cool. Rock steady, fear equaling motivation,
the desperate chutzpa of souls whose very marrow howls.

So this is the bones of civilization x-rayed:
high society traced from gutter grids & asphalt cracking
to expose tracks, hunger slums, the lives of kids
skidding on angel dust generations.

How to catch, hold fast with paper work,
funding cuts slipping though fingers
like discovery charts going the way of Leakey's Lucy?

Don't publish data. No. It might be controversial.

Meanwhile other angels walk curb cliffs
& I'm trying to lighten things up by playing *Pretend*-----
See that puddle, the reflected sky scrapers & clouds
about used syringes & rainbow oil shimmering?

Yea, that's Machu Picchu or the Sphinx perhaps
& we're balancing here on this narrow cement stretch
with the importance of every powerless
spirit who needs a reason:

any; got that?