

apple blossoms in the city

they are reddish-
white; the fruit
devours its own
skin
and becomes enlarged:
so that from
my view there appear to be
forty or fifty
tinted spheres stuck
between the fingers of the
tree

daughter of a bus driver;
she has a thick
almost
muscular neck, but worthwhile from behind,
the ass and legs
shifting and immense;
then there is of course the face,
pointed and simple, the only expression being the
sensual
which is ugly by itself

her breasts are big,
trembling in the brassiere, might be
good to suck;
then of course there's the face ...

she paints her eyes to sunbathe.
a neighbor who's knowing in the
ways of depravity
has seen her lover sneaking down the back stairs
at night and
swears he's black ...

now she hangs her laundry while
glancing at me fitfully

-- Patrick McManus

Chicago IL