

SATURDAY MORNING

the sun rises
with Canada's smoke hanging
over the city whose buildings
sleep in, wincing at first light

the Mississippi rushes along
waiting for someone
to comb its white hair
with their sleek oars

its falls roaring
freshening up
yesterday's stale waters
eager to play

the city stretches out
rolls over and gets up
with its sore upper back

yawning a powerful breath
through its tunnels and blank avenues
smacking its sticky pavement lips

what to do

I guess I'll honk horns
and send up a few gassy plumes

dig up another street
surround it with orange cones

sit beside the ever-anxious
falls and convene
with birds in the park

ambition can take
its rest today

wake me up
when the smoke clears