

Shinbone Alley/Hard to Exist

Spin Doctors

Moonlight through the chickenwire humming window pane
Lukewarm water gasping down a rusty drane
Big towns in need of mending, streetlights shake toothsome beams
Denim shadows shuffle in between the beams

Different strokes for different folks so
Mind your manner and easy on the ethnic jokes
It's a dumbbell curve you're trying to tally
All the way down to Shinbone Alley

Streets are metacarpal and flesh of asphalt calm
Buildings rise like fingers from a concrete palm
Yellow lit apartment trickle through the drapes
Windows frame each history hidden even from the fire escapes
Sullen winter sparrow lands wing to expanse of grey
Six-thirty-two in the morning on Thanksgiving day
And the bums they hit the corners
The thunderkids rub their money
And the crack addicts stare at the snowflakes zig zagging
Down to the greet Jones

Seventy-two on the sour day, your barefeet sweep the parquet
And the light susprey white slanting past the microwave
Knuckles to eyeballs and elbows on the table
Spend the day gazing from your winter gable