

hometown
angie sea

fiddle to the place
 a settled sojourner now calls
 this home a town not city,
 where factories and watersheds meet,
 dwellings, art, and trees;
 basking in these bricks and broken concrete
 the union of need
 where voices, faces, and spackle are free;
 reflections keep time
 like the unbound shorelines
 etching progress, promises like smokestacks
 billowing bellows to history
 north like star, ink seeps like mud
 becoming dirt again, crumbled reformations
 strong, sudden, and scattered;
 an ongoing finality
 of labor welded into rust



bordered by lived in woods stripped,
 turkeys, blankets, and industry;
 treasured grime excavated
 and built atop the buried
 sing song solidarity
 fragile mosaic, your scraps are sought after
 displaced for new places
 yet your pride for now shambles
 are the only lights in the parking lots
 unflooded, unbound by orientations,
 led by unhinged signage
 train tracks rail roads barreling bundles,
 product of collected and distilled
 colors, ashes, and fences;
 like collagraph sidewalks,
 swan babes sleep while
 sparrow shadows flutter,
 cast upon closed curtains