

Dreaming in Noir

Chapter One hundred ninety-one

The city alive in love
With its long legged stride
Lost in orgasmic
Waves of light
The smell of sex rims
The calyx of the night
Neon blooms
In static red
Drones in blue
Hums its wares
To the weary traveler

Wandering

Wandering

Wandering

Buses hiss to stop
Metallic doors crank in
No one boards
But something disembarks
Men cuddle
Canned heat
Laughter pops
Like fireworks
Lighting up the dark
Lovers grasp passing thrills
In shrouded nooks
Littered with broken glass
Alleys fraught with risk
Death steps out
Smokes a cig
Straightens out his cap
Blows chill puffs of breath
Stares like blades
Jab sideways
Glares ahead
No one greets

His hollow form
Enters *El Tenampa* bar
His gaze meets
No familiar face
Conversations curl
Around a sigh
Women sense daggers of ice
Cinch tight dresses
About their thighs
Death marks his way
Through the heedless mob
Of riotous revelers

Wandering
Wandering
Wandering

The starless streets
The moon gloats
The poet notes