

Aspiration

Ken Raines

Wind, shorn from the sky by glass
and concrete, whistles down the face
of the casino tower, flings the naked
branches of a sidewalk tree, and pours
over the blots of dried spit
and grease that decorate the edges
of the gutter. And then redemption—
the miracle of a plastic supermarket
bag whirled away above the debris.

Billowed gossamer distensions
rustle and rise, tiny and wan
as a daylight moon. Higher still,
it's only another receding white dot
against an oxygen-blue heaven—
the wide dome of imaginary stars.