

Cliff Henderson

IN THE CHARITY OF COMMERCE

What is it in these dusty, blighted places, halfway to nowhere, kids with grimy faces, playing in the gutters, in the summer rain, not grown, yet blossoming in cheap fashion, finding fields to fall in, or later rusty cars, promise rationed, or not ever there. What is it, trains rush through not stopping, entire blocks for shopping, show windows empty but for signs to offer them for sale, where rivers fouled that in spring flooding spill chemicals they're told they must ingest again some day to go on living, if living is the name we choose to call it. Why do they keep on giving, nothing left to give, to those who keep on taking, now they have it all.