

# LOCUST STREET (PHILADELPHIA)

by TERRA OLIVEIRA

i cross the street,

we lock eyes and bow our heads  
at the sidewalk, you in your sunglasses,  
me in the air;

strollers carrying hopes of mothers,  
children carrying dreams,

fathers and sons.

thousands of gnats are born  
and make angels in the grass,

university marches  
excavate parks for their expanse,

erase the keepers of the Black Bottom.

further south,  
a deer walks across the train bridge  
while we pass underneath,

birds sing in the sanctuary  
hidden between the row-houses,

the landlords & the rosemary survive the winter.

how many house-less didn't,  
how many people-less houses;  
enough to warm us all.

