At the Brink of the Street

Andrew Wright

Erika lived between the Longs and the Hayes,
a pedal down Winding Way
past red doors and orange brick,
through a suburban autumn,
in a tall two-story
pallid sallow and chestnut home
with hazel trim and door.
Broken pieces of her driveway scattered among mine.

A canopy of walnut leaves
muffled the house in dusk
and disbanded grass to patches.
The angular roof made the Spidels uneasy.

Erika's voice was lost among four
like her, and one on the way.
The addition of liable years
drove her father crazy.

Wind and fallen-nut percussions
scored his descent measured in restive nights.
Mr. Watt's lights were green
and uneven on the walls.

Kitchen-light burned my eyes on carpool mornings.
The grey mini-van was a pocket of exhaust.
Her mother never spoke to me directly.
She held the glaze of a still-frame.
I watched the fire of tail lights as they passed and closed signs reflected off the wet streets. Erika stared past me.

I was the chatter that fades from the foreground when reading a book.

She, a product of sternness and lunacy, once gave me a bread crumb smile.

Baggot Street
Gary Petrie