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Door to a Room Opened

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Door to a Room Opened

Yellow cloth tangles
on a grey bush, growing by
tall buildings
dirty with soot.

A dark space between, narrow
and full of dusk's black flakes,
hides two old men resting
on stacked railroad ties
sharing a smoke.

Along the tracks;
a doorless shack;
a shred of sky flaps
through the burnt ceiling.

"Cecil fucks Carmen,
Cecil fucks Julie, Cecil
fucks Robin," is written
on the wall.

As if they've hyperventilated,
children breathe from bread bags
fumes of glue base,
they grow white beards
from the condensation.

Words come out in slow motion
through the white circles,
"I saw a bird fly
in one window, and out
the other, squawking, 'ugly! ugly!'"

River bridge that led me here;
boards missing, double tracks;
Door to a room opened.

Donna Munro