

Leaning, acute
 Angle against
 Rough chipping brick building
 Hidden in shadows
 'mid the din of towns and cities.
 A cigarette
 Stuck in
 Your slightly worn
 Face, hard-targeting eyes.
 Drizzling rain,
 Slight dew
 In my mind's
 Farther darkness.
 There racooning
 Beneath the moonrays
 You're a staggering familiar stranger.
 Splunking, Splashing,
 Dark leather boots
 In murky puddles
 Pitted in pavement.
 I'll call you when I need too,
 For now
 Drag that cigarette
 Collar your cheeks.

Zachary Wheeler