

## Cracks

The city wears its cracks well,  
like a web of deceit which has no center.  
The cracks soak people up like water,  
leaving the pools dry,  
the sun unattainably high, the people low,  
aching for the moon to mop their brows.

The shiny buildings hide the cracks with their shadows,  
making them impossible to map from the ground or from the air,  
and people fall in because the cracks are hard to see.

Cars inch along at lightning speed  
on shiny highways that span the cracks,  
while underneath, the unwashed and unwanted  
fall in without a sound.

Desperate for a life without cracks,  
we build layer upon layer over them.

But the cracks are patient. They can wait.