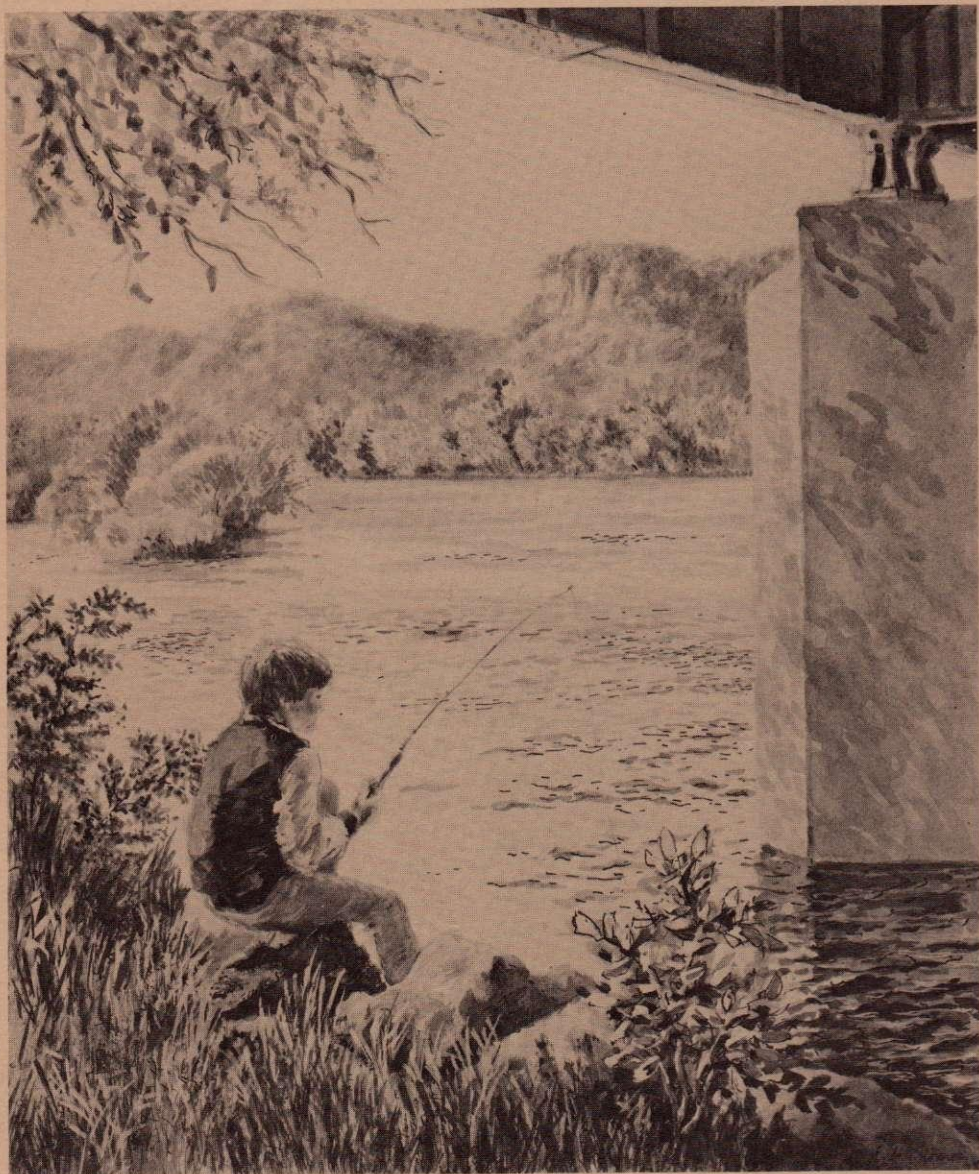


# GREAT RIVER REVIEW



## ON THE PAVEMENT

*The only monument  
to the careening weep of car  
was bled in black on pavement.  
It washes in the warm rainshower,  
glistening streetgrease;  
it will leave no pain, no  
remembering in the street.*

*Streets forget no more than remember.  
Streets simply never sense  
the images they might forget, recall,  
or distort. The faces of streets  
soon take their character  
from the things they wear,  
in black tar, in rubber remnants,  
in the sprinkle of glass  
flickering in mobile streetlight.*

*So the consuming crunch of car  
body in red paint against the wall  
is rouge for a dark face.  
Streets wear the makeup mute,  
and protest only to the jackhammer.*