



Ladies in rose

By Mike Gedal

on brittle autumn afternoons
at 3 pm, I know of
pink monasteries that
scrape away at
finely manicured lawns

the mists of the
next morning usher in
tired blue workers.
they labor to repair the steaming earth --
restoring, they tune sharp blades of grass

the earth is really a
rotten mango
green shriveled skin
steaming. do not try to undo the decay

when you do, those
simian goddesses dash
out of hiding

industrialized pink
floodgates coming
out to play

descending from the empire state
they pounce
on cars and glass shatters

and the modern is profane: stained glass
shards falling from the sky

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