

One light of three blinks  
Atop a suspension bridge,  
Blinks a drifting amber  
As the sun slowly rises  
Over Lake Michigan.

The dower stench of seabirds  
Lofts around its spires  
While beauty and corruption  
Carpool to their workday  
Past gardens whose access  
Will ever be patiently withdrawn  
From those who first valued them.

Loveliness breeds desire, a  
Commodity that raises rents  
And yields ever to greed and  
Polish, numbers increase risk  
Of loss, something must be done.

The song's in My head  
"Rush!"  
"Don't rush"  
Our national cuisine,  
Following corn field upon  
Cornfield of sugar and  
Beef meal, looks more like  
Preservatives holding hands,  
Sapped of nutrients and waiting.  
But you can't hear it,  
Of course, who can, hear it?  
And who would want to;  
There the garden lies behind its  
Walls for all to see,  
Blink, blink, blink, blink, blink.