

Spring, the South Side
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Chicago roofs have darkened tiles—
a vertical fade from lake-borne storms.
Here the air knows only rain and more rain
sprayed from the sky like coats of paint.

Under foot, the usual mosaic: leaves
like burnt out embers and cherry pits.
They lay, scattered on concrete, once
hopeful to spend the summer growing

on city branches, but in climes like these
abscission strikes far too quickly.