

*In line for funnel cakes. Jamestown, 2007*

by Patrick W. Davis

our excavators will cut their teeth on the car ashtray

pine needle dust and the deciduous crunch  
soaking up concrete for a flippant stoplight society

Off on the shoulders spent cigarettes tumbleweed then cluster.

like shotgun shells

residue of a legacy writ in farce  
Chief Powhatan drive by.

sentimental dream I can't outgrow  
untouched and only sun kissed

sometimes I see what you saw if I squint  
Now its all

Plastic bag power line frontiers