

gargoyles

we shopped for gargoyles  
    early one chicago spring  
and picked our way  
    across a broken field  
of sidewalk soldiers,  
    homeless hawkers  
passing streetwise  
    who might as well  
have fallen  
    from those dark facades  
so far above our heads  
    as yet to rest unnoticed  
save for pigeon fells  
    commencing on the spouts  
and ending here  
    before our step

he rested  
    half the weight  
of his young life  
    against the float pane  
palms on glass and  
    brow on backhand  
talking to the plaster  
    phalanx more than me,  
this is it, this  
    is the place  
there's gargoyles here,  
    and over here,  
his eager fingers  
    searching for the hinge  
that might admit him  
    to this  
retail reliquary  
    now