

*Corners*  
by David Briscoe

*Life collects in corners  
Stuff gets stuck there  
Where the wind can't get it  
Unimportant stuff of life  
Cigarette boxes, papers, wrappers  
Leaves long since let go by trees  
Corners in stores, corners in alleys  
Where people  
Fascinating  
Alive  
And hurting  
Find refuge  
From the blast of others' success  
Once, as a child  
Exploring a narrow passage between garages  
In a corner after the last snow melted  
Tiny cat's teeth attached to the clean jaw bone  
Uplifted gently by a tuft of new green sprouts  
Corners call to me  
As I pass in cars on straight streets  
Going somewhere*