

## WINTER DELETION PASTORAL

The Blade Runner neighborhood  
dark tonight  
    with no views  
of the moon on someone's  
invading laptop,

    indigo chain errors  
of dusk populated  
    with ticking  
of a storefront's  
garbage sack  
bouquets

and footsteps that only murmur,

people tapping, heads down  
in cyber versions  
    of happiness,

trees that are brown and wrong,  
rain that is warm  
and wrong,  
a man outside his pigeon tenement cursing  
at something—

    a dropped cigarette?  
    a phone virus?  
    another passerby in need  
    of a broken violet?

showing how,  
by simply holding one,  
a bottle of plastic water  
can bruise.