

## *Study / Statues*

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Philadelphia slips its branches  
through the dusk. The statues flake off.  
It is the reason why we are sad.  
Car lights intersect & disappear in  
the heart. We drink the scent of tar in summer,  
waiting for it to cool down. Tea we serve  
to our guests, so cold it makes the head ache.  
God is beside himself. Pacing. Jealous.  
Two cigarettes going. Picks up the phone.  
Drops it in the cradle. Sunset is a beautiful  
shipwreck, flaming, the breakage overcomes  
the taped sounds of crickets, crows.  
Office towers doused erratically with light.  
At night, when nothing grows.