



Leviathan by John Elkerr
16" x 20"
Ink on paper

DIRGE FOR ANN ARBOR

i.

down the curbs of State Street they dump the bookstores of my town: shattered glass and stucco nooses twisted around the necks of leviathan sunbathers, rot holes for eyes, gray whiskered chins frozen in midstutter.

ii.

sparrow words be gone. flit high above punctuation marks rendered into gum spots. did you know a single period can be flattened into a gray amoeba with pseudopods longer than a toddler's thumbs?

iii.

now the wild-eyed lineaments of children dance around the fires, across windows adorned with the bric-a-brac of the dead: faces, customers, white doilies shadowed by ashen orders for pesto and wild boar.

iv.

now comes the cortege of submarine shop dumptrucks. unbox the periscope martini glasses, hand me my strainer and tongs, raise the dissonant trumpet smoke of a lost summer, your bartender is about to sing.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry