green space
electric thrum of overhead wires and insectoid hum below, framed by three roads and mottled strip mall, east side, set next to second exit from the closest major intersection. salt-soaked soil has stripped greenery down to stubborn perennials, switchgrass and white clover, greater plantain lining exposed bones of suburban deer trails that bridge worn housing to salvage grocery store. your skin sings under galvanic air when standing over middle ground, liminality made sensate by the buzz between your temples and the near-subsonic hiss of voltage in torrential motion. crickets creep spastic and harmonize in static disarray with the scent of sun-swollen mayweed and gasoline gone to seed. in the distance, you hear sirens.
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