

# Two Poems

José Vadi

11th @ Market 6:54am PST Southbound

in the fog  
before the bustle  
the sky  
and perspiration  
coils  
around my body  
making fire  
in my hands  
thrown like a circus  
down my lungs  
out  
into the sky  
this blanket  
of still water  
running deep  
my sex  
    alight  
my legs  
    a flight  
down 11th  
towards Folsom  
avoid every pothole  
every tripwire  
    metropolitans  
have to offer  
    ours sits in the sea  
a deity's sneeze

away from being  
blown to the poles  
our fate: border  
less homes  
the type face  
less and bare  
as the california  
where  
and when  
a drive  
meant  
a one-way  
departure  
into a contact  
less void.

## ...Unless the Alley's Named After Dead White Writers

maybe they'll name  
    Tehama Natoma Minna  
and the alleys of SoMa  
after writers wandering these side streets  
just south of mission, where red and  
  
orange tips of free needles find no  
receptacle for disposal other than Parks  
and Recs trucks, a firehose telling you  
  
Move Along, to a destination  
unknown, to a shelter in a part  
of the city people with cars  
don't even visit  
  
    what is a metropolitan history  
    but a collection of renamed  
    streets in progress [?]

patches of public grass  
reserved an online app at a time,

maybe they'll save a square in  
the middle of Dolores St.

so my friend's mouth can  
lose its virginity,

or under the low tree  
near the J Church  
recession summers spent brown bagging  
beers from 16 and Guerrero,

maybe they'll honor  
the pastime of Wander,  
like coal mining,  
or reading,

Ferlinghetti's Coney Island turned  
apocalyptic carnival ride for future expats,

did Kerouac have a Mexican friend?  
a Puerto Rican?  
maybe

    "Hypothetical Intergenerational MexiRican Friend of Jack Kerouac"  
can be placed somewhere  
between Kearny and Jackson,

somewhere close to the epicenter  
of Literary San Francisco,

    colonial ghosts every ilk and trade  
    haunt a city  
        named for brown hands,

    rosary beads  
    for the illiterate

    stanzas for  
    the never found.