

## **10 Petits Indiens**

### **"6B Panorama"**

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I was sitting on my fire escape and I saw...  
sturdy bridges, decorated with dirty pigeons  
a vagabond begging for three pennies and a princess  
a junkie tourniquet surgeon urging the needle in  
a batty senior citizen flashing that awful toothless grin  
I saw a corner store merchant rest on a milk crate with  
a stog'  
a pierced nose, a model with a stalker, cheap hooker,  
jay walkers  
a table on a sidewalk with four old men slappin'  
dominos down  
a city, a village, a neighborhood, a ghost town  
I saw vandals catching tags and Puerto Rican flags  
I saw a pregnant woman on the verge of bursting  
(boom)  
I saw a blind man with a dog screaming "someday I'll  
see it all"  
and then he sat down with his hammer and saw  
business men with multi-colored ties, cashmere checks  
a nazi with tattoos on his neck, a Vietnam war vet  
a Caucasian man with a limp and a cane, a pimp with  
his names  
a thug circus, a pack of shook tourists hugging their  
purses  
I saw freaks with rainbow streaks in dayglo hair  
a mother smackin' the grin off her child, replaced it  
with a stare  
a pothole, a storefront with a broken open sign  
a hole in the wall bar kicking drunks to the gutter, it's  
closing time  
I see a fuck up, a bum knuckle up with a taxi driver  
a squatter, a grandfather, an angry right-to-lifer  
I can see the roof garden on the apartment across the  
street  
and kick myself because somewhere along the way I  
lost my seeds  
I see a rat, a roach, a bat approach, a happy student  
a black man with a horn and a will to make you sit and  
listen to it  
I see a little girl on the corner with bubbles, braids and  
barrettes  
I see a teen mother with similak pacifier and regrets

oh, a day turned stale, a hammer with a rusty nail, a  
failed marriage  
a universe of brick buildings slightly off balance  
a challenge, I see a chance to add real colors to my  
favorite palette  
raise my mighty mallet towards the gods and swing my  
talons  
I see a crack in the sidewalk  
a slide show of six civilians gripping bottles of gideon  
sitting inside bent meridian  
there's a fun house ooh, a sun spout  
spraying yellow beams above yellow back dreams  
and children in the hydrants  
tyrants(?), I see sirens  
the wall to the glamor standard  
a dead bird, a bent curb  
a bus stop of commuters waiting to have their souls  
towed off to work  
I seen the slap dash habits of bike messengers paws  
and hug that good leaf on the way to damaged  
packages, dependence  
oh my lord, I see bandwagons, all aboard  
a carnival amusement park where a heart is a luxury  
I see a gas galaxy huddled behind those pearly doors  
maybe I should sit up on my fire escape a little more

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