

## **Doctors Spin**

### **"Shinbone Alley"**

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Moonlight through the chickenwire humming window  
pane

Lukewarm water gasping down a rusty drane

Big towns in need of mending, streetlights shake  
toothsome beams

Denim shadows shuffle in between the beams

Different strokes for different folks so

Mind your manner and easy on the ethnic jokes

It's a dumbell curve you're trying to tally

All the way down to Shinbone Alley

Streets are metacarpal and flesh of asphalt calm

Buildings rise like fingers from a concrete palm

Yellow lit apartment trickle through the drapes

Windows frame each history hidden even from the fire  
escapes

Sullen winter sparrow lands wing to expanse of grey

Six-thirty-two in the morning on Thanksgiving day

And the bums they hit the corners

The thunderkids rub their money

And the crack addicts stare at the snowflakes zig  
zagging

Down to the greet Jones

CHORUS

Seventy-two on the sour day, your barefeet sweep the  
parquet

And the light susprey white slanting past the  
microwave

Knuckles to eyeballs and elbows on the table

Spend the day gazing from your winter gable

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