**The City That Never Sleeps**

Becca Liss

i take the empty streets,

silent as veins lacing a corpse.

i take the clogged throats of gutters

and the grubby rime of salt,

scattered flotsam from ten thousand lives:

sloughed plastic skins, the pinkish contents

of a stomach, swollen books with water stains

where love has seeped out.

i take the trees, collared in cement,

and the weeds that shoulder brazenly

between slabs of concrete.

i take the tired moon.

you fled to flickering living rooms

and dark cars that smell like money

so they are mine now, these mangy streets

bristling with glass and the broken teeth

of sidewalks.

you won’t see the abandoned lot cloaked

with veils of knotweed and ivy, rising

like a mirage between buildings

as the mugwort and amaranth

dressed in robes of black and silver

lift their long throats

towards the benevolent moon.