**Can You Imagine Living Here?**

Gene Twaronite

In this blasted wasteland

where one lone creosote

clings to its last drop?

In this boarded-up warehouse

where a girl once gazed out

the window while packing sneakers

dreaming of all the places

she’d rather be?

In this bombed out husk of a home

with one wall missing

where a front porch with

welcome sign once stood?

In this shady culvert

beneath the bridge

where javelina trot gingerly

around sleeping bodies?

In the shadow

beyond the wall

where hope still lingers?

In this heart of hearts

where belief once existed

that life was possible

even on the moon.