

## **Mystery and Melancholy of the Street (Chirico 1914)**

a dog yaps around the corner  
its sound bounces  
like a batted racket ball  
off stucco walls

Chirico paints  
blocks of sunlight and deep shadow  
on empty cobblestoned streets

is it siesta  
or something more sinister

why does it feel familiar  
I am a stranger here

perhaps Lorca knew

his poetry silenced  
by black boots  
gun butts keys shovels

fear leaks  
through window sills  
under bolted doors

it is not evening yet  
but close

after dark things happen  
people disappear  
some cry out  
others cover their ears and wait  
for silence

no one knows  
why or who is next or when

at dawn life resumes  
in patterns of light and shadow  
in houses and on streets  
where a dog's bark is heard