

Spring, the South Side  
Daniel McGee

Chicago roofs have darkened tiles—  
a vertical fade from lake-borne storms.  
Here the air knows only rain and more rain  
sprayed from the sky like coats of paint.

Under foot, the usual mosaic: leaves  
like burnt out embers and cherry pits.  
They lay, scattered on concrete, once  
hopeful to spend the summer growing

on city branches, but in climes like these  
abscission strikes far too quickly.