
The hope of street dew (for Starr)

BRANDON

RANDOLF-SENG

Young white trash
 female in love with
that Mexican drug dealer
slinging brown heroin powder
on 200 south, in July 1995,
between the Salvation Army,
 the Mission, and the
Union Pacific Train Station.
Where you can still
find used needle gutters
and unmarked car police
 of patients.

Her alien lover busted,
deported in January 1996,
finding bruised arm veins
 of relief, like
tapestries of whisper wasps,
sleeping on dope sidewalks.

I walked by her once
 in March 1997, as
ignored memories of the
blank past scams.

In May 1998, last I would
know and see her speed ball
 life, trying to sell stolen
cigarettes on Broadway,
 for a \$1 a pack.

In October of that same year,
 she took a ride of rape
strangers, too many, too much.
Finding hope in the suicide
 of silence, like
mount Sinai's purified peak.
 Or so I was told.