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### sonny

*-for Danny*

when the sun caught him there,  
amid the steel girders and concrete,  
he was a little surprised at how thin the air was  
and how far the hills  
receded from the water's edge.

it could have been a sunday, the way he was dressed  
with those fine gators shined and laced  
like he really had somewhere to go.

6' 2" and paunched,  
he still liked his cuffs to fall just so around his feet,  
breaking away to the back,  
accentuating his bowed legs.

as the sun inched higher,  
his doubled-breasted flapping against the pinstriped vest,  
his shirt collar relaxed in the tie's noose,

he felt the morning air sink into his belly  
circling around the emptiness  
that had hastened him from his Detroit hustle:  
the dime bags, the double dealing in dope,

the bullet nestled close to his spine  
and all the money that came and went  
that could never take away the slack look in his eyes

each time he gazed back in the mirror  
more haggard than the day before.  
this day, the muddy waters of the Ohio River gushed and churned