

STEPHANIE COYNE DEGHETT

The Joy of Deserted Spaces

The joy of deserted spaces
Is the knowledge of box elder and milkweed;
It is the sight of the broken bottle that
Holds forever the sound of its own smashing.
It is the buzz-saw roar of cicada, ablaze in the heat.
Between the row of shabby apartments and
The railroad tracks, a no-one's-land of
Cross-lot rubble: the golden glint of a soda can,
A broken ski pole, the give of cindery gravel.
And the excitement of solitude, the sense of
Release into uninhabited landscape,
The energy of spaces that open up between spaces.
It is the joy of claiming with footfalls
On shards of old pavement, the scope of what you see.