

A Small House on Evelyn Place and Murdock

A small house on a short street, its newly patched foundation near bamboo that reshapes the stone wall of its containment, an empty green trash barrel, its mouth open to the sky like a fat, hungry baby bird, with no mother in sight, down the street a median island jungle in a river of asphalt, across from a park, empty trucks, side by side, workers taking lunch, on the job, off the job.

A Ball Park on Murdock

A ballpark in the early afternoon, its rounded infield rimmed by green grass, ready for play, a basketball court, left to its own geometry, across the road, steps climb the side of the hill, until one arrives at the top, then the same steps run back down the side of the same hill.

A Pharmacy on Merrimon

A pharmacy on a hill, a repository of wants and needs, a library of feeling better when one is feeling worse, green zippered bags, around the base of young trees, a marsupial pouch for siblings just out of the womb, a red metal sculpture for a convenient nanny, a flowering bush, its petals wilted and seared by the heat of the sun, its fragrance gone, something lingers in the air, the homeopathy of green.

Above a Retaining Wall on Edgemont and Syrlin

Above a retaining wall, half a rotted stump at eye level, the vaulted entrance to a cave, a natural amphitheater for one dancing aphid, suspended by a thread, a wandering ant, practicing its craft, a moldy green Buddha's head, neglected steps at the top of a grassy path, its regal disinterest, inviting and welcoming to an empty yard.

A Famous Inn off Kimberley

A famous inn on a high remove, easily accessible to those on foot or by car, invites the envy of someone else's ease, visitors to grandeur can take what's theirs to take, and leave the rest, to those who can afford it, an apartment complex for those who wish to live amidst grand homes, on the same road, under the same trees, under the same sky, on a lawn, a garden lamp of metal petals, the bowl of a flower, a bell to ring out a warning or light the way.

A Groomed Meadow on Kimberley

A groomed meadow beneath hills of green, men with long, narrow clubs urge a ball to its temporary home, each man dressed in the bright uniform of soft pastels, then houses, like English country homes, an ocean away from England, the roadway thick with cars from all over the world, a bike lane, across from roofers, shirtless in the afternoon heat.

A Trampoline on Edwin Place

A trampoline in the yard of a stately home, columns to define its entryway, a plexi-glass door to protect a wooden door with oval glass, rooftop balconies on both ends of the house, a ceramic cat with real crows on the lawn, then at the corner, twin trees stand as masters of themselves, guardians to the divided road, a tiny sign, *Please clean up after your pet*, a cartoon of a man kneeling behind his dog.

Special Needs on Charlotte and Hillside

Special Needs Access, entrance to an office building, up steps, around the tree, over the roots, down the narrow path, over a slanted slab, around back, across from a community center, across from a gas station, across from a path that seems to lead deep into the unknown, inside the city.

Grill and Pub on Charlotte Street

Grill and pub, wedding design, wine tasting, tension treatment, *space available, do not enter*, part of a phone pole at the foot of its standing twin, an office building seeking future tenants, its windows full of ads, a man and woman in goggles with leaf blowers clear the approach to a new service station, sudden sun on a cloudy day.

A Broken Corner on Charlotte and Clayton

A broken corner of a brick building that once was,
the un-dedicated tribute to a structure razed in a time,
unknown and buried, now exposed like a nose above water,
a sidewalk café, beside the busy street, spectator stands
of a speedway, tranquility in the face of danger, a race
in the face of calm.

Scraps of Debris on Central and Woodfin

Scraps of debris beside the road, a tree's skin,
flaked and peeling, a freeway where cars and trucks,
each vehicle sacrosanct, rush by in a flow, the roar and wind,
the merging rivers of sound and motion, overlooked by a wall
of windows, the openings for cave dwellers or giant birds,
curtains and lamps in every recess, homes for those away
from home, those on the fly, and those burrowed in.

A Brick Walk on Central and Chestnut

A brick walk, a white picket fence, colonial style houses, a
neighborhood of healers and menders, the vendors and builders
of health and well-being, therapists and dentists, architects and
lawyers, counselors of the mind and body, a stone bench, warmed
by the sun, as if the wall has taken a break from being a wall and
become something else, for those who might need a rest and a
place in the sun.

Two Men Mow on Madison Avenue

Two men mow their lawns, across from each other,
their neighbor waters her plants in red pants, a bold
contrast to her yellow sweater, even yellower blouse,
aman squats, assembling something, a small dog chirps
its warning bark, wind chimes sing, a bathtub in the yard,
filled with flowers, a soccer ball beside it, like a contented
child, a tire tied to a rope, hung from a tree for a swing,
a man spades the ground next to his sidewalk,
his small girl asks him, *Why daddy?*

Squealing Brakes on Murdock

Squealing brakes, like a flock of birds, anxious
for direction, on the road below the backs of large
houses, high above, as below the street, each smaller
house has a grass drive to the stream behind and
below the row, the occasional bird chirps.

A Row of Towering Lamps on Spruce Street

A row of towering lamps, a hotel with an esplanade,
across from a famous writer's memorial home,
ten rockers on the veranda make a silent
Greek chorus, a porch swing sways
in a slight breeze.

A Giant Crane on Spruce and College

A giant crane rises above the county court house,
a bridge from nowhere to the roof of somewhere else,
a brick sidewalk, undulating, over the years, above slowly
growing roots, alongside red umbrellas, the gleaming silver
tables of an outdoor café, a statue of a small girl about to
drink water from a horse's mouth, another horse's mouth
on the other side waits above its empty trough, and in
the plaza, two bronze turkeys, two bronze pigs,
kids climb on, a tall obelisk next to a flowing
circle of water, around its rock-filled center.

A Museum in Pack Square

A museum, once a library, fronted by an angel with a milky
moustache and white tears, burnished-metal benches, their
thick convex curves more comfortable than one might imagine,
sidewalk cafés on a cloudy day, three in a row, busy with tourists
and locals alike, a golden retriever with his own bowl, two bearded
men on a bench, *Let's cross here*, a father tells his family.

Please No Smoking on Patton Avenue

Please no smoking on the steps, please use front door,
we do not seat incomplete parties, welcome, and in a store
for collectors, a picture of James Dean and the headline,
Titanic Sinks - 1500 Die. In the store next door, a tall
glass vase, filled with silver ballet slippers.

A Brass Top Hat on Patton and Lexington

A brass top hat, gloves, and a cane, on a bench, wet from the rain, an old sign hung on a new emporium, *5 10 25 Cent Store*, boarded up windows above the busy street, a photo of the city, from seventy years ago, then as now, crowded with shoppers, a man stops his bike behind a row of trucks, a woman walks and talks on her cell, *Animal Services* stops behind a man parked, a large box, with holes in it, in the bed of his truck.

A Man Walks in Pritchard Park

A man walks out of an attorney's office, a woman in pearls waits at the light, her back to an ornate façade, once a cafeteria, a man reads the paper on a bench in the park that drummers crowd every Friday night, pigeons pick at the bricks and clean themselves in a puddle of water, at the corner of the park, a silver sculpture, bolted down, stands in comparison to a silver hot dog cart.

A Wine Shop on Patton Avenue and Coxe

A wine shop sign, made of corks, the window wells, filled with corks, a bottle of corks, boxes of corks, *Now Serving Wine by the Glass*, a once *Public Service Building* now says *Self Help*, a wig store, a *his and her* boutique, young cops in yellow shirts, shorts like cheerleaders for good citizenship, copper canopies shade the display of *local*, *organic*, and *sustainable* products, mini art galleries with a soda fountain, once a department store, a police station storefront, like any other shop on the street.

Metal Vines on Haywood and Walnut

Metal vines, across the face of a place for lease,
a fiddler, his case open, a parked truck, its reefer
running, it finally leaves, a man sits at the feet of metal
women, smoking a cigarette, listening to the music, an
author will *discuss his book*, tonight, at the bookstore.

Children Play in Court Plaza

Children play, scream and shout, in the public fountain, as
a giant silver snake curls across rows of columns, the city hall
hovers behind, as a boy holds his shirt over the sudden spurt,
as parents sit and lie on blankets, one of them says, *Zachary,*
your grandmother is right here, at the head of the street,
a fire truck waits its call, a red rebar rhinoceros charges,
forever in place, in a patio off the street.

A Painted Mural on Biltmore Avenue

A painted mural of a street, beside the street,
a place to turn one's gaze, a movie marquee, an art gallery,
a double-decker bus for coffee and desserts, an excavated
city block, soon to be a hotel, restaurant, and parking garage,
workmen walk the foundation, a long ochre wall narrows
to nearly nothing on the downhill slope.

A Church on Church Street

A church, another church, on a street called *Church*, an iron gate with a tiny chain, words crudely painted on the pavement suggest someone *mill and pave the full width*, a church, another church, a Great Dane on a leash, at the head of the street, a banjo player, plays for cash, around the corner, *Local Job Listings Multiply*, a stone wall, like pebbly snow in a blinding storm, chess players sit still, looking for a game, a young cop, in black uniform, black glasses, seems a noble statue, an optical illusion embedded in the sidewalk, a man sells lemonade from a wagon on the corner.

Shops Abound on College and Lexington

Shops abound, p and down the street, vegetarian mermaids, shoes, art, writing utensils, lights. vision and karma, *a funky way to live*, a green space alien, outside a costume shop, a traffic cop, in his four-wheel buggy, takes a photo of a shiny black motorcycle, a new parking ticket attached to the tank.

Indoor Outdoor on Walnut and Lexington

Indoor, outdoor, sidewalk café, beer, soup, salad, *Seat Yourself*, Saturday street scene, *Closed on Tuesdays*, a wire nest signifies a sleep center that also sells *organic cotton bras*, a t-shirt shop like an art gallery, enormous glossy wooden doors open to a private interior, a mannequin with no pants, vaguely female, vaguely male.

A Large Butterfly Mural on Lexington

A large butterfly mural, a novelty shop, a record shop, a Japanese restaurant, an Indian restaurant, a Mexican restaurant, a tearoom, a man, carrying a water bottle, like a man might carry a beer bottle, crosses against the light, toward the street fair party scene, where crowds mingle, drink and eat, dance, and listen to the music, a garage door displays the painted face of a Native American in garish color, a dj introduces the band, bodies dance, music plays, the heat of the late day sun raises the temperature, there's a long line at the ice cream stand, a vegetarian café, with big windows, sits high above the bandstand, above the crowd, in the street below.

A Circular Saw on Chicken Alley and Carolina Lane

A circular saw, in the middle of the alley, paint buckets by a door, a green piano, an extension ladder on its side, motor bikes and motorcycles parked against the alley walls, graffiti murals at the end of the alley, air conditioner on a fire escape, water pours from a small hose in the wall.

Antique Shades on Broadway and Walnut

Antique shades, gourmet cookies, kitchie on the sidewalk, *Clothing Optional Beyond This Point*, a museum arts center, a sunny café, umbrellas on every table, *Hippies* lounge in the shade of an empty gift store, flutes and hula hoops, fresh juice and smoothies, *Peace love and noodles*, a laughing man on the phone says he has *nothing to say*.

Recorded Music at the Mall

Recorded music, a wide sweep of carpet,
a large bookstore with big armchairs and nearly
every useful and desirable book, within easy reach,
a café, chairs by the windows overlook the parking lot
and the mountains beyond, escalators in a wide atrium,
more chairs, here and there among the stacks,
the exit, a bank of wooden doors.

Kids in Bungee Seats at the Mall

Kids, in bungee seats, bounce toward the ceiling,
flip and twirl, hang on and let go, laugh at each other,
then laugh together, first the harness, then the trampoline,
then flight, between clothing stores, a small girl squeals
in delight at being flung so high, safe and happy.

Salons at the Mall

Salons, shoes, jewelry, beachwear, laser clinic, hats, bags,
toys that fly, teddy bears, underwear, sportswear, massage
chairs, stores for ear-piercing, shades, smokes, cell phone kiosks,
body work, glasses, brides, maternity, perfume, fotos, free samples
in the food court, ice cream, coffee, and a diamond store.

Two Chairs at the Mall

Two chairs, in the middle of a wide sweep of floor,
like a beach, families shopping together, a guard in his
white shirt and trooper hat, singles, couples, workers
with badges, all within range of the ever-present music,
the sounds of several generations, two girls, arm in arm,
a middle-aged man pulls at his baggy shirt, the old and
the young make what may or may not be an important
purchase, or simply wiling away the day.

No Dogs or Pets in the Botanical Gardens

*No dogs or pets, no bike riding, stay on established paths,
do not climb trees, the grounds are closed at dusk. a storm
sewer in the path, then Appalachian Hill Cane, then giant hands
hold a watering can above a lily pond, a double-door shed for
gardeners, a round table, three curved benches, piled on top.*

A Roped-Off Hillside in the Botanical Gardens

A roped-off hillside of heavy stones, a fragile plant habitat,
a wooden bench above the stream, *Streambank Restoration*,
walkways to the rocky shore, a footbridge above a clear pool,
a plank fence, a wide footpath, the green canopy of summer.

Barefoot Waders in the Botanical Gardens

Barefoot waders leave their things behind,
a woman lies in the sun on a rock shelf, in the
stream next to a fallen tree, near *Bigleaf Storax*,
stacks of stones like stairs to a slab, a sculpture
of an unfinished face, then real steps rise past
Allegheny Live-For-Ever,

A Lone Birdhouse in the Botanical Gardens

A lone birdhouse on its pole, empty, except for spider webs,
a thick trunk tree in a cultivated glen, then *Narrow Blade Fern*,
American Hazelnut, a wooden path, to a dirt path, to wooden
steps, to a gravel path, past *Fly Poison* and *Devil's-bit*, past
Alumroot and *Starwort*, to a small stone hut, with a tiny barred
window like a jail in the woods, past *Turks-cap Lily*, to a log
cabin dedicated to a local author.

A Squirrel Hesitates in the Botanical Gardens

A squirrel hesitates, then leaps to a tree, runs up a branch,
stops and looks, clings to a trunk, leaps again and runs away,
above *Bird-on-a-Wing* and *Yellow Lady's-Slipper*, above *Sweet
White Trillium* and the *Partridge Berry*, above a large rock in the
path, past the earthwork remnants of the Battle of Asheville.

An Island in the Path in the Botanical Gardens

An island in the path encloses a prominent stone, cut by its own design, the human plan is the architecture of rearrangement, the art of being seen when what's shown is set apart from the natural, a pamphlet in the path is a fallen leaf of literature, crossed tire-track paths, a starfish designed for the gods, carved in the earth, pavilions for groups, private benches for individuals, *Devil's Walking Stick*, its prickly limbs accessible to insects and the occasional brave or foolish bird.

Glass and Wax in Vanderbilt Place

Glass and wax and clay in shops, bicycles chained in a row by the downtown library, a sign for local *Chow-Chow on Marble Rye*, dancing statues outside the Civic Center, a paper sign, *Roller Derby Tonight*, a yellow and blue fire hydrant on the corner, a church, its basilica windows, open to the distant mountains.

Potted Geraniums on Haywood Street

Potted geraniums outside a parking attendant's hut, a hotel named for a color, a basement barber shop below a senior residence hotel, an arcade, guarded by winged lions that show their teeth, a colonnaded row of shops, rare coins, hair design, optometrist, computer institute, realtor, copy shop, loading dock, wine bar, its tablecloths clipped at the corners to protect them from the wind, shaded artisan stalls, crafts for sale on the sidewalk by the street.

Racks on Wall Street

Racks of brightly colored dresses, stairway steps down,
between buildings, past a climbing wall, on the side of a parking
garage, on a narrow curved street, an orange wall, next to a green
wall, then a narrow doorway for the dispensing of maps and tickets,
a duo playing guitar and spoons, *Camptown Racetrack, five miles
long*, a man with shoes too big for his feet crosses the street,
like a young and serious clown, on his way to work.

A Building Like a Ship on Coxe and Grove

A building, like a ship, at a slip, at the dock,
two men, with a rig, clean the wall of a bank,
a sleek black motorcycle passes on the street
like a flying fish, a bulky black sculpture at the
Federal Building is reflected in dark windows,
a muffler and brake shop on the corner,
a row of painted chairs, a dance club.

A Hoot Owl on Grove and Ashland

A hoot owl, in the quiet afternoon, a handwritten sign,
Remember our friend and brother who died too young,
and around the corner, high on a wall, a mural of the city,
half underwater, half on fire, flowers blooming, leaders
smiling, a paint spill runs everlastingly into the gutter.

Dangerous Building on Hilliard and Coxe

Dangerous building, unsafe and especially dangerous to life,
on a sheet of particulars, the options why are left unchecked,
another empty building, between a bike-shop and a busy bar,
with old kegs for planters, a bean bag game, large wooden
blocks for kids, an outdoor wall, painted white, for movies.

A Transit Center on Coxe Avenue

A transit center, a train station with no tracks,
the United States Post Office, *We Deliver For You*,
out front, a row of blue boxes, then boxes of green
and orange, blue and white, black and blue, green
and yellow, black and yellow, brown and yellow,
white and yellow, white and blue, and finally,
red and blue.

A Lavender City Tour Bus on Coxe and Patton

A lavender city tour bus, brocade trim around the windows,
thirty laughing riders on board, a man with a tool bag walks
along a purple wall, a tattoo parlor describes its wares as
ancient and modern, a fan in the window of an art gallery,
a white-faced man, dressed in white, poses with a white
guitar, the sidewalk his stage.

Yellow Police Tape on South Tunnel Road

Yellow police tape marks the perimeter of a parking lot
carnival, the rides still, the Ferris wheel seats rock gently
in the summer heat, a boxing ring outside a red and yellow
striped tent, a merry-go-round, going nowhere, a fun house,
ready for fun, cotton candy, caramel apples, popcorn stands,
not yet open, bright colors seem brighter in the afternoon sun.

A Super-Slide on South Tunnel Road

A super-slide, a launching pad with no rocket,
caterpillar ride, resting on a painted branch,
funnel cakes, pizza slices await, while workmen
prepare the rides, bumper cars, lined up at peace,
porta-potties in a row, *You must be the boss*, says
a roustabout, smoking a cigarette, to a passing poet,
who replies, *That would be nice, but no, I'm not*,
the carny sighs, "Oh," and relaxes on his ride.

A Shopping Center on Town Square Boulevard

A shopping center like a small city, a movie set for
Business Town, vendors under square white tents
on the grassy median, fruits, veggies, chocolates,
jewelry, black benches gleam in the sun, a man in a
flag shirt trades invoices with a man in dark glasses,
by an electric vehicle charging station, a multiplex
cinema at the edge of the square.

A Row of New Townhouses on Fairleigh and Schenck

A row of new townhouses, decorative mulch, spilled in the street, out of place, in such pristine surroundings, a lone bird chirps in a tree, an oversize chess set on the sidewalk by a store, a steel hippo, its leg bolted to the ground, a large red dog, a bone carved out of its side, then a giant butterfly with a fountain between them, a security guard hauls fence sections, real people seem oddly real in such immaculate construction.

A Trompe l'oeil Painting on Riverside Drive

A trompe l'oeil painting of a kneeling man holds up the top of a real building, a globe and lion on his back, then a fish-shaped mailbox beside railroad tracks, lightning flashes from rain clouds, a do-it-yourself dog wash, an *arts* café, its walls covered in paintings and ceramics, patrons on laptops, then an indoor ramp to a gallery, *Over forty artists create here.*

Lines Scratched in a Wall on Clingman Avenue

Lines scratched in a wall, a barely begun, or else a minimalist mural, an open door called *Shipping and Receiving*, a back wall open to the green hillside, a faded ad for tires, *Wide Treads and Cheater Slicks*, *Studio Open*, *Visitors Welcome*, clay, glassworks, potted plants in open windows, a metalwork wall, the crack of thunder in a purple sky.

A Wooden Ramp on Haywood and Michigan

A wooden ramp to a coffee shop, iron railings with small pockets for flowers, a food mart, ice, firewood, a painting of Gandhi, a nite-club patio bar, an automotive inspection station, *Towing Enforced*, then on the sidewalk, a kayak, a bicycle built for three, a baby carriage, then a bridge over the freeway, with stickers attached to the railing, *The best decisions are made without thinking, Hello Hugo.*

Child Enrichment on Haywood and State

Child Enrichment Center, Cuts and Colors for Men and Women, New and Used Tires, Vintage Clothes, Outlet Tobacco, Cold Beer, Lottery, Morning Services, Dead End Road, three men lean over a drain, next to a bar and deli, across from a painted pineapple car, bags of oranges on the trunk of a red car, a red brick church, massive white pillars, a deserted restaurant behind iron gates.

A Bilingual School on Haywood and Vermont

A bilingual school, then a *homey not homely* hostel, a strip-metal man on a bicycle, a *Share the Ride* sign, guitars in a store window, sofas in another store window, a stone monument dedicated to the end of the electric railway line, that ran from 1890 to 1934, an outdoor café on the point, a bank on the corner, a gas station invites, *Try our Gourmet Cappuccino.*

Contemporary Latin Fusion on Haywood and Jarrett

Contemporary Latin Fusion, a strip mall that's
Van Accessible, a graffitied and painted-over wall,
an empty store that's *Move-in Ready*, an ice cream
store where *Dogs are Welcome*, a yard sale every day,
an old photo of a theatre with a sign for *Vodvil on Film*,
a papered-over window, a side door where the first step
is four feet off the ground, a painted wall of flowerpots
and plants next to real flowerpots and plants, a pontoon
boat in a back yard, a street sign warns, *Littering is Illegal*.

Guitar, Bass and Fiddle in the Farmers' Market

Guitar, bass, and fiddle play for money, free to all, free
to the air, breakfast crepes sold from the window of a blue
and green truck, rows of cars in the parking lot, constantly
changing, as patrons come and go, a long arc of tented booths,
food and flowers, fruits and vegetables, plants for planting,
all from the open backs of cars and trucks, cheeses, breads,
meats and treats, people stop and talk in pairs and bunches,
carry baskets and bags, push strollers, with their equally
social dogs in tow or towing them.

Jewelry, Hats, and Pots in the Farmer's Market

Jewelry, hats and pots, *Trailing Lobelia*, Garlic Dill, kielbasa,
Japanese Iris, herbs, chopping blocks, Radicchio, Spanish
mackerel, lemonade, wooden toys, and blackberry jam, chair
massage, pretzels, pain a l'ancienne, mushrooms, eggs, salsa,
Swiss chard, *Swamp Hibiscus*, Napa cabbage and lots of kids.

Bald Heads in the Farmers' Market

Bald heads, full heads of hair, a Mohawk, dresses, shorts, Crocs, baseball caps, heels, sandals, canes, ponytails, T-shirts, trousers, sunglasses, granny glasses, boots, tennis shoes, hand bags, shoulder bags, bellbottoms, bicycles chained to the stairs, strangers, friends, family, gardeners, farmers, craft workers, bakers, potters, strolling conversationalists, a vendor's truck parked over the curb, seems to be leaping back into nature.

Highrises on Woodfin and Broadway

Highrises seem to match the mountains, brick walls seem to match the mountains, angels in the sidewalk honor a local son, a tiny replica stone house honors a local resident, a headless mural of a man holding a bouquet high above a parking lot, a big windowed building for making books, a small black motorbike, an old couple, holding hands.

A Bronze Boy on Broadway

A bronze boy on stilts, above a wooden bench, a pedestrian crosswalk, to an island of wind chimes, painted fish on poles, antiques on the second floor, flowerpots in second-story windows, compost barrels behind a restaurant, trash barrels beside the compost, *Agents for Cape Fish Company, Boston*, painted high on the side of a building on the busy corner.

A Young Mother on College and Lexington

A young mother rocks her baby carriage, two men at a sidewalk table gesture and talk loudly, visitors consult a map, a mail carrier pushes her cart, a man rolls up his sleeves as he walks, a young tourist couple pulls their rolling luggage down the slanted street, a banana chair invites customers to a shop, near a wooden door, painted with faces, a gallery of local artists, a card warns, *These are not smoking plants. Thank you for not smoking*, a big dog lies in a window full of hanging stars.

A Man's Dreadlocks on Lexington and Rankin

A man's dreadlocks, below his knees, a cooling unit hums in a courtyard, a sign, *Brighten your day with a bouquet*, a man turns the corner, holding a jungle parasol, a stocky man in plaid shorts, his legs wrapped in bandages, holds a carved walking stick, thousands of shoes, on racks like candies, a mother holds her daughter's hand, a younger son walks beside her, an old couple in shorts and walking shoes, a man in a cowboy hat and sandals.

A White T-shirt on Lexington and Walnut

A white t-shirt, cigarette bouncing, a guitarist sings, others join in, a free-standing plaque declares *The Heart of Downtown Asheville since 1840*, an open-window café, three people laughing, across from a stone wall like a mosaic, two men cross against the light, a rundown hotel for sale, a woman in lime green walks away, even empty spaces seem occupied by the desire to see something there.

Sculpted Buildings at Court and College

Sculpted buildings surround a sculpture, a plaque honors local fallen of the Revolutionary War, *James Zebulon, William Adam, Samuel William, Lot James, William John, David Valentine, David Robert and others*, a plaque honors police and firemen who died, *James Charles, Edward Emory, Harold Major, Louis Perry, Alfred Edwin, Jimmie Raymond, Sammie Jeff*, a stone monument honors the Confederate dead, too many to name, a curved court honors those who served in all wars, *Army, Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard, Merchant Marines*, a bronze woman, with staring eyes, holds a letter addressed to, *The Homeland*.

A Woman in the Shade on Spruce Street

A woman in the shade waves at her children, at play in the sun, rows of stanchions, a vintage auto, across from the county and city buildings, *In 1920, the city and county considered constructing matching buildings, the city chose a Beaux-arts design, the county went with a more traditional structure*, a plastic bag blows in the breeze, two chained bicycles cling to each other like sisters, brothers, or lovers.

Medics Take a Break in Pack Square

Medics take a break for lunch, outside a gem fest at the museum, a red taxi passes, a man runs up the street, another leans against a post, a small child sits in his stroller like a worried potentate, three men eat together at a serving window, a yellow dumpster in the street, graffiti on a wall box, defacement for art's sake, a little girl, on her daddy's shoulders, holds his hat in her hand.

An Old Man on Haywood and Battery Park

An old man, dressed like a small boy, hobbles across the street to his waiting wife, a man on an over-burdened bicycle with a *loin cloth like a hood ornament*, he says, next to a baby stroller with giant cup holders, a layered street person pulls, from the pocket of his pants, a tissue to wipe his nose, a man with major appliances in the back seat of his car combs his hair at the stop light, a man asks for 37 cents, explains, *I'm trying to get a pack of cigarettes.*

Tourist Take Pictures on Haywood Avenue

Tourists take pictures of a sculpture, a man drops his cell phone, a woman says, *Oh no*, as it shatters, *I don't know who that was*, he says, as he tries to put the pieces back together, a man in a wheelchair wheels his dog to the grass by a parking garage, a large chain lies unused at the base of a bike rack, a disabled man walks oddly, gracefully down the street, the mountains that circle the city are lush green, with light, puffy clouds in a blue sky.

A Woman and Cat on Spruce and College

A woman and cat appear in a painted window, high on the wall of an Italian restaurant, next to a wall with two chairs, in what seems to be a trompe l'oeil painting but is instead a very real doorway, gargoyles peer down from a twelve-story building, a woman in black reads to her friend, an inscription honors an armory that once manufactured rifles, burned to the ground, after the operation was moved to South Carolina in 1865.

A Magician Works the Crowd on Patton Avenue

A magician works the crowd, *Hello tourists*, he says,
as an off-duty hook and ladder rolls silently by, as cops
frisk a young man, as the sound of drums fills the park and
surrounding streets, as countless cameras flash, dancers dance,
shake, and sway in place, an older man strolls through the throng
playing a piccolo, a Down Syndrome girl, with rhythm and grace,
dances in the center of the crowd, in the center of the square.

Tap Dancers Dance in Pritchard Park

Tap dancers dance on scuffed mats on the sidewalk, near
a donut cart, *Warm, Cinnamon, Glazed and Gourmet*, kids play
with the spare hoops of the hula hoop lady, by the drum circle,
a pit of swirling sound, balloon animals burst, a man with nipple
rings twirls wooden weapons, hits himself and passes them to
a woman, a man flips a stick with two other sticks, a couple,
arm in arm, on a bench, smiling softly, in private pleasure.

A Man in Blue on Lexington Avenue

A man in blue, another in orange, musicians in every doorway,
a boy, with his skateboard under his arm, smokers in an outdoor
café, a washtub bass, banjo, kazoo, steel guitar, the balloon man
makes hats for the kids, his partner, a woman with angel wings,
bleary-eyed drinkers make their way home from the concert,
as cars on the freeway pass over the bandstand, as people
lean out of windows, to see the last band play the last song.

A Red House on Montford and Chestnut

A red house, orange trim, a brick house, a turret, a long toothy stone wall, a white-walled church, a street of old homes, long walks and long drives, a muscled hiker strides past an *historic* carriage house, for rent by the month or week, buckling cement, exposed brick on a stairway going to an empty green lot, a yard, a garden, a jungle, a forest, a home for the woodland creatures of the heart, a hammock in a yard, a birdhouse like a tiny home.

A City Park on Montford Avenue

A city park drops in a sweep of grass to a wall like a Mayan ball court, tennis courts in blue and green, a long brick sidewalk leads to no sidewalk, to grass, to overgrown curbs in the street, a tour bus, like a red trolley, passes a *Bed and Breakfast*, then another, and then another called an *Inn*, past homes with names of their own and private drives, a wide veranda with rockers, a pregnant cat prowling the lawn for bugs.

A Long-Legged Runner on Pearson Drive

A long-legged runner cuts to the other side of the street, past cars on the curve, above and below homes with flags, mounted signs, stately elms, manicured lawns, a coat of arms, iron gates, a big man with a small dog passes old windows, replaced and stacked by the alley, a dog barks inside his backyard cage, a man in a yellow bug costume passes out fliers, a well-dressed woman sweeps the wide front steps of her home for visitors.