**Green Lady**

how many meters does this city go down?

i question my walking feet...is there life below me?

through thicknesses of concrete

insulating me from the formless

i can yet feel the radiant touch of earth

in the oldest of old town

i talk to my coffee

coffee, says I

history is solid here, flesh of rock

how many feet have walked this square?

how many bums have sat this worn curb?

and i am taught in answer

the world of humans is occasional paint

speak to me – through blister and callous

i will walk the surface knowing my touch

is received