William Greenway

**Youngstown**

We're new from the south to find

winter, the empty steel mills, even

in full sun, silhouettes, shadows

on the snow, of pyramids, Mayan

ruins, broken towers. Brown grass

brims in rusted buckets

like a drink. Tracks of coal

trains, ladders thrown

down. Southern winters

bleed in the rain. Here,

sheets cover the nude

corpse. Just to the

north Crane and Patchen

were born, to the south,

Wright, all dead too soon.

In spring we want to see

the glaze of land crack

like an egg, clouds

sluice from the sky like

silt from a creek, ruts of snow-

cold water, silver

rails, take invisible

things away, across ocher

fields, into dark woods.