**Take 7**  
  
No one ever finds  
parking directly in front of city hall—  
 a police presence  
 and cars stalled at meters  
feeding quarters and homeless men  
with cardboard housing repeated  
round the block and over fences  
 in a cattle kraal marketplace  
—  
—  
As city hall, parked directly  
where one finds police stalling  
 and meters chased  
 by business men housing  
panic repeated again and again  
at the cattle sprawl and waste  
 amongst oaks and cedars   
 at fences and bare spaces  
—  
—  
Parked, standing,  
staring up, one finds city hall  
present with police greetings starkly  
thin, like cardboard fences between  
 homeless men stalled when   
 presented quarters of filthy spaces  
spent like autumn cedars   
broken as old shoelaces