



Dispatches From **Lansing**

Written by Tim Lane

No.01.3

Poem Not Entirely Lacking Grace

For Lesyle

Some nights are incomplete
Without spray-painting profanities
On the neighbor's garage,
The lucky buds & blossoms of
A lackluster spring tinted
By streetlights, toned by dull
Haze, the unfortunate
Petals crushed underfoot

it seems a waste

That orange factory lights
Spoil what could be darkness

it seems a waste

The stubborn students at the cafes
Brave, but cold

it seems a waste

& Mike, with a new place
To paint, but nowhere to live;
& Lesyle, stunning in her
Brand-new Sebring, the epitome of
confidence & grace.