

**Rosanna Lloyd, Chicago, IL**

**Pray for a Chocolate Wind**

as I sit on the back porch  
the tannery spreads its  
sickly sweet odor along the river  
and into my neighborhood  
it smells like baby powder and burning skin  
if you don't breathe too deep  
you can only smell the baby powder but  
if you breathe like that for too long  
you'll pass out for sure

my only hope for peace  
is a southeasterly wind  
coming from the chocolate factory

The Slow Death of the Ice Cream Man

I can hear the ice cream van  
far away, getting closer  
the twinkling clown song  
distorted by a  
heavy July wind, tunneling  
through the thick air into my  
screened window

I always picture it in  
a swarm of children  
but when it rolls by my house  
it's always alone  
the song is sharp and painful  
and the man behind the  
chicken-wired windows looks like he  
hates ice cream  
Child of the Future

the air is heavy with particles of industry  
the street bristles with mechanical flora  
the ground is coated with  
brazenly colored food packaging material  
I haven't set foot off pavement for days  
my bike wheels churn the debris beneath me and  
a sudden wind pushes my hair to the side with the heavy perfume  
of the chocolate factory

    I turn my face into the wind  
        I breathe deep  
some people call it ugly  
I call it progress  
I want a fast train     I want to call people while I'm on it  
I want to buy shrunken heads on ebay  
I want to see five movies at the same multiplex  
I want to play dance dance revolution in between them  
I want the internet in my head     a hard drive in my temporal lobe  
I want a hormone cocktail in my milk  
I want to donate my eggs to science     for money  
I want a goddamn flying car

I just want to ride this wave of invention until it crashes  
if it ever does

    copper sunlight filters through the dust and I turn  
the corner at the light

    on the street

    a dead pigeon with its skull flattened

    its face stuck to the sidewalk   the eyes gone

    like one of those feathery Halloween masks