

**Downtown Los Angeles Art Walk: World Art Day Writing Contest**  
***Anna C. Broome – Third Prize***

**A Hauling of the Ever-Present**

between the sunlight  
and the diffused light  
A man exists the cave  
where the light breaks  
at a 45 degree angle  
upon flowers  
and a drop--  
A drop where the idea  
of infinity births a Man  
bent with load  
looks over where you cannot lend

(from the perspective)

the fire  
inside deep a rind of man sits upright  
to see hieroglyphics shadow contrast made

the fact that no man is being watched--  
separated --  
limits a Man's position:

Is the lie of oppression  
where a Man in such a kind of  
king blue hand  
the fearful not far  
behind, around or inside  
meet so dutifully disposed,  
do their feet descend and rise  
outside the blue dark sepulchre  
beside the light?

Flowers are a guide  
and the red flower tilts East  
as a Man half  
a mile either way down  
confuses the bottom  
with a way of judgment.

(from the perspective)

the fire is what you do not see:

inside deep a rind of man sits upright  
to see hieroglyphics shadow contrast made

The beginning is such a  
simple place, any man  
as a Man would like to begin  
Again, and yet that place  
is a place a Man never has been.

A man's fingers  
are his complaints  
a stiff place from where to complain  
inside a terrace, outside the flame  
they all would be best to lose than stiffen

the split of the promontory  
landscape extends  
as a Man leaves  
the traveler of him at the best  
of peaks.

There is always a roadway,  
a hauling of the ever-present  
walled in by mountains  
meaning an effervescent  
confinement as beautiful  
as gold handmade blue--

and with freckles of light  
forged and forced  
where a Man minds his mind  
a circle of parts binds him to  
an exact place of a waterless wind:

Where infinite sorrow,  
half-closed eyes,  
on the edge of a Man  
draws close,  
lowers hand over hand  
lies in the knowing of climb  
down in a  
never planned form by man.  
(from the perspective)

the fire is what you do not see:

inside deep a rind of man sits upright  
to see hieroglyphics shadow contrast made

from the first,  
there was no need  
for a Man or any of them  
and the must formed,  
forming trust  
not visible in the shadows  
where a Man dreams invisible dreams  
the view spreads out blue  
inward on a Man  
and the men who could  
out of habit  
never see  
between the downtrodden  
seeds and the road.