

The Armory- A Building in Duluth Minnesota

Poetry • Eric Neumann

The red brick is that of blood
Each dimple an eyeball
Looking out into the square

People go about their business
Talking of lofty ideals
And pressing their souls together

There are birds resting
On sprawling powerlines
A spider's web over the city

Here spirits and vagrants dance
And sing songs of their lives
Pouring themselves into the pavement

They pulse like a drum
Beating against the sidewalk
Their god stapled to a telephone pole

Inside, rats and squirrels fight
Over scraps of trash
Chewing on cigarette butts and newspaper

Kings of the gutter
Wearing plastic wrapping robes
And bottlecap crowns

The red brick building stands
A decrepit and ugly thing
Cracked and hungry

The floor is caked with dirt
And used needles
Rusted and sinister

20 some years ago
A famous musician played the hall
And made the walls thunder and quake

They've boarded the windows with his image
But only on the first few floors
The rest are jagged and smashed

The lonely building ebbs and sways
And beckons the churning masses in
To no avail