

# The Oldest Street in Town

Here the land stretches out pliant,  
rises and falls  
in rhythm with the wind,  
and sidewalk lamps, lit by hand,  
are glowing moons  
that keep the strip of road in orbit.

There is no need for thick bark.  
Trees are neighbors,  
not distant relatives,  
and shadows do not skulk, but dance  
as the leaves rustle and scrape the night onward  
against red front doors.

Under this arbor dreams stick  
until they are spoken out loud,  
and the well holds voices,  
not echoes.

The deeper you drink from it  
the better.

Here mud harbors meaning,  
pipes are smoked in the open,  
fires still crackle  
and waiting for water to boil  
is on stove time.

Here a perfect day  
is a day seen through,  
no closing line,  
no flash of epiphany  
pressed against the window pane.  
Just a poem finished  
simply.

## Jennifer Lively

Jennifer Lively is a local painter / poet of Los Angeles. Originally from Texas, she moved to Los Angeles eleven years ago and has made it her home. She has studied poetry under Laurel Ann Bogen for the last three and a half years and splits her hours between oil paint and easels and trying to find the right words that only poetry contains. Her paintings have been shown as part of the Ventura Artwalk Festival and the Local Sidewalk Artists series in West Hollywood. She has read most recently at The Venice Grind, Backstage Café, Beyond Baroque, and Duttons Bookstore and was featured on the podcast radio show, the Moe Green Poetry Hour. Her poetry has recently published in Falling Star Literary Magazine.

