

The only thing worse than knowing you have something to do  
Is having nothing to do at all.

A Proverb.

Sing to me sweet bird of the city

Mock my car alarm

my fire bell

my gunshot.

If only you could hear this.

If only, if only.

Where are you now, piaf?

You're in bed, nested by your

urine-stained newspapers and yellow plastic bags.

Careful, little one, they'll swallow you whole.

No more TV, no more food.

Can you hear my whispers?

Ring-a-ling-a-ling

It's time to move, go—

Or was that you, my winged friend?

You fooled me again.



# Urban Fragments

## Kalle Tompros

Kalle Tompros is a recent USC grad majoring in Creative Writing. She grew up in O'Fallon, Illinois, but considers herself as native as native Angelinos come. Her poetry won the Middleton undergraduate scholarship for creative writing, and she is currently working as an assistant editor at a wine journal in the Los Angeles area. Her book, *And Hope for Tomorrow*, is a collection of poems written throughout her college years and during her brief time spent in Europe and Korea post-graduation. It addresses three main themes: the birds of the city, the male muse, and the story of art.

