

Ghetto Magic

Chennelle Channer

corner spy,
he's magic
whispers dirty steps.
ghetto hymns
clean silence,
count quick
hand tricks
wait
wait
wait.
cars come
humming questions,
suddenly gone
subtle nods
eyes
up the sleeve
sleight work
siblings
clasp rail
for balance
tumbling down steps
won't ask em
bout currency.
adjust church clothes
for magic shows
church is perfection
Mom tucks kids in van
Dad says
wait —
the magician
needs time,
asks about prayer.