

EVERYTHING MUST GO

by Michael Hill

They've taken down the letters
from the shuttered J.C. Penney
on the south side of town, leaving

dusky, sun-scribed impressions
of what was there before,
the effect being that of fossils

stamped on an ancient riverbed,
and here with a steady stream
of traffic flowing past. Then again,

perhaps it's akin to a painting
discovered behind another painting,
a shadowy presence languishing

in obscurity all these years, only
to finally be brought to light now,
after the artist's demise.