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## The hope of street dew (for Starr)

BRANDON

RANDOLF-SENG

Young white trash  
    female in love with  
that Mexican drug dealer  
slinging brown heroin powder  
on 200 south, in July 1995,  
between the Salvation Army,  
    the Mission, and the  
Union Pacific Train Station.  
Where you can still  
find used needle gutters  
and unmarked car police  
    of patients.

Her alien lover busted,  
deported in January 1996,  
finding bruised arm veins  
    of relief, like  
tapestries of whisper wasps,  
sleeping on dope sidewalks.

I walked by her once  
    in March 1997, as  
ignored memories of the  
blank past scams.

In May 1998, last I would  
know and see her speed ball  
    life, trying to sell stolen  
cigarettes on Broadway,  
    for a \$1 a pack.

In October of that same year,  
    she took a ride of rape  
strangers, too many, too much.  
Finding hope in the suicide  
    of silence, like  
mount Sinai's purified peak.  
    Or so I was told.