"Arguably, this place does not meet the strict definition of a favela."

We clamor for space; community.
This is our stomping ground, outside
on that other side of back talk.

²There’s gossip in the concrete steps; in the wattle-and-daubed walls, drowsy, like cardboard blush, where the light yawns and turns to gray in your hands: let us go light
the zombies outside, bubbles

the clay path, breathless,
sympathizing some infant boy asleep against some other older boy’s thighs resting up against the alley wall. If you care to walk by, you’ll dig the feet: bare, laid across a tear of yellow

tarpaulin chuckling back. A pair of crippled pilcrows rundown by still lifes; there’s gossip in lost bullets and cinder block
murals of awkward shadows
looking away from an avenue
of catastropheelings as

flood lights babble and bat
their eyes away from the spitting
rain. Translation is low cost,
back-fence talk whose
hooves grandstand and piss
in corners where some little girl
fingers the dirt and drops

a note: olha. It dangles its
paraphernalia on extension cords
impersonating clotheslines. There
is gossip in the translation.