



## Ode to Karl Shapiro

I am struck by the beauty of manhole covers.  
Addicted to their cryptic charms.  
I have brushed away sand and debris  
To reveal stamped symbols.



I have kneeled at steel rims,  
To record autumn images:

Waxed dark crayons, across white paper  
Taped to cold, notched-wheeled lids.



I have seen steam rising  
From cold wintry grates.  
Glimpsed rusty iron peeping through  
Snowy track and icy treads.

Summer's steaming Con Ed irons  
Burned my hands: melted my crayons.



Rubbings, photos, prints and sculptures  
My art honors these urban artifacts:  
Preserves their beauty  
Never outdated.

*Bobbi Mastrangelo*

