

My Dear City, There Are So Many Parts of You I Keep to Myself

I.

Downtown is always warm, especially after the sunset.
The sound of my heels on the pavement feels like a power trip.
I never thought to take my shoes off
Before coming into your home,
And I'm sorry,
Sorry like when I don't have change,
And how when you ask for it
I assume that's not what you want.

II.

To the world you are Tuesday morning
10 am pancake breakfast
Benefit concert charity race
Big smile firm handshake
Hometown hero
And to us you are Friday night,
Don't get too close
Don't drink that
Take your own cab home.
Does he know how old she is
The answer is yes and
That's why.
If women were not afraid
You would not be safe.

III.

Have you ever woken up before 7 and
Watched as the sun
Highlights the billboards?
Beer cans and radio stations
Watch over us.
Maybe one day they will become art instead.
We've never been doomed,
Just slow to care.

IV.

To the men in blue,
Stepping over the needles,
Before you go
Send us stained papers
And hold your babies close.
Tonight someone buries their own.

V.

I can trace all of my skinned knees
And upset stomachs on the
Streets around the Bay.
I hear the Allandale train
Like a song stuck in my head.
I wake up to
The sound of the weekend
And fall asleep wondering
What comes next.
When Dunlop sleeps
It is restless.
It appears we are one and the same.