

Him

I pass by one, two, three times
upon the rancid fumes that are embedded into the sunny air
He grins curiously at the shoes and faces of his materialistic peers
They wouldn't stop for him
They wouldn't stop for themselves
He gets up from the exhausted plot of land for brief excursions
To build a home for one
He suffers with complacency
I watch him nibble on the tattered bagel with birds
Failing to keep up with America's obesity rate
I am scared when he starts to chuckle
People speed up when they pass through the neighborhood
A block
A home
The cardboard lasts as long as Hillary's cooperation in the investigation did
It is all people talk about
People can't even bare to look at him for more than bitter smirk though
The real problem
I have a doctors appointment at 4
I'm on my way to Starbucks
I hate the sun
But i'm sure he loves it

The Green

It's too beautiful.

A budding landscape filled with snoring and laughter.

Nature can find it's way into the dark,

With perfect perimeters and upkeep.

The darkness only takes what is fake.

I stare at the grass and question the sky.

As if this fresh air is good for your brain.

What is it about that grass that makes me sneer?

All I know is the rocks were here.

I am told that the rocks were here.

I watch as the trees rip their roots out of the ground and run.

Leaves are left as the only proof of their pain.

Toddlers bask in the green and yellow tears.

Parents encourage their kids to chase the trees.

The trees are all they have.

In quiet ripples, the green is becoming darker.

It was tainted to begin with, but now it is simply an attraction. A show.

The hourglass spills concrete dust and we all watch each grain drop.

Somebody else will pick it up. I see the same green as you.

Only I don't see green anymore.

Choosing

Cold air hits my face.
I sit on the curb Watching.
All I hear is loud.

White shirt and tight jeans.
Each person is the same here
but distant from real.

I don't want to leave.
Staying is starting to hurt.
So I will just sit.

Numbness is normal
The sun only rises when
I am happiest.

Tight jeans kneels down now.
The city is for you too.
Get up from the curb.

Subway

As I watch the people, they seem to hide.
Not just from the public but from themselves.
It is a place where one can simply ride.
I am watching and I can feel her pain.
I feel alone in a car of faces.
Each one ignoring her weeps and sadness.
The subway serves her as that kind of space.
They do not do this out of spite, rather
They give her this single moment to cry.
An understanding of boundaries here.
No judgement and nobody asking why.
People need that place to feel emotion.
Sometimes it is tolerance that is key
As long as you have that, you can be free.

The Good with the Bad

Shining glass buildings are the radiant people within the city
Gum stained sidewalks embody the thousands of soles that once stepped
Water towers stand tall, trying to compete with timeless skyscrapers
A community with unconditional support and love
United songs of garrulous teenagers, chatty moms and pissed off workers
Lightness in the dead of night
The city's confirmation of your ability to reinvent yourself

Disassembled bikes lay on sidewalks, still locked to street signs
Screaming sirens wake residents like clockwork
Bodies passing their starving neighbors with no thought
Cigarette smoke managing its way into the lungs of children
Pollution fills our streets, homes and minds
Every man is for himself
A daily reminder of the cities flaws