

OCTOBER POEMS



1 MACOMB STREET

Certain places hang in time and it's almost like
the universes stack

Days in the cold where mom made us take our
jackets on a five minute drive

Our hair falling to our shoulders

The only time we were more vicious than when
we fought each other was when we defended one
another

Backyard cookouts and the superbowl

We hadn't even been tough it directly but
perceived disrespect towards the family lit the
fuse

Why would we suffer the way others do it

And now it all exists in memory

Why would we go back to those places

Those days of light blues and lavender

Those days of fiery orange and the visits that
made our years worthwhile

When we ventured up Hamilton

2 THE GRAY ABOVE THE RIVER

At what point did we place the value of what we consume above what we create

It's the competition to like something more than others

On what date did we lose Bailey and Oak or the afternoons of west side stuff

Just two blocks from the school

And he'd never know how that house made me
He said it was the hood but that house made me

It would be awkward now to admit it's effect on me

Fundamental in it's role as the base to the stack of so many of my memories

Would I love what I love now if it wasn't for that house

3 SULTANS OF SWING

Feelings of nostalgia for times not yet experienced

Times that will never be experienced

**There's a collection of feeling in each town
And each individual is only able to grab some of it**

Only so many autumns and so many summers

Only so many trails up the mountain

A limited amount of outcomes

Each life is like a candle

Flickering throughout the nights

Telling stories to the wall

4 81ST STREET STATION

**People flow through the city in a current as if
they are water**

**It doesn't matter if it's rainy or the sunniest of
days**

It takes courage to be challenged

**It will always be easier to give yourself empty
reassurance**

5 READ IT AND WEEP

So few know the feeling of a true absence of care
Like running down a subway tunnel
Ignorant to the train down your back

I would never know
But I've had conversations with those who are
closer
The ones who've danced on the cliff sides
And risen high above cities

So high that they could weave the clouds into
clothing
But not high enough to lose sight with what's
inside each window

6 PULASKI BRIDGE

The mountains don't exist when the fog comes down -

It's like saying nothing in my mind exists if I'm not looking at it

There are always figures moving quietly across the black of my mind - noises rattling through the corridors

The city is sad because it's the setting where our unimportance is the most jarring
You'll only be noticed for the bad things

It's in the country where uniqueness comes out
Hundreds of acres and amongst the grasses only me