

I'M in the City.

Pick up the pace you're in the city
No time to waste you're in the city

One foot in front of the next
Bag on you swinging closely by
Stepping to a pace that helps you get around
Drifting vigilantly, quickly to the youthful sounds

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The smell of cigarettes reaches my nose
I lift my head briefly to see if the culprit is close
As the smell wooshes and swooshes and swiftly drifts by
I'm met by the smell of the trash unit nearby

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I hear a bang a pop and a pow
I see the dump truck picking up trash now
I hear a bark and see a pull of a leash
A pigeon perched in front of a dog is bound to cause a scene
I smile at the dog and stay clear of the bird's way, as it flies off into the distance not giving me the time of day

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I began to zone out
Mind strictly on the route
Focused on the lights, changing to green
Carefully crossing the street so the cars do not scream
I hear honk, it was my turn to go
I turn to the car who beckons a show

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As I walk hearing just the rhythm and beat of the sounds my headphones bring

I feel small in a space so large

As I began to reflect- a “weerrr weerrr” sound is off in the near distance

A siren, an ambulance, I break the gentleness of my thoughts to pray for the recipient

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I hear a different sound now, the click clank of coins,

I look down now, to see a cup

A sign

A somber, solemn face

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I see a man lying with no shirt, I see clots and bounds of real dirt-on this man

Who is he? And why is he so poor??

Pick up the pace you're in the city

My body slows down

Do I have coins?

Pick up the pace you're in the city

I pass the man who needed money

Yet here a woman stands with the same plea

I see her eyes going back and forth and then up at me

Pick up the pace you're in the city
No time to waste-

I can no longer move faster, I am stuck, lost in this city of hope, lost in this city of tall towers, and fancy flowers, that line grandiose buildings, buildings that in between the creases hold the bodies of God's man,

lying, needing, I can no longer breathe in the smoke, I can no long remotely pass by, I am slugged down, bombarded with the truth, I just paid ten dollars for coffee and a muffin but have nothing left for you

**PICK UP THE PACE YOU'RE IN THE CITY
NO TIME TO WASTE-**

I am frozen in time

because after your eyes met mine, I was reminded, no, I was scolded by the truth, you are no different than me, I

no different than you

my brother, I am sorry, my sister I do weep

for spaced in the pace of the city that is so sweet, no one left any nectar for you.

Mi Jardin 3.0

The tears watered the soil where the seed lay

Although they came from a place of uncomfortable and deep pain

they bore a stem

and then a leaf

and then a tree

where flowers began to grow

no matter how the cry fell

they always hit the soil, they always watered the seed-

flowers always found a way to bloom

beauty was always found

beauty always found a way

she bloomed beauty

beauty always blossomed from her.

A Solemate's Rest

It rained all night

I watched it slip away

As I dreamt of you near me

My heart beat slowed its pace

It rained all last night

And I stayed wide awake

Dreaming that you were near me

That your love was in this place

It rained all night

I watched it slip away

Dreaming of tomorrow

When I would hold your soft face

Dreaming of tomorrow

And the love that awaits

Dreaming of tomorrow

With my eyes wide awake

I watched rain slip drip away