

Tinted Windows

Sisters

Stop it.

I was going to throw
them out when we got
To the garage.
Chill bro.

Have fun finding a ride home td

Are you serious?
It was two plastic cups of coffee that ruined your day.
Really?

Have fun finding a ride home td

They were in the side of the door
Not affecting anyone, just sitting
There like untouched
Books on library shelves.

Have fun finding a ride home td

Wow, so passive-aggressive. More passive than the Senator
At the nomination. More
Aggressive than the fighter throwing
Water bottles across the press
Conference. Someone woke
Up on the wrong side of the bed. You woke up
On the wrong side of the bed.

Have fun finding anything td

The Rules

Two seven five. Two seven five. To go as far
As your mind marks, or until a final
Bing bong. In short, what option is first? Dozing off
Is only for psychopaths, crack addicts, and Knicks.
Closing your lids on subways can finish you,
Kill you, or who knows what. Who knows what will go on.
You gotta stay sharp. Possibly a touch of music. You could look
Up at any ads, maps, or windows. Could look
Down to an array of grimy, dirt laminous floors. Do Not
Gawk. Do Not Gawk. If you don't want Anthrax, don't
Touch anything, put your hands
In a straight coat. And, in no way, should you show
Platform guy any sign of affirmation.
Most importantly, do not ever
Engage verbally, ever, with anyone.

America

The crack of the bat is watching all five
Wordle letters come up green.
The pop of the glove makes the world function,
Spin, and orbit. It smells like satisfaction, feels
Unearthly, tastes like silky chocolate, looks like
Perfection but, mostly, sounds like gold. The swishing
Of the dirt echos through Yankee Stadium as DJ comes home.
These sounds alone don't have any power, but the cracking of seeds,
Popping of gum, murmur of patrons can unite a nation.
The gobbledygook of words coming
From the dugouts is perfect white noise,
Distinctive. If the *hee-uttt* of the ump can't be heard
From center field, then children rule the world. Playing it by ear
Or year or ear, who knows. The empty sound of the pop
Fly lingering in the air is a moment anyone can relate to.
The loud thack of the grown man hitting against the WB Mason
Sign helps me go to sleep at night, runs through my brain
In the way the crystal sprints through the blood stream.
The sounds will walk me down the aisle,
Take me to the ER, and lower me
Into the ground. They dominate peoples lives
Like an addiction, control their every predilection.
The pop of the glove makes the world function,
Spin, and orbit along with the gobbledygook of words.
The words fly throughout the outfield and
The crack of a bat tastes like the crowd.

Jumpity Bumpity

Strutting around Manhattan like he owns
The whole city. Running the real estate world
With his pops one milly. From illegal exertion
To the doctors office, he is masterful
In his discretion. Going from golf courses to beach
Clubs, completing his only mission.
Livin' in perfect health, the Apprentice, one "huge"
Show, but, on Penn Ave, he began reinventing
The game, never ever making it the same. Building
Walls, "quid pro quo's," January 6, "fuck impeachment." Spray
Tans, Micky D's, and a whole
Lotta talk. Orange is the new revolution.
Literally could "shoot someone in the middle of times square
And still get elected." He would "Drain the pussy. Grab her
By the swamp. Stop the steal." Rudy, Mikey, and the crew fit to run
The country, deserving of every opportunity,
Really? Cry baby, some first lady, shiny
New company, ignoring police Brutality, corrupting
The country. Sitting in Swamp-A-Lago, can't come back to New York,
Lump, dump, bump,
Thanks for your service.