

halsey st

Crystalline fingertips
tap cacophonous symphonies
against the blue plastic seat
as I anticipate the neon blip
of my subway stop across the screen.

It's about nine when I board,
shoulder aches and exasperation
in tow.

The train starts off full
but quickly drains
like the glass of wine
awaiting my arrival.

I slip greedily onto
the bench, stumble
to situate my earbuds
and silence one of the five
senses of nyc
while the other four gently
nudge me now and again.

early morning thoughts on a motel balcony

outside,
shrouded in shrieking cats
and whimpering carhorns,
slumped lopsided on a smog-coloured
lawn chair, the ache of your presence
persistently pesters the nape of my neck--
like the wind in a city teasing
the buildings and loose hair.

fingers waltz with a slow
diminishing cigarette,
old lipstick leaves
Rorschach prints
for my skin to smudge
before ever deciphering;
half awake slumber
resides in the smoky motels
stacked behind my back,
fully equipped with ashtray bedsheets
and beer bottle carpets.

headlights paint
abstract expressionism
on the walls around--
Pollock pock marks
splash the window pillowing
my head;
neon knocks all other
light from my eyes,
causing stormy, red prisms
on the concrete.

dawn rises,
resembling the angry
tremor in your chest,
and the night shelters itself
under my eyes;

inhaling saccharine dew
while neighbor birds
murmur the morning news.

moods

Persimmon sun,
enveloping wrought iron balconies,
droops, overly ripened, in a cerulean sky.
Sunlight smothers the whitewashed room,
tasting tart and rich.

A plush breeze wanders through cracked
windows, mingling with the sweat
on my forehead, awakening goose flesh.

The tortoise shell cat and I silently study
acrobatic shadows, cheered on by
a sparrow's song. Soon
the orange fruit will burst,
spilling over the concrete city
and casting a saccharine glow;
scrawling kaleidoscopic epitaphs
on the cracked linoleum floor.