

F TRAIN

The Lower East Side, 1997/
swallowed a Wisconsin rube/
Eldridge Street dive—its sole tv ran continuous looped footage
Of a controlled demolition of a high rise/
which signaled my arrival to peak hipster irony/
before we said things like peak hipster irony/
2am on the F train, fun-fear, I'm finally weirdless in a weirdful place
Or so I hoped. One needs money to bon vivant/
That night the one that got away/
An aspiring librettist and recovering something or other/
Come upstairs flashed from her eyes/
Later that night it's 25 years later/
The F train is now a walk in the doggo park/
Now it's me who can't be the one who got away/
No announcements for the next stop