

I run away every Friday night

from broken roofs and plastered walls – from silence parked
on Spring street – can you hear the ticking arms of 8
o'clock that creeps to reach the outdoors? – casting night
to fall and spark my fear of darkness – So I choose

to walk but every time, I hear the tapping soles
of knock-off Guccis heading straight to meet his strange
friends at the liquor store – with some addictive urge
to pop-off Blue Moon, scratch away his ticket, trade

his prayers for loose change – every time, I see a crowd
with cotton holes inhaling colored cans against
graffiti bricks – an aphrodisiac that climbs
its way to touch the tip – a ghetto pyramid –

a place to play pretend – white powder for power –
and every time, I smell the moldy sheets from home-
less men, from holy men who collects stones – who squeeze
their wishes 'til their fingers forgets to uncurl.

tonight, I'll write a note to those same strangers – “see
my broken roof, my plastered walls – and meet me there”
I'll wind the arrows back so 8 o'clock can hit
us hard – let's run away this Friday night for good.

One Way

The length of time it takes to pass down 6th
street drags, like cracks on concrete – crossing ‘til
you catch a glimpse of that old blonde again –
She cries without a hunch of shame, she bends
her back until it touches asphalt – begs
for grams of kush – and you pretend you did
not see it – But then you see Her – a mom
who calls her son and begs for checks, she clips
her coupons, tucks her nappy curls behind
her ear and puffs her blunt – the smoke has veiled
your gaze as you look up to cotton sleeves –
approaching nests of gnats that plays a hymn
to every passerby who stops to swat
away their prayers – who motions dirt to kiss
their freckles – everyone is quick to call
you cousin, every cousin’s quick to call
you God – you pass the Church, the one that’s next
to Starlight Strip – unbothered by the smog,
you stick your dollar headphones, turning up
the static, gambling silver heads for bliss –
some change falls down and loses course as if
you had a teenager’s pocket – you see
kids laugh and snap some Polaroids by Skid
Row – the one way sign pointing back at you.