**Ode to New York**

*DC Airport- September 30, 2015*

You May Think You Are Hot Shit Shit New York.                       But You Are Nothing.              But Low Down Low Down     Zero Double  Zero.                           You Are Bunk. Worthless. Crass.       Big Hat. No Cattle.                        No Backbone. No Soul Home. Only Hot Air. Puffed Up Ego. Stick It Up Your Perfidious  Sophisticated York.               New York.                                 Stuff It Up Your Pseudo Cultured Ass.                                 You Ain't Much But Flash And Pork.                                              Strictly Second Class.                   You Never Ever Were.         Really Were.                                      Were Really. Real.                                             Now You Are. Done. Over. Passé. Past.                                   Fading Out Real Fast.                    I Ain't Got For You No Truck.   For You I Don't Give A Fucked Out Fuck.                                 You Got No.                             Sizzle. Metal. Moxie. Meat. Substance. Sass.                                       You Profess. Crow.                              Brag.                                        You Never Sleep.                            Toot Your Horns.                           Wave Your Own Self Aggrandized Flags.                      But Your Worth Ain't Even     Nigh Skin Deep.                                             A Glimpse Into Your                      Big Apple Soul.                        Reveals.                                 Within Your Paranoid.                   Most Guarded Suspect Door.       You Are.                                         Rotten To The Core.                       Dirt. Grim. Soot. Poverty.              Monied Self Same Fools. Consumed With Me Of Me.                                Nothing Less.                   Nothing More.                      False Mirage. Phantasm.          Of Grand Nothingess.                             Indeed.                                    Real Deal.                                   You Must Confess.                    You Can Not. Hunt. Fish. Build. Plow. Plant A Seed.                       Pass The Acid Test.                 You Are Really Less Than Less.      So Stick It Up Your Hollow York.   New York.                                       I Call You Out.                               See You For What You Are.            Nothing. Nothing.                           But Mere Bluff. Pretension.             Facade.                                           Menagerie.                                Of Burned Out.                            Waned.                                           Dead.                                 Ancient.                                     No Account.                          Long Gone Finished.            Washed Up.                                                           Burnt Out.                            Deluded Has Been Stars.