it smells like piss and hamburgers and sucks the life at of you better than any 9 to 5, that makes you want to smash your head into a wall, could. new york makes you face yourself. no i won't sniff this yes i'll smoke that and kiss her and him and then her again all in the same night. new york will make you say yes before you're ready because if you say no, life will pass you by like the godforsaken L train when i can't get my metro card to swipe right. yes, i know the next one won't come for thirty minutes. it makes you an adult too soon. i don't mind spending an hour in the home depot lighting section looking for a plunger. i do mind that the man trying to buy me a drink at the bar is not only twice my age, but looks it. i live in the fiery pits of hell slowly sinking into the atlantic ocean. at least if i go down the nypd is going down with me. new york is a nightmare but every night burns into my memory like hot metal to skin, when i want to complain i ask myself, "when's the last time you remembered a dream?"