

New York City

You have always had a deep hunger
for the mundane. Nothing invigorates your soul
more than security and solitude. You find
happiness floating in stagnant waters. I like
being whisked away by the waves.
So, please don't chase me when I go
to my favorite spot in the world, because
I'm not going to feel safe. I don't
expect solitude, silence, or serenity.
I expect sirens wailing like uneasy toddlers,
mountain ranges of trash littering every corner, and
Jackson Pollock sidewalks painted with squished gum.
I expect to feel held down by the looming gray beasts
that decorate the skyline. I expect to get tangled
in a maze of strangers and scaffolding. I expect to
bite my tongue until I taste iron when I feel
a wolf whistle whip across the back of my neck
like an icy wind. I expect to choke on cigarette
smoke and car fumes, even as I stroll
through the greenery of the park. I expect to
breathe in the chaos like clean mountain air.
I expect to become someone here,
but I don't expect you to understand.