

Streets of Cruelty and Sweet Pastries

runner

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April 22, 2024

Looking north from Gratiot Ave
An airborne perspective of tragedy
Here an accident. A scream
It is not a subject that people are particularly interested in
Narcissistic men
Dominate the pavement from where they stand
Their middle ages distend them like a vast dream
Boys and girls glance at each other as they pass
An irresistible lure in laughter
Both are from corny California no doubt
It doesn't matter if you say what you say in two ways or one way
Like a crash, rough language and no patience
Approach and spit on the pavement
Streets full of cruelty and screams
To alleviate its ridiculous immensity
Of madness
Portrayed by a function of our own density
As endless steps around the incident
But while all this is going on
A solemn face of a homeless man as he asks for breakfast
Smiles at his wife
A sweet pastry changes hands
A few words make a longer hush
Our hands touch each other, and a name
A name is exchanged