Utica

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Utica

B I was born in this broken home,
R where the streets wear dirt
O Under fountains and brightly painted
K murals
E like a cheating father wears shame
N under a cheap business suit.

G I grew up in this ghostyard,
H where the windows
O of closed warehouses and shopping malls
S once smudged by the red lips of children
T fogged by their warm cookie breath
S now lay in shards on the floor.

F Water falls in a stream
O to the concrete below
U the eye of this booming metropolis
N hurricane
T just as busy as those who hurry by
A intent on its job
I of being beautiful
N

S I am on a lawn that just 10 years ago
T seemed to stretch for miles in
R this city with no future but such a past,
E in this city with nothing to offer but its
T character,
H in this city that raised me into
C the strange young woman I've become
T in this city where my lawn doesn't stretch
H quite as far as it used to.

J I am young in this old jungle
U where the crack dealers hide behind corners
N like snakes in the grass waiting for prey
G where the business world steps over the
L homeless
E as if they are already dead.