

Morning Commute

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There's at least two abandoned houses
On my street
Crumbling shanties, torn by poverty
And left to die
The skyline is dotted by trees
And the mountain of landfill garbage
That nothing in Nature could
Hope to disguise
The Rust Belt's Mount Fuji
One quick turn down the
Crater-punched alley
And there is the mill
The towering monolith
Reminding the elderly
Of our failures
And the youth
Of what will never be
Belching out metallic residue
In volcanic plumes of smoke
Or is something on fire again?
The good news is
If you're patient
The trees will come back
And in the summer
The trees will even hide the industry
And you can pretend everything's fine
That is
Until you reach the Mission
And the homeless people smoking outside