

Comedown Geography

if you walk across campus before the sun does
you can see men painting the grass green there's no metaphor
for losing an entire world

I come to terms with the new sky silently, puffing soft apology to the west
secretly hoping for signs it senses my absence there are simply not enough trees
sometimes I walk to class and cry about all the things that have died under the sidewalk squares

what I'm trying to say is that last night I took the M train to Brooklyn and
when it crossed the bridge I stood between the subway cars and peed into the East River

people looked at me funny I wondered if they too had bronchitis for three weeks
then realized it's not bronchitis, they're just bad at breathing now not enough trees
maybe they also wonder what good their degrees will do when we run out of air
in the forest you can pee wherever you want, that's the beauty of being alive

what I'm trying to say is that this dumb city smells like canola oil all the time
I rammed my head into a library yesterday hoping that the ugly
building would collapse, but of course I did.