

Over the City

This balcony, this city, this tone  
Of thought: no one can come here but me.

I drift away with the traffic and sail  
The white noise of the avenue.

Muffled sirens. The smell of steam—secrets,  
Luck, and letdown. Night sips its drink and stretches.

Do I sense danger? Only for a second.  
What was it in the shadows? An old suspicion.

The question to the answer. An engine pulls  
up to the platform. The city raises its fist and sparkles.

But the doors open and shut too quickly. No one  
gets off. The train rolls away. No one got on.

This is the closest I'll ever come to where I belong.

~ Mark Fitzgerald