

There was a man bothering me at the grocery store today.  
He kept unzipping the pockets on my backpack while we were in the check-out line.  
As I was paying he kept saying, "I'm gonna tear your bags! I'm gonna tear your bags!"  
He may not have been directing that at me. I didn't look at him.  
Nobody did anything about it.  
Outside in the parking lot some kids were pushing each other around in shopping carts.  
A policeman came. He was riding a four-wheeler. He told them to stop.  
They didn't stop. The policeman watched them for a while.  
He took his gun out and held it at his side. He didn't point it at anyone.  
The kids sort of just left on their own.  
I saw a group of pigeons flying around by the lake, like they were seagules.  
They choreographed their flying like you see sparrows doing.  
The lake looks milky, like it has soap in it.  
The city washes its face in the lake.  
In certain neighborhoods the rainwater just stays pooled in people's yards and doesn't drain.  
There are rivers of raw sewage flowing beneath the street at all times.  
Everyone knows that. You can smell it standing at the street corner.  
Someone has been playing a single volume of Schoolhouse Rock for six days now.  
It's coming from an apartment across the alley. A continuous loop, day and night.  
It's summer and everyone has their windows open.  
Nobody does anything. I feel like I should call someone.  
In the day young men stand in front of the building, leaning against a black metal fence.  
They act as though they don't notice it. Children music is playing everywhere.

The cameras roll unwatched.

A woman drives by on a flat tire. The rubber is chewed up into ribbons and hangs off the rim.

A little girl drops a bag of garbage from her fourth floor fire escape into an open dumpster below.

There is a little dog across the street that trots around on a stone railing.

It barks at everyone, and there are always people so it's always barking.

The barking is rhythmic. The neighbor kids stand outside and dance to it.

I saw their mother flying a kit in the alley once. It was eleven at night.

The evenings are breezy.

The streetlights miss spots.

My nose runs when I ride my bike at night.

My vision clouds when I swim at the beach.

The city is so bright that drivers forget to turn on their headlights.

The birds don't always know to sleep and go on singing as if it were day.

The city is bright like a 24hr Laundromat.

It's hallow can be seen for miles around and even from space.