

And it doesn't want you to park here either.

This cobblestone is decorative.

Here's a comb for your hair. You can use the old negro door
on your way out. You don't have to be black anymore.

While you're leaving, please patronize area businesses.

Sorry: No Checks,
but I think there's a cash machine
in Skokie somewhere.

That's why Evanston Parks planted-this-grass: for grazing,
not so you could lie

all over it. It was to cover up the dirt. It was to keep you from tracking mud all over the sidewalks.
Evanston Streets just laid that carpet

so that Evanston could love itself on the floor,
not you .

This is the one place a lady can walk
barefoot in the sewers and not get tetanus
or flatworms. Just because it's dark
beneath the lightless white of Evanston Power's alabastery streetlamps
doesn't mean you can stalk suspiciously in the shadowy night. This isn't the sulfur orange lung bag
of Chicago,
looming like a pederast blessing the food:
sticky like an industrial summer.

This is a place of worship.

If you don't want to pay to swim, you can use the dog beach down shore.