

Toronto Mug II

Dog Slaughter Beach

Counting cracks on Essex Street
Didn't see them coming for me
Darted from the ATM and swore
"If I could make it to the dollar store
I could play it cool
For ten minutes"
Let them retreat
To dark and dusty corners of our street

Mr. Kim receives me with a smile
I duck behind the contraception aisle
Our friends file in and ask if I'm around
One guy shoplifts a candy bar
And spits on the ground
Neon hums a harmony
Fluorescent buzz sings me sweet
Condolences for gray hairs earned in cold, low light
Walking home from your house late at night