

The City
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At home in the middle of nowhere, I can see the city far off in the distance.
I'm not surprised by the scale so much as by its very existence.
The lights burn together as a singular crowd
like a low-hanging sunset-backlit amber cloud,
a lost soul trapped inside a golden shroud with only cursory resistance.

As I move closer to the city, time speeds up slowly to a constant blur.
When everything is always on, day and night cease to really matter.
There's so much to soak in I could never again
want to see something that's already been.
I start to forget what's meant by the word "when" and what boredom and waiting once were.

Then I rise from the streets to a standardized suite in an unstained glass hotel,
as a thin wisp of lost smoke kept afloat by the waves from a slow cymbal swell.
Countless skyscrapers stretch in the same direction,
outracing the light from each others' reflections
on towards the stars and onwards towards Heaven, already well past far as Hell.

I cannot bring myself to sleep, the walls and streets and my eyes are too bright.
It must be a spectrum higher than light – are x-rayed bones even this white?
I should feel chastened and I should feel austere,
seared with sublime overwhelmedness and fear:
after all, anyone who's anyone is here and I seem to be as well tonight.

But I honestly just feel surprised anyone at all could live amidst this romance
without falling clear into an ocean of light or a fearless deerlike trance.
I cannot see myself becoming jaded and witty,
I cannot see wonder as deserving of pity.
I look like some kid forever new to the city and I don't stand a chance.