

The Name of My Town

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Everyone knows the name
of my town
outsiders mock you
and laugh
give it a name
evoking Afghanistan
why the insult
to an entire fucking nation?

Everyone knows the name
of my town
we once had
a serial killer
who murdered
its reputation

Every few years
a bit of cash
is injected into the town's veins
you can see it
in freshly pressed
police uniforms
soulless gaunt faces
and wet graffiti

Every few years
the parking meters go up
twenty cents
to cover the costs
of something
I haven't quite figured out yet

It is the last stop
on the train line
for some
it is the only stop
on a long journey
for others

Classical music used to be heard
blaring from speakers on Young Street
just for the junkies
and kids in school uniforms
I suppose to teach them of high culture
while they bummed money for cigarettes

Everyone knows the name
of my town
it is a scalding hot
cattle brand
applied at birth
following you
and yearning
to pull you back down
deep in the drag
whenever you try
to have something more

some never make it
you can see their fate
like peering into a ball
of crystal
as they smoke a point
of it

Everyone knows the name
of my town
and I just wish
they didn't.