

**DOWNTWN CHICAGO
- FRM 15 STORIES UP**

Stomach aching
head pounding
in logy befuddlement

In through
the hotel window
the sun cuts
the lazy fog

A naked city
appearing with endless windows
towering over the busy pedestrians
with no desire to fret behind glass

The rooftop pool
welcomes reclined and emptying minds
to bathe in another summer glow

The scrapers
permanently scratching at the sky
hogging the view from the little ones below

And this man
behind the window ponders a reason
to get out and skip stones at the pier

to scratch down a sight
despite everything's all feeling done

But unlike those
who built the profound towers
he shrugs off the dream of novelty

And cares not
to be a pioneer of ink
but just to say something

and to say it
without the feeling of fighting
against his own words

to say it without
the fear of following too many dusty rules
or of breaking not a single one

Frm 15 stories up
he'll leap out and sail over like any other
sun soaked and city gritted seagull

Chicago
don't mind the \$2 notepad
it's merely sketches
of what you are today
and a few directions
to coffee and a sandwich