

Coming Home

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Coming Home
to Chicago

The skyline; giant buildings

Man-Made mountains

An endless array of options
steps

beyond your front door

Ambient Lights

And BRiGHt Folks

Make-up for Bright Stars
you can't see

Awakening to Beeping Horns

or Wailing Sirens

but you rest

Your neighbors ... They're Playing

those Horns, those Sirens

like gods, breathing

LIFE

from the pavement

... on upward ...

Homely musicians

groove on the street

They hear da' city's jazz 'n blues

making noise in their heads

You got Rich; you got Poor

You got Young; you got Old

Crazy; Sane

Women; Men; In-Betweens

You got Yourself a Well-Rounded city, Sir

With tall buildings

and clean sidewalks

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Veronica Kott