

## LAmmonia

I journeyed down  
to Downtown  
on a particularly humid day  
and for block  
after block  
after block  
after block  
the whole place stank of

piss

The whole town  
The whole town

The sun cracks the sidewalk  
The crackheads line the sidewalk  
The wheelchairs have no tyres  
The whole town stinks of

piss

A woman  
with sun leather skin  
her head crowned by a matted clump of city filth  
sits rocking in the centre of the sidewalk  
Sits rocking in an estuary pool of her own

piss

The sun cracks the sidewalk  
The crackheads line the sidewalk  
The wheelchairs have no tyres  
The whole town stinks of

piss



In the heart of the Fashion District  
a man squats on a name-that-stain mattress  
his mouth spasmed  
fixed lockjaw in a silent wail of the damned  
if he does, damned  
if he doesn't  
His pants lead heavy with

piss

The sun cracks the sidewalk  
The crackheads line the sidewalk  
The wheelchairs have no tyres  
The whole town stinks of

piss

And as I walk about  
I find myself  
on the cusp of needing a

piss

so I hunt down a Starbucks  
*Good for nothing if only for taking a*

*piss*

but this Downtown coffeehouse virus is Restroom-less  
barren of any bog  
because the homeless  
- the head barista tells me,  
as he pours out his tiny heart  
into a cappuccino microfoam -  
would only go and use it  
to take a

piss

Bigtime bursting I find a ragged alley  
*up the rear-end of Starbucks*  
*it so happens*  
where I add my say to the uric funk  
of this excreted bladder town  
with its countless brooks and creeks  
and lakes and lagoons  
of sun-fermented

piss

The whole town  
The whole town

And then I headed home on a metro train  
doused in end-of-day  
eau de commute

Top notes: citrus and ginger  
Middle notes: lavender and rose  
Base notes: rotten eggs and burnt matches

And out the window the sun cracks the sidewalk  
and the crackheads line the sidewalk  
and the wheelchairs have no tyres  
and the whole town stinks of

piss

