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