

## **To Lake Erie**

Sitting on the edge of our city,  
you are far away, your water looks blue and clean,

Closer we see you waving full of  
diapers, plastic wrappers, dead fish, rubbish.

To the city, you are our resting place,  
when the sirens keep going and the homeless

keep begging. It is here, where the wind blows off of you,  
people can breathe away past due utility bills.

Here, is where lovers meet and break,  
where tears become the color of you.

Where nostalgia is sitting on your beach,  
near the shore, where trees hide silence.

Where storms appear in the neutral of  
the skyline, children rushing to cars, lovers

Rushing to cars - both needing  
safety from the heat of the sun.

You are the ever flowing watering hole  
that attracts tourists rats racists jealousy.

Here is where the summer shines, where hair blows,  
where the wind kicks feet off of the ground.

Where you want more, where strangers want also  
where us city folk want extra, where naysayers want

Higher, where suburban folk want other, where  
we all deserve new.