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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Damian Rucci: Two Poems

Damian Rucci · Wednesday, July 18th, 2018

### From the Sidewalk

from the sidewalk  
the bay is blue  
welcoming  
the succubus  
of shore town pride

the business men  
in their suits  
are turning this town  
into something it's not

a colony of the city  
money movers  
trade morality  
for escalades  
and unkept dreams

I remember the waterfront  
before they paved it  
when the wooden boardwalk  
bumped with the nightly tide

when the police  
never bothered to bust anyone  
for fishing for dinner  
and drinking a brew

when west front street  
was weird and happening  
when you could park  
within earshot of the breaking waves  
but I see the change

down beer street

where you could always  
find a cheap gram  
where I first saw  
a loaded handgun

where hard times  
and section 8  
bonded the poor  
into a community

they're building condos  
for the clean face elite  
building high rises  
that cost 2000 a month

where were they  
when the bayshore  
swallowed the coast  
when the hurricane  
equalized the rich  
and poor

in a fifteen foot  
storm surge everyone  
is afraid  
your car is no longer  
a status symbol  
when it's floating down  
the street

suits and hoodies  
don't look much different  
when you're wading  
through four feet of water

from the sidewalk  
I watch this town  
be swept from the waves  
of commercialism

the bodegas of san juan hill  
are the next to go  
yoga studios and starbucks  
will consume the bars then

from the sidewalk  
we will wave goodbye  
to our homes

\*

## Bathroom Stalls

here we are again  
borza is breaking up  
the pills on the sink  
i'm watching the door  
it's our nightly dance  
it makes the world shine

it's always something  
to make the night glow  
always the adderall  
always the ritalin  
always the molly  
the weed keeps us grounded  
keeps our hearts in our chests

borza and I can't get off  
the couch in the day but at night  
we're entrepreneurs we make it work  
we're scientists four hundred milligrams  
of caffeine is enough to double an addy twenty  
add a pack of smokes and you have  
nirvana baby

we live for the lightning  
howl into the empty 3am dawn  
sit buddha face as the sun greets suburbia  
work isn't work when you're flying  
work ain't just work when you're dying

we talk about all the things  
we want to do on the outside  
save money one day and clean up  
but we both know we'll be  
in that bathroom stall again tonight

We both know  
there isn't anything on the outside  
for men like us

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