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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