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San Francisco

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SAN FRANCISCO, CA - AMANDA MARTIN



I'm going back to dirty sidewalks
And twinkle-light trees
Whipped cream fog
On stacked, steep, streets

Skies that aren't blue
Caffeine fueled wrists
Boas on Chihuahuas
And mansions made of bricks

Where cultured chatter charges
neon lights
And wooden bars soak in rum
Drunken heels look for their
purse
After jerking nauseas fun

Techno sets the rhythm
Of hurried, heavy breath
10 pm is dinner time
Wear black, slender dress

The homeless sit in a yoga stance
Leather-men host parades

Flashing cameras light up a Golden Bridge
Over a glimmering, hypnotic bay.