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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.