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Poem # 50

Re: Quilt #7 Downtown Windows

Brick & Steel, Glass & Sky

Hey look at me, no not down there
I'm way up here, a small
part of this city's cloud-bound
everywhere I'm high
as the sky and I
will rise to any occasion blown my way

The winds of change have designated
towers of power have all debated
this here is the future of the cityscape
Stop looking down at your xeriscape,
I'm up here in the sky I'm scraping
by, looking fly and flying high like a bird
on the wings of a prayer this close to where
the hosts of heaven are supposed to reside

I'm brick and mortar, steel and cocktail
glasses, high-priced aperitifs for the masses
thirsty for some brand new
deja vu's
360 views of bay & seaside
ride up on the elevator's
50-story trip & tip
the maitre'd to get the best
of what I have to offer

all of this can all be yours
the price is all that's left
for you to negotiate
so don't hesitate
I'm strong iron built
on mega-storied
stilts but soft as quilted
patterns 'gainst the sky