

This city smells...

like body odor
like garbage
like dirty-mouthed screams
and hot dogs,
like coffee stains and loose piss.

Microbes in breezes carry people
to me in whiffs and wafts
pungent and unwelcome,
but I smile.

People are here.
People are around me.
People are creating other people
and we all think what we do is
important.

Perhaps this time
I am wrong
and what I do here on this mid-city side-street
is nothing more than self-indulgent.