

*Poems Starving Artists Can Eat*

looking out over  
my city

knowing  
you're not  
in it

knowing  
that not one  
of those million lights  
belongs to you

that you're not  
*somewhere*  
out there

makes it seem  
to be such an  
empty and abandoned  
place

and looking  
out over it,  
the lights like firecrackers in the distance,  
I pitied it

because without you  
this city is just a helpless behemoth  
with yellow teeth

and the poets  
will say  
that I've gone  
soft

let them.