

## Black Hole City

Its the city - this black hole city,  
Its dandelions and long old oaks pushing upwards, never quite catching a kiss of sun.  
Its sky, never quite blue but a shade of something brilliant in its own right!  
With its armoured streets, and spit-spilled pavements;  
lost months at lampposts, and late night taxis who drive the ones who walk the road at dark.  
It's a special kind of place, with its *artists* and its *vibes*,  
its broken gutter pipes purging rain and chemicals.  
A fluffed black and blue like a foggy sky too low lines the corners of a grandmother's kitchen,  
and she sighs since she knows it lines her lungs too.  
Her young neighbour is fruiting again, bruised from the baring - she holds her produce tight  
and smiles tearfully.  
She might light a cigarette and reminisce about the simpler times,  
times where she wasn't so full of things like oil and gum and *mass*.  
The neighbourhood dogs bark and bark some more, they know the boys around the corner  
store are playing blues again.