

Mechawaniencik: Or The Ancient Pathway
By Gregory JM Kasunich

Boozy basements brimming with that
hot-sour breadiness, sweet & stale
brick and yellow glass
chicken wire

The high and rush, clang and clamor
ascending into the new born night
the winter sun, gone to sleep early
lumbering, slumping over the sea

The streets bleed nostalgia
offering the tin of your childhood
for a price- a half remembered combo
aa-bb-aa-bb-a

It's a caffeinated cocktail
a hyped-up alcoholic haze
All green and grey and full of
huddled masses

Hunger for something gone
Remnants of everything that came before
faded storefronts, Hasidic knots-
rooted and waning

the embrace of the bridges
holding its city like a child
feeding the high-rise, the low tide
the silt and sand of change

the Venezuelan hangover cure
the hidden names persisting, sweetening
profanely in the shadow of
the rotting sugar mill

Listen! They whisper a plea
remember me- though I'll never be gone
from this place, I no longer seem to
recognize what remains of my face.