

## **we are epoch**

in the city we use *city slang* to mash up  
our dialects fuse one  
sentence one  
street this time

we let our heels rub  
down to plastic dust  
meets street grime  
looking both ways before  
crossing the handgun

when bullets overcome us  
the beasts who fear us  
are stronger for the ware  
whereas we choose  
shade in covered courtyards  
avoid sweat at all  
coasts lined with electric

is this the nature withdrawal  
syndrome or palindrome  
it doesn't matter now  
we are not avid diva(s)  
we are not machines

just makers doers whisperers  
welcome to the anthropocene

our city-scapes eye-scrape  
between graveyard trees that  
hum the language of roots  
everything drives crisscross to center  
avenue confession booth arcades  
we don't worry about

how plastic surgery fissure  
seals like no one's  
business trip

we write sagas  
on the backs of graphite  
histories telling true tales about  
how we used to be animals

we breathe smog signals  
build sex studios  
cage our common enemy  
we design decades  
we are