

subway song

strange women come down subway stairs
walking under realism, walking inside
the concrete streets.

the subway fan spreads
everybody's breath around,
people reading newspapers
not respecting each other
a long welfare turnstile of faces
seeking half minute stardom on token ads
reminding them of what they should be
the virginia slim liberated woman
walking the winchester man.

how far? really how far?
leaving my innocence on cold stoops,
why is america confused?
why does she adapt foreign modes
to escape her present reality?
why am i left alone as if i were
a token outside a telephone booth?

slowly beginning to hate the make-up girl
a certain nausea ... diarrhea
faces not integrating, and me, the between
of silent streets in nocturne caves
digging deep in faithful sleep i sing:

nobody goes to east harlem in the morning
nobody goes to the south bronx in the morning
east harlem receives the subway with a sad face
nobody wants to see beauty in the morning
and the building on an empty lot disappears
in the darkness of the sunny day.

my eyes are closed
my eyes are opened to see the dark world
inside the above of my eyelids.

i found the happy spirits

protecting me
singing to me
goofing with me.