

## New York Nights

Recoil

Mind numbing, mentally crushing, membrane sloshing noise.

Manhattan rumbled through night and I never knew that.

Had suspected, had read it on t-shirts: 'The city that never sleeps.'

But didn't need to believe it.

The onliest sound I believed was the train pulling out, heard from 'bout 6 blocks away.

That was an all night sound.

Smooth, not chatter.

The noise was too noisy.

I mean noisier than noise had to be.

Noisier than the splash sound of the shore upon the roar of a 757 taking the summer route.

Upon mom vex cause little kids don't listen.

Noise bigger than blockbuster videos playing in the next room at the 4am matinee and the phone...that was just noise.

I mean noisier than noise should be.

Not ear deafening, mind numbing, mentally crushing, membrane sloshing noise.

Keithie and his boys walked and talked shit nights but it was always distinct, not chatter.... 'n' jersey girls didn't giggle at the freaks, 'talianos sucking

Corona bottles making crashes fill the street, never plugged the void of my nights because the void was silence.

Over in Bushwick, the ice cream man pulled his truck over while, shall we say, he got his popsickle sucked.

He pulled over his truck but the song kept on, all day, all night. The song means the ice cream guy's gettin' some - it don't even mean ice cream. 'Cause they hear the song and there's no guy selling ice cream from the truck. 'Sides, who got money to be giving kids every time they hear the song woven between the sounds of car horns and latin rhythms.

And the ice cream guy gets death threats.

Gotta get me a token, make the rumble of the 'A' my lullaby.

Gotta escape to the womb of my room.

I never believed in New York nights.

I never slept in Manhattan before.

21 years, 16 by the shore.

It may have taken a while to get used to the silence, the absence of sound through night at my home but I've never slept in Manhattan before.

It hurts.

It is hurting my head as I write this.

It is making my mind squeeze itself through a tiny doorway onto

a massive stage where sound is disconnected from action.  
Each render themselves tiles in the mosaic.  
Pretty is the picture from far away.

Gotta get me a token, make the rumble of the 'A' my lullaby.  
Gotta escape to the womb of my room. I never believed in New York nights. Each tone drifts against the next with nowhere it would rather be.

No desire of dominance, no call to signify nothing.  
Gotta get me a token, make the rumble of the 'A' my lullaby.  
Gotta escape to the womb of my room.  
I never believed in New York nights.