

Reflections

Reflections of old downtown houses
On business centre windows
Crooked
Like circus mirrors
Western comfort is pale
Mixed with Yorkshire ale
Tastes better
And hoppsy bitter
And it is rare to find
like foreign tourists
Speaking Serbian fluently
And we sink
Back to the drink
And small talk
In this ever imploding city
And poison ivy
Seems to climb forever
These tavern walls
It will die
halfway
And keep climbing
In spite of that

Impressive
Yet
No one will
notice