

This Is A Miami Poem

How do you write a love poem for a city
that does not love you back? A city where
red doesn't mean stop, red means go
back inside, remove nail polish with acetone
because one wrong look can mean death.
A week before my birthday, a gay man on
South Beach was beaten with a stick and
called a and the tide still came in
that night. The music still played and the
tourists still stumbled through, drunk
and barefoot in the neon rain, and the
drag queens still did their rounds. And
with the weight of every streetlight
you've prayed was a moon to look to,
you search *schools in the north* and
remove your bracelets before walking
on the sidewalk at night. Out of the corner
of my eye, I watch the buildings
and streets and people and lights, a
ghost of myself in the darkened
window, and I pray I could leave,
but I know that I won't.