

Toward the end of summer, a pall settles over the city  
Invisible, but deeply felt in the heated concrete,  
    the melting ice-cream,  
    the sun-baked skin  
In nipples hard from 8-hour days of air-conditioning calibrated for different bodies  
    different cosmogonies

As the city takes its last breaths before it goes under,  
It laughs with a desperation like nitrous oxide  
And clings, gasping, to the lover whose name it can't recall  
Sweat-soaked, it wishes it could move faster  
    Take in the sights  
    Taste the salt  
    And savour the sting  
But moving faster is just the problem  
And summer ends in starts and shudders  
The soles of the new year worn low.