

Claiming the night's... ©

by Camincha

...sounds, colors, streams of city lights

—like silk scarves blown out to sea by foghorns at dawn:
its bohemians and dreamers passing through Chinatown,

North Beach, Columbus & Broadway, Pacific Avenue,
the Sunset the Castro, la Mission and even the Embarcadero:

with its faraway stars stretching out over the Bay
to the Blue Monkey, Sweet Inspirations, Sacred Grounds
and Café La Boheme...

...sounds, colors and streams of city lights

with its foul grime and dark streets,

so hungry and hidden, deceiving us into

inventing new hopes with old dreams,

carrying us through a world we can't really afford,

but still dare to dream of...

and she's been among them:

among the silk scarves of dawn searching

for dreamers and bohemians in Chinatown, North Beach,

Columbus & Broadway, Pacific Avenue,

and out in la Mission and even the Embarcadero,

mastering every adversity as she goes,

claiming the night for herself.