

## **CHI-KU**

by Joshua Siegal

What's the fuckin deal?  
Cutting me off, you bastard  
Red light; we both stop.

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Pensive, I gaze up  
Above, clouds lope in the sky...  
Whoops - stepped in dog shit.

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By the Drake Hotel  
Round that L S D corner  
Whoa shit, hit the brakes

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Stupid grease monkey  
Char-dog, g'damnit! Char-dog!  
"Put hot dog - on grill"

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On Division Street  
Empty burned out windows curse  
Those fucking condos

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January chill  
She, after the Superbowl:  
"You get yourself home"

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Poor deprived children  
A lost Chi-town heritage  
Ketchup on hot dogs!?

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Seven-dollar 'Beef  
Smaller than my damn wallet  
And the team sucks, too

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Blood wells at my lip  
That the bouncer or some dude?  
Wicker Park, up late

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Brown line yuppie girl  
Turns to her Ken-doll man with:  
"God I hate people"

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Irish laborers  
Built Chicago with their blood  
Now they run the town

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Blue-white cloud blanket  
Sun stabs concrete through the gusts  
Weather in the loop

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Hancock's stacking exes  
Loom over grey-green tumult  
The lake is angry

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Rotted wood porch planks  
The musty basement below  
Band practice tonight

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My fleece, or t-shirt?  
Breeze lifts rain smell from the street  
Sun and shadow, spring

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Women with their dogs  
All prance around lakeview streets  
Leashes, collars, tongues

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On michigan ave:  
"I do, I love shoes...love em."  
Old lady, pink coat

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They're crumbling the streets  
Potholes, rocks, and day-glo vests  
The city that works

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The same damn char-dog  
My hood, two bucks; eight downtown  
"Property Values"

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My favorite colleague  
South-side woman so funny  
She'll whoop your ass, too