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## **RIGHT BELOW THE TRACKS**

A, C, E to 42nd,  
is the only place  
with Kings and Queens  
living in democracy.  
The only place letting  
every diaspora  
create its own land,  
The only place allowing  
kids to settle their tents  
in bodegas blasting Don Omar.  
The only place they  
spend hours after school  
consuming little Debbie  
zebra cakes with 25 cents  
little barrel juice.

Above  
 the tracks,  
 A, C, E,  
 we watch buildings scrape  
 pushing towards  
 the sky,  
 conquering  
 the past  
 full of cherished  
 dreams and abrupt  
 moments of frenzy.  
 The only place  
 that renders green  
 exploits and gold  
 capitalism  
 on street walls.

The only place  
 where grayscale,

nomads  
 merge into  
 concrete barriers  
 in cold cities,  
 lost in wander,  
 forgotten by citizens  
 glued to their phones.

The one  
 place where  
 street crime  
 runs rampant,  
 appearing  
 frequently as a  
 daily order of  
 coffee, creamer,  
 and a cube  
 of sugar at 7am.  
 The one place  
 to see confetti rain

and fireworks.  
 The one place  
 occasionally blue  
 in deep mourning  
 over great politicians,  
 thoughtful altruists,  
 and creative artists.  
 The only place  
 where days merge  
 into nights  
 and nights merge  
 into days,  
 smudging the  
 calendar year brew  
 until all grief,  
 all anguish is gone.  
 The only place  
 where freedom  
 and liberty

stand at two points.

Yet between the tracks  
 is where all faith lies,  
 an adventure in the  
 life of a cultural tycoon  
 can exist in the city of dreams.  
 The only place wielding a badge  
 of honor as a means of survival,  
 conquering broken systems,  
 conquering broken cycles,  
 and recreating new ones.  
 The only place overtaking the stops  
 pass the pop culture, and the high culture  
 dominance, chugging and chooing.

The hub of a lifetime.