

Glad Carpencu-Pop

**I smiled at you
from under the bricks**

In Front of the 24/7

I wait for Alex and feel
a piercing wind choking
an embrace of existential significance
It could've been my head
Who would we be if we didn't live, didn't live
it might remind me of the deception of
profession, I stare down
at the building's chip
swallowed by its weight
bricks full of questions and uncertainty
what did we do to deserve this when ours have erred
blood flows through cracked plaster
from the hammer of time and hope
the intersection swallows e v e r y t h i n g that passes
it's an unsolved puzzle
how can we live with the courage to think:
"I did this, was it worth it?"
it could've been my head
maybe it will be my turn

What is a city

But a nest
But an experiment
But a disease
But a dream
Of a frail system
obsessed
with consumption
And what else can it do
but love you until
it grinds you endlessly,
but you know this
You accept this
because
You like to eat
You like to drive
You like to f...orm
To sow
To live
To age
And I understand you,
We both plant
A better future
Or the same withered sprout
 I don't wish to disturb
I ask forgiveness
I implore you not to be part of the p r o b l e m
Another tree has fallen
our eyes don't meet
when we cross the desert
barren bet/when facades
We have no time
We have no money
We have no compassion
look, a flower has bloomed.

Is the city a nest

I am blind

I dive into the sky thinking

between the corners of knives

and shards of buildings

try to breathe

a clean idea

I don't see K of stars

I see neon lights

broken

I bow my expectations and am unable lay eyes

gazes

fingers green grass or petals

I see syringes of worn-out ideas and balloons

concretes so thick that no seed of an idea is born

a thought drowned by the drains of hope I give out

expelled through channels of ignorance and greed

no one willing to admit

complicity in the evolution of disaster

they all roll in their own bubbles

of fetid comfort

to save themselves again

skyscrapers irritate my retina

when I breathe with my eyes closed

I feel my lack of empathy

we are the same, I know you

this is what the client wanted

it's not your fault,

I'm the fool insisting to exist