

Skyline Aversion:

How a gay boy grows up to view the stars above and city below

Anonymous

A skyline standing tall tonight
with windows shining oh-so-bright,
is bathed in tears of those who weep
for seeds they sow but never reap;

Streets beneath still busy as noon
let lonely hearts now sink and swoon;
And sifting through His inky space,
I pray the stars will grant me *grace*—

I wonder if he sees His moon,
or do hateful Clouds crowd too soon?
Is he like the block, wide awake?
Or more alike my dormant state?

Still, I will keep my distance from,
this skyline housing that someone.