

Manhattan

The encroaching corporate thicket
Grows ever denser around you,
But you never seem to become
Ensnarled
In its thorns.

You blatantly declare your
Crunchy,
Tree-hugging nature
To a world that doesn't accept it.
You keep a compost pile.
You recycle and only buy organic.
Your lawn mower is muscle powered.

The years spent in a cubicle never killed
your
Dream of ducks in the front yard.

You may be buried under the
Burden of
"Responsibility"
But nevertheless remain a
Flowerchild
In the midst of
Manhattan.

Kitty Rodney