

A Rooster Crows in Brooklyn

by Tiffany Alicajic

GROVE STREET the last place i'd be skipping through houses of
brownstone that line the narrow streets lovingly like a five-year-old holding a doll
i meander along injecting archaic café culture where people sit like crows sipping
reading chattering the umbra of burroughs still breathing within café figaro i once
sat in grove street think i traipsed into sesame street the antique houses their
chestnut steps smoking on steps at lunchtime make cigarettes look
sexxy

i blew gold star kisses to grove street where woody filmed *Annie Hall* near
delicious gingerbread houses i once saw the haggard man of wood here here a
wiry coat hanger playing his clarinet in the carlyle i spent too much money i
fucking hate jazz i wanted to ask him for an autograph *Play it Again Sam* is my
favourite but ditched the chance to ask for he really was
the most depressed looking man I ever did see

i forget the letters ScatteRED in front of me a headline roaring
ONLY FIVE SHOT IN MANHATTAN OVERNIGHT when i taste baked
cheesecake for breakfast it's like inebriated fairies tap-dancing in your mouth
surely beats the pastrami & mustard sandwiches assembled higher than an
uptight hot dog larger than an obese horse only bonus is waiters smile like
psychiatric asylums when they hippety-hop over carrying the plate to you now
where's ya medicine

all hail the beaming chrysler building mother of all dildos ejaculating over
new york city twinkling like an marcasite tiara squatting over the head of a off her
brain bride the empire state reigning as the groom looming over the city like GI
Joe.

miss chrysler winks coquettishly in the arctic air knowing she'll always remain the city's darling her shiny disco suit as polished and unbreakable as the tin man when he finally collects that heart of his

look at the immeasurable building blocks of diamonds unblemished snow in the park hear the horses plod pulled by quaint carriages of plush purple & starry black new york you are the love-sick monkey on my back a mixture of mammoth beauty alongside a drunken rampage of garbage bags thrown against each another inside a wrestling ring of neurosis there are no GARBAGE BINS HERE plenty of vents in the road from which steam curdles in the twilight spectres doing the rumba the lust coming up from the subway compatible with the caffeine in my coffee the size of a rotund whale the only good thing from mcdonalds

Oooooooooooooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

i love NY so much i feel i am stalking her

HAPPY to draw in last breath here as long as it is nowhere near Chinatown no last thoughts of inhaling meat from ducks and pieces of pig dangling pathetically from their feet

manhattan mob how do you maintain your fraudulent beauty with no pills to strip your eminence no plaster to fill your crow's feet avenues even your homeless panhandling the streets like scattered hundreds & thousands topping is just a seething pimple on your back i'm in love with all your senselessness the time i thought i'd take a pee in the plaza just to see and oh how the toilet seat was like sitting on a spouted rose!

how the water drained like silk,

the soap spuming scrumptiously like coffee, cake & cream!

can you believe tipping the frilly skunk \$10 AUD just for handing me a towel I guessmyconsciencewouldn'thaveletmelivewithitifIhadmadethedecisiontomakea run for it now it's down to alphabet city where the grass is grey and the boys are pretty where in moby's café vegans squat munching oats and sipping dandelion tea in their brown underwear need to visit the bathroom again there is a sign in here which says

No Humping in Here Please! tch what a pity manhattan always makes me not fair
this love affair ENDED TOO ABRUPTLY like a shaft of chocolate i remember
the moment i was last here sashaying along the brooklyn bridge towards the
towers when apartment halos sprinkled around me like fairy lights on rudolph's
sled i see underfed people

undressing in their rooms wistfully looking out their windows to where
attitude is everything and people don't give a motherflying
fuck to where the windows of the world stand next to the greatest bar on earth
my martini mama is lady liberty shimmering against her solitary water below me
like a sylph shedding its slip

now there is diddly but a group of hard arsed texans taking family portraits in
front of the leftover crumbs

i remember that night when the first tower fell
my first thought was of all those
dishes, crockery and
cocktail glasses
falling to
the
floor

now back to the lemur with the unstoppable whip she reminds me that
she will remain the centre of everything a beautiful and insane creature the
monkey dripping diamonds down my back a scattering of postcards the ink of
winter forever suffusing through my beaten memory only to stop and rest
when she growls in perpetuum inside my freshly bit dream