



# City Sounds

(written in a downtown apartment)

blue flashing inner visions of metallic landscaping late night receptions  
dimensions outlined by machinery & automotive thunder slamming into  
building sides through silver tinged see through skies & panoramic glass  
reverberating metropolitan audiotracks to helicopters shaking the moon  
out of it's 2 am cradle & searchlight spotlights criminal celebrity  
Houdinis flying like whipping like lightning like Crown Victoria dodgers  
like chainlink motorcycle flatfoot hoppers & over gutters & under con-  
crete bridges swaying in manufactured wind singing Los Angeles ballads  
through vocal chord tunnels luminescent orange by design & home to  
cracked voices & maniac talkers & ragged baggage bearded philosophers  
writing runningman premonitions on back alley walls in black castrated  
zigzag garbage bag jaywalking swerve swerve rougher than old sweatpants  
cursive freeform & it spells out exhaustion & gravitational rebelliousness  
& encyclopedias on philosophizing the loss of everything whispering  
uncontained & unimagined round this electricity sizzling perverted people  
watching haven where elevators rising take uncontrollable jittering rides  
down deeper than fathoms but higher than mountains where streetlamps  
vomit transparent streams of neon into the shadow hungry eyes of  
blindsided vampire midnight graveyard coffin commuters where god is a  
green light at every intersection where one way cowboys herd combus-  
tion cattle through the gates where oxygen is suffocated by chemical  
cynicism where the weeping sleepers of cracked pink nail polish go to  
write novels about small town tragedies & epitaph witticisms where vir-  
gin street corners manifest sexual dragons & fine powdered elated glid-  
ing between corporate monoliths set into patient ground with Easter  
Island mystical ease & breathing the contaminated frozen disembodied  
insomniac rhythms that seep out of the castle of the air to fuel the  
hot sensational walking patterns of the girl in the red skirt...

& she doesn't belong here because this is corruption spaced out & sim-  
ple & driven into the foundation of original innocence that spins around  
ferris wheel sensationalism...

& she floats unaffected through mind ripping soul shaking flag waving  
battle blasting onslaught slamming judgmental ravaging downtown dizziness  
with unbelievable grace reminiscent of renaissance masterpiece phantoms &  
glowing she cuts through palpable cinnamon smog and smooth transfusion  
fog & she transcends the ugly gothic architectural angular sin of down-  
town Los Angeles...

& tonight I got up to write a poem about city sounds...

But I ended up falling in love.

## Jeremy Radin

Jeremy Radin started writing in the tenth grade because he liked a certain girl who didn't like him back so much. Well, now it's four years later, and the girls have changed but the routine has stayed the same. His themes are mainly loneliness, dreams, rock & roll, and homeless people. He is a loyal Bob Dylan fan. And while he started writing his poems in a sporadic and undisciplined manner, it was only after his mom played him Dylan's "Masters of War" and "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall" that he really buckled down and started writing seriously. And he only started reading when his good friend Danny had the balls to do it before him and tell him how fucking intense and wonderful it is. As far as his "style of readin", Jeremy likes to emote. Maybe that comes from his background as an actor. Or maybe it's because this is his favorite outlet... the only place he has where he can just completely cut loose. Or maybe it's because he saw Max do it and thought it was pretty rad. Anywho, sit back, relax, and enjoy the remix.