

I Am Not San Francisco

Anaia Gilliam

I am not San Francisco
The pee scented streets
Or the pee dead pee scented daisies

Nor
Am I?

The park that grows them
I am not the Market Street, the downtown
The bigger majority of the homeless population

Nor
Am I?

The red and or the blue of the gang territories
The violence
Everything that kills a city

Nor
Am I?

The more money stricken areas
Only made of pretty houses and pretty colors
The people who live there and see it for everything it's *not*

Nor
Am I?

The ten-year-old
No longer a virgin, lying about her age
Crying tender tears of pain

I am not San Francisco
Bleeding of hidden viruses
Or dirt covered vocalists who sing themselves into silence

Nor
Am I?

The poor people who sing songs in a sing song way about singing songs
as people look away at Civic Center

I am not San Francisco
The shape of the foggy clouds
Or the shining Bay Area sun
Or the claiming of your block, my block that in all actuality
Belongs to none of us
Or the “homeless folks hangout”
Or the music that walks the streets
Or the gay parades
Or the culture

I am not the San Francisco
That shaped me
Or the people I know
The San Francisco that made me everything I am and everything I’m not

Or am I?
Only a product of what it truly is