

The Tenderloin

Aidan Gardiner

Late at night when everything's an old yellow
Everybody's tired there
The old man eating alone in the Chinese restaurant
The kids standing at the corner looking as menacing as they can
The man who carries his home on his back
Even the little Three Musketeers wrapper fluttering in the winter rain
The buildings go up and up as if they're trying to run away.

My dad walks next to me
He's my bodyguard
Won't let nothing touch me
That's just the way he is
The way every father is
Whirr kish pum-pum kish
Look this way
Look that
Don't worry
This place is too tired to do anything