

Two Poems

Taryn Hubbard

Suburb Land Strip

Raise a concern.

Tell the pawn shop guy
in Starbucks I've got to see a girl
over a missed economic
boom.

Roll up the rim
on Best-Buy-Loblaws
speckled
super blocks.

We now offer
state-of-the-*argh*,
where are the parents?

I took from someone
and now feel stasis.

Can't talk now,
but the city between goal posts
is a culmination

of various bad habits,
frequent misunderstandings.

Should I believe
what you said
about the future
of this place or not?

For a social anxiety silver bullet—
try the bedroom community
after dark.

When I can't sleep for days,
I lament the deep dreams
I won't have the chance to forget.

Sounds Only Youth Can Hear

On steps where one
might sleep public
alarms chime reminders
to go.

What a difference
an alarm makes at
decibel only youth should hear.
I can hear it, still.

A reckless buzz
every, endless, day
scatters people
from across the highway,
even.

I can hear the alarm
above the traffic
in front of the clinic
across four lanes.

Its high pitch chirps, *away away,*
away away.