

Downtown

I took a stroll downtown today,
It was a depressing sight;
Empty storefronts, deserted streets,
Trash scattered about, traffic was light

The buildings were there, neglected,
But where were the people?
Some vagrants sitting along the curb,
And far away I saw a steeple.

I wished I had not come here
Where there was so little left to see.
And I could remember another time
When downtown was the place to be.

Once this was a place of energy, hope;
Once this was a place of ambition, thrift.
Now it is just another inner city desert,
Waiting patiently for a costly facelift.

I turned a corner, looked around;
Watched a cop kick a loose board;
Saw a hooker standing slackly
in a doorway, lonely and untoward.

Downtown had died, some time ago;
Wasn't noticed, there was no funeral.
The politicians still meet and talk
About the future and other folderol.

I will not go there again, I think.
It's too depressing, and the boulevards
Once so dynamic are potholed, cracked,
Vacant and scattered with glass shards.

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