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Observations at night

four dollars

and a handful of dust

in my pocket

I step in puddles at the sidewalk

a man throwing up leaning over the river rail

sour soup being

carried away and diluted

with the ocean

dark alleys, stench of piss

mix of alcohol and sewage water

women mumbling from second story windows

their men in

drunken sleep

noises in the 21th century night

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