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The City Has a Music All Its Own

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CRAIG DEMELO

The players cross each other on the street
and chant their pablum into hollow phones,
all soloists with eyes that never meet,
too busy as they shuffle their own sheets
of tired songs they're playing through alone.
With pointless joys and sorrows to a beat,
the city has a music all its own.

The vast machinery that comes to play
booms abrasively in metal zones.
Giant shovels make the earth give way,
cars and trucks and taxis have their say.
The howl and honking of their churlish tones
—savage trumpets—blare and shake the day.
The city has a music all its own.

Troubled voices blend into the mix
with darting eyes and secrets made of stone.
They stagger alleyways and chase their fix.
Negotiations made by desperate tricks,
through midnight windows cracked they hush and moan.
These wicked whispers echo off the bricks,
the city has a music all its own.

There's dissonance of shrill and painful cries,
accompanied by empty belly groans.
Angry sirens shriek their lullabies,

but somewhere in this terminal reprise
some hopeful vessels made of prayer and bone
are singing out their dreams to careless skies.
The city has a music all its own.

Editor's Note

Another poem entitled "Fault Lines" by Craig DeMelo is also found in this edition of *The Graduate Review*.

About the Author

Craig DeMelo is a Master's Degree student in the Department of English at Bridgewater State University. He teaches English at New Bedford High School. When he's not in a classroom, he is a performing songwriter, an author, a poet, and a husband and father of two.