Cass Corridor #1

If I’m to talk about the corridor I know
The narrow, suffocating stroll
Where street walkers in neon clothes
Or threads
Would walk up Cass with tricky goals

The darkness of it all
Still
20 years later
The danger of parking on side streets lurking
The late night quests to visit mainstay buildings
With shiny new names
That reflect this new village
This commune of consumers
With expensive bicycles

I just want to be accepted!
Not as new
As authentic
Said the black man
Wit the jitney
Before the uber
And the Lyft
He was part of the economy
Before this dichotomy
The half called the nots
Other half called the gots

I won't forget about the GOATS
I'll remember the names
The characters, the dark rooms
The deep BASE and sticky floors
For sale signs slapped on a ghost
Ghosts that can't be revived
Only replaced
I'm familiar with the haunts
All the stories that took place
Oh!
This corridor I know!
Spin me round blindfolded
On any street off Cass
I'll find my way home
Or make my way to The Bronx Bar
Perhaps that's preferable
For the drowning of a sorrow
Thoughts of friends I used to know
When all of this shiny
Was fresh and exciting
Oh!
I would walk past the Bronx
See the white and black faces
Now older, still nameless
Still way cooler than me

A punk song for crazy Dan
For East Palmer and Woodward
Regret that we never played chess
On your old glass countertop
I miss the conversations
About our city and these changes
The displacement of the seniors
The ordaining of the Caesar
And the Quickening of fever
Pitching ideas over wood oven pizza
And the coolest craft malt liquor
Us fools!
We should have thought bigger
When the land was cheaper
The collective attention skewed eastern
This was our secret, raw speck of dust
On the palm of Michigan
And on that speck
We were living microscopic
Simple dreams and sin
Now
20 years later
On my 39th birthday
I remember 19
Being one of the fresh kids
Who now have kids
Who stop in the Starbucks
And consume this convenience
I never thought would come

Could call it a progress
I'll call it a sure thing
Wide open for the right ones
With paper of green

This is for my brother
Jean jacket, a million buttons
The King of Cass
Adorned is his crown

And to all young the misfits
Promise to enjoy it!
Treat each alley like it's sacred
And please, pick up your garbage

Pop in the new pop ups
Hop on the gentri-train
But respect the bumpy road
Underneath the bike lane

Cass Corridor
The original name.