

## **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.