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Ode to the CTA

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Ode to the CTA

Hector Cruz

This...is Grand.
This...is Damen.
This...is a pathetic excuse
For a transportation system.
Doors...closing.

The CTA.
Where every other day
Is doomsday.
Oh no,
Another fare hike is coming!

Blame the governor,
Blame the mayor,
Blame the president,
Just don't blame the CTA.

Ride on one of our luxurious trains,
Which reach all corners of the city—
Unless you try to go too far south or west
To one of those undesirable areas.

Instead try Lincoln Park,
Where you can be seen and mingle
With all of your fellow Chads and Trixies,
At all the trendiest bars and restaurants.

For you more creative types,
Try Wicker Park where you can
Get a sense of the true bohemian lifestyle,
Surrounded by former residents of the North Shore
Who pay \$3,000 a month for their loft
With their parents' money.
Ah, the simple life.

Just make sure you leave an hour ahead:
There's maintenance on the tracks at Western.
And doors won't open on the left or right
At Addison because the station is closed
For repair.

Instead try one of our overcrowded bus lines!
Just be careful when using one of our bike racks
Or one of our careless drivers might run you over
With one of our top of the line buses.

We're the CTA,
And we're doing the best we can.

The Poet of Hartford Accident and Indemnity

Lisa Higgins

Wallace Stevens on his walk to work
wondering where the words come from.

Wondering what he might do if he found an extra moment
tucked between the actuarial tables and metal filing cabinets.

Stevens asked, "Brownie, what do you think imagination is?"
And Brownie didn't know, so Stevens never asked again.

How lonely to be a poet in an insurance agency.
How slow the time, how slim the space for thought.

What might I do in the sliver between my obligations?
What thoughts on the drive home that Stevens might share?