

“BOSTON ROOFTOPS”

By

Nichole Currier

2117 33<sup>rd</sup> Rd. Apt. 3  
New York, New York 11106  
603-657-0566  
ncurrier24@gmail.com

I've only ever been to Boston once  
Leaving small town rooftops  
And lazy Sunday fields  
For the fast pace  
Go, go, go  
Heart beat ba-dum  
Beat ba-dum  
Beat ba-dum  
Adrenaline lights of the city

Seeing car blurs  
And fast pace  
Street light  
That subway clack, clack, clack  
I take it in like I just can't breathe  
Enough of this feeling into my lungs

I hold his hand like a vice grip  
Having never pushed so many people up against myself  
He knows I'm anxious  
In the buildings  
In the subway  
In the streets  
I find him pulling me closer to him every now and again  
Shooting me looks that wonder why I keep drifting towards sky scrapers

But seeing them looming window towers  
I can't help envy how close those steeples have gotten to touching stars  
Pressing bare glass against cloud whispers  
And as I try to accurately calculate the total distance between my heart to my head to  
the rooftops  
I feel another pull to my left and a jolt at my feet as the uneven wear down of the  
sidewalk tries to pull me back to reality

He tells me, "Keep walking with your chin in the air, baby girl, and your knees are gonna  
end up bloody."

He looks at me with a smile  
As if to really say, "Get your head off building ledges, love, the real world's happening  
down here."

But how can he not see such beauty in the way those ledges stand  
Like with their arms stretched out and their eyes reaching on for miles  
How can he not see such beauty in wanting nothing more than to touch a bird's soul

Feeling higher than Friday night and knowing you don't have to hit up anyone to keep  
this feeling going  
How can he not see such beauty in only having just to reach above your head to caress  
the moon goodnight like  
"Baby, you're safe here where even spacemen can't find you"

And I think it's in the sidewalk  
What makes him laugh as my sentences drift up and my eyes wander to the sky again  
Yeah, I think it's in the sidewalk  
What makes him ask questions instead of finding answers in the windows of fifty story  
soliloquies  
What makes him shudder at the thought of rooftops like,  
"I don't really like heights," I mean, honey, that's not really the issue  
That's the invitation  
And I think it's in the sidewalk  
What makes him glue his glasses to his sneakers  
And keep them headphones playing rock and roll so he doesn't have to deal with those  
people he's pushed himself up against

And I can see such beauty in him  
In the roughly drawn guitar fingers that trace slow circles on my rooftops  
I can see such beauty curling up with the smoke from his lazy windowed smiles  
Yeah, I can see such beauty in his late night whispers  
Laying next to me and dropping down like song notes from ledges

But it's when he turns to me on Main St.  
Walking back from South Station  
As he pulls me close to miss bumping shoulders with another stranger he asks me  
"Nichole...where's your head at?"  
And I don't quite have an answer  
For why my heart keeps chasing steeple tops  
And my eyes can't find home in the sidewalk  
Maybe I'm just more optimistic than that  
So I tell him "Honey, I'm only looking up"

**FOR MORE POETRY BY THIS AUTHOR, CONTACT NICHOLE CURRIER AT  
NCURRIER24@GMAIL.COM**