

# They Tried to Bury the Neighborhood

TY CHAPMAN

*For the Twin Cities*

but ain't we still here?

Stubborn & lovely, so many  
dandelions sprouting fuzzy heads,  
catching wind & drifting skylines.  
Ain't they try to sunder bud from stem?  
To pave lands we grow from—fragment  
& border—bury all that's soft & giving?

Ain't we still here?

Corralled by crosswalks: high rises & I94—  
Ain't there more granola spots than ma shops in soil  
we made roots? Ain't dirt we sprang from turning  
dry? Bitter & stingy, don't it take more than give?  
Names drifting 'tween breezes, autumn leaves.  
Brought from distant land, then offed. Wigs blown back  
still budding for false prophecies. Spectracide  
boys, good & old, wilt groves to patches.

But ain't we still here?

Blooming through potholes, reaching for sun-  
-touched skylines. Digging toes in earth that's  
soft & giving. Ain't the elders teach us how

to lay new roots? Digging deep & spreading,  
coupling networks spell: Floydtown, Castileland, Wrightville.  
Pavement cracked & buckling. New growth surging for fresh air.

Ain't we still here?

