

Meteor

By Alexei Ungurenaşu

Youth Poet Laureate for the City of Windsor

My shoes half-stuck to the mosh-spilled beer
I remember my life as a drum,
the pneuma beat into me resounds once more

return to dimness, the ringing in my ears
the maze of scattered chairs and tables,
I share the good news with all the artists
so we celebrate ourselves within the riffs,
headbang to the distortions, between light
spots dancing green and purple from the stage
to the red hair flicker beside the bar,
my friends shuffling, the hivemind active

enough to lose my mind, remember
this is Windsor
this is what we do here
this is home.