

2003: I Am San Francisco

I am San Francisco.

The city's streets are like the labyrinth I saunter to encounter my soul.

Its neighborhoods reflect my myriad beliefs and opinions,

Its alleys and avenues, my life's path.

Its bridges are the bridges I've spanned,

Its parks, my inner places of rest and repose.

Its hilltops unfold breathtaking views

As high as the quandaries I've climbed.

When I come upon Victorian homes

I see my wrinkles and flaws,

And in them my own seasoned warmth and regard.

I am also the cold sea breeze and fog

That envelop these houses with clouds.

San Francisco is surrounded on three sides by ocean

As am I surrounded by the deep mystery of life.

The city is a finger pointing northward to a fixed source,

Both of us guided by natural direction.

San Francisco is my home,

My body of knowledge,

My inner landscape.

Like this body I inhabit

San Francisco is one of my crossroads with the world,

Here I claim dual citizenship with humanity and myself.