

MOBELITE

Poem by Claudia Müller

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Me too,
I gotta move.
The area is getting busy,
with surfaces constantly changing.
Investments rearranging the neighborhood,
creating advertisable spaces
and places less poetic.

Walls cleaned and shops renamed.
Our messages removed.
Our language replaced by numbers.
This is social mobility.

Where once I stumbled through a littered alley,
the pavement now promises progress and profits.

I'll settle somewhere,
down the street.