

———— **The Hill Remembers** ————

The Hill remembers when the roads were mud.  
Stories kindled like embers from Aunt Ester's tongue,  
steeped in saltwater crossings and grief worn into calloused palms.  
Men moved with ghosts stitched into their coats,  
searching for what was lost—or long since taken.

Jazz wept through shuttered windows,  
a hymn and a howl braided in smoke.  
Pianos devoured time in their hollow bellies,  
each key a fingerprint, a wound—  
a family's song entombed in black and ivory.

Outside, voices scaled brick and sky—  
gritty, iron-laced, gospel-rough.  
A chorus rising, raw and ragged,  
scraping for breath,  
for soil that never softened,  
a place the storm could not claim.

Fences crept upward, slow but certain,  
rooted in the marrow of fathers like Troy,  
who carved into boys the strength to root like oak,  
even as the world splintered their backs.

In neon-lit diners steeped in stillness,  
men held vigil over more than coffee.  
The streets whispered in fractures and hush,  
every cracked sidewalk a gospel,  
each corner a lament for the unnamed.

Steel surrendered to glass.  
The city's bones—brick, soot, and ash—  
buried beneath gleaming blueprints and amnesia.  
But the heartbeat persisted—  
seared into murals, etched into flesh,  
drumming behind cement masks,  
a rhythm too fierce to flatten,  
too sacred to silence—  
the bloodsong thrumming under the city's skin.