

## birthplace: kansas city

mary van ry

Kansas City: Hot humid miserable summers  
Where you can't get dry and the air  
Is too thick to breathe  
Trapped between Jessie James and the Burke-Atkins Art Museum  
Unique and unapologetic  
Saint Louis only tries to look down on you

Kansas City: Following my father around the city  
To the WWI Memorial, Crown Center, 18<sup>th</sup> and Vine  
Seeing him happy  
For the very first time  
Can a person be made for a place?  
I think so.  
Chicago only tries to look down on you

Kansas City: Sit down at the Blue Note and listen to the band  
Overhear two old men who played with Duke Ellington  
Beef and Barbeque in perfection, these are what you do best  
Watch the business men in Armani try to eat and not ruin their suits  
New York only tries to look down on you

Kansas City: You stand by your teams win or lose.  
The Royals haven't won since 1985  
But the fans still pack the stands like George Brett was hitting again  
I look over to your number one fan  
My father wearing a Monarchs uniform, like a 10-year-old boy  
Peanuts and a baseball autographed by Buck O'Neal in his lap.  
Boston only tries to look down on you

Kansas City: You are not my home, though my roots grow here  
My branches need cooler climates, greener landscapes  
And the scent of the ocean in my nose  
Kansas City: You are not my home, and in your honor  
I will not apologize.