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, 18th 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.