

I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A Poem: Old Person Amusement Park

OLD PERSON AMUSEMENT PARK

Hey, Chuck.

Hey.

Did you want to hit up the new Amusement Park Tomorrow?

Sure.

Where is it?

Royal Center.

We should go soon before it gets too crowded.

Sure.

The down escalator sometimes has a thirty-minute wait.

What?

The down escalator.

It's scary.

If you don't time it correctly, + grab the handrails

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.

Isn't it just a shopping center?

Maybe for kids, Chuck.

But for us, it is enthralling. When I stick the first step →

I feel alive.

I know. I feel the same way when I navigate the rolling pavement →
→ on Burrard Street.

Yesterday, I came to a curb. It was at least 18 inches high.

Most of my friends turned away.

At the escalator, do they have a photographer?

Yeah. At the bottom.

You can purchase a pic → I got one →

Get this → my hands weren't on the rails!

You're a fucking rebel!

I prefer, ~~cunt~~

OMG. Did you just say...?

Yes. For the first time

After the escalator → did you want to hit the Seniors Grind up Davie Street?

I love you!

A Poem: Old Person Amusement Park