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## Boardwalk Empire

Truth Thomas

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Atlantic City is a good trip  
if you want to teach your children  
about pimps and screaming

and gunshots screaming  
at three o'clock in the morning,  
and seagulls that eat better

than people do, and wheelchairs  
parking people with oxygen  
tanks for guards – people

with canyons, instead of bags,  
under their eyes, addiction lighting  
their eyes like LEDs in flat

screens, at the boardwalk,  
on the boardwalk, Under  
the Boardwalk, where only

sirens sing, at the Trump  
Taj Mahal, at 3 o'clock  
in the morning. At 3 o'clock

in the morning, you can order  
Buffalo chicken pizza, with blue  
cheese on the side, from South

End Pizza, and they will bring it  
to your room – if you have  
a room. Say you have a room,

and paper to flame for a pie,  
and you're not sleeping  
in the shadow of "The Donald,"

of "The Donald Duck,"  
of the "Dick," also known  
as Donald, at Trump Taj Mahal,

where even seagulls  
have comb-overs, yours will be  
a good room. Wet bars thirst

for these rooms. All pimps know  
these rooms, like lipstick tricked  
knows sucky sucky sounds.

You might be on the 42nd floor.  
You might be loopy in loot.  
If you are loopy with loot,

your good time sugar will be glazed,  
but if you are not buttered and hot,  
thick with bread, you will be

a Happy Meal for seagulls,  
in Atlantic City – in America  
City – and tourists will clap

for these birds, finger them in phones,  
as they Hitchcock into storm,  
tornado into pecks,

scavenge whimpers of your children,  
and shit them out, up and down  
the Ferris wheeling street.