



HARD TOWN WANDA VAN HOY SMITH

L.A. is a hard town

The city of Angels is as hard to crack

as a coconut.

Hard to leave

Hard to return to.

Don't give up your apartment

Especially if it's under rent control

Nobody leaves Santa Monica

Laid back L.A. is not Big Easy.

L.A. is a hard town

Hard to navigate,

A megalopolis octopus.

Rapid transit is a misnomer

To get to the Downtown depot

Drive to the green line to

Change to the red line

To catch the blue line

Or is it vice versa

Don't worry about terrorist bombers

They'll never figure it out.

Freeways are not for sissies.

Prepare to face gridlock,

Road rage and drive by shooters.

Finding the cloverleaf does not mean good luck

Reaching the Valley is an Odyssey

Hear the song of Sirens on the off ramp

Pull over and stop

L.A. is an asphalt town

Born in Portland Oregon, Wanda Van Hoy Smith makes her home in Hermosa Beach where she has lived so long she feels like a California native. Her son Wynn, is a musician, and daughter Christy, a school administrator. Her books for children were published in another hardback Life. She is Aquarius and her Horoscope advised, "You have a remarkable ability to view all of life - including the unforeseen reversals brought about by your 12th house as a golden opportunity to learn and grow" so she started writing poetry. She is a member of the Redondo Poets who meet at Coffee Cartel and has read at venues like the Ugly Mug, Beyond Baroque and Sacred Grounds. Her poetry appears in several anthologies, Poetic Diversity and too many chapbooks. She reads at poetry festivals and book stores in California as far North as Pismo Beach. She is a coward so has not been pierced or tattooed.

