

O WALT WHITMAN

Park Avenue's azaleas: purple-rose
Cassandras buried this morning. As I
approach To an Unknown God: unhappy
greedy weekend waves. My agrarian
utopianisms evangelically
force up concrete but then a cripple passes by,
reading Walden. Choice? Not that I've ever seen.

Ten years here of looking up at empty
balconies. In Memory of My Feelings
costs twice what it did.

What will you know of
us 100 years from now but a few
puzzling scraps of celluloid boy next to
barn, noble's rusted vehicle: inad-
equacy of words to wants, even whats.

And you Walt you wouldn't recognize the place.
You'd drown if you took your ferry, replaced
by another poem; and at these crippled
couples, your heart would bleed and burst; but though
boy Manhattan you loved has grown into
man we hate, his slightly darker children
at least grieve him with their beauty.

Speaker,

choric audience creator, I write
music only you can dance to as you
cross what 100 years from now will link
blinding islands of extreme open hearts,
purest waters!

The streets are empty--far-
off cab sounds, lone runner vanishes around
a corner. I think someone walked into
that entrance. The stoplights feel they'll flicker
forever. The tide will, though never in
the same place. Now it's my apartment, I'm
on the top floor, alone like my six-year-
old, holding these frail thighs till the sun rise.

