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Pining Through the City

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Pining through The City

Erica de la Cruz

He slides _____ down the street
and stares up at the glass tops
and smoke stacks
emitting gray cloud
into the overcast screen of sky.
He walks past the steam and sizzle of hot dog vendors.
Children licking the salt off first-indulgently, off their soft pretzels
and mother's sipping soda's
outside the artful steps of the museum.
He hails a cab
and asks to go west of the park
-No particular place,
wherever six bucks will get him.
Through a pageant of bums
of otherwise homeless nuns
amongst the gray and white fans of pigeon feathers and feed,
the sound of symphonies escaping through their elegant skulls
through their beads of glittering sweat
and shit-streaked coats

(He thinks to himself)

“ it happens when you’ve gone to the birds”

Pacing along

his heart in beat,

in the heat of the heart of the street

_____ Long _____ strides _____

his motion:

flawless

...blasting rhythms zipping by.

He finds a bench

A colorless dot against the

couture cobblestone and the only green sign of something called nature.

It’s where he listens to Evey tell Julie

of her latest loves,

where he learns Jalaal is

losing his wife

and Moises lost his mind.

He finds pennies of fortune

spotted the

across sidewalk

and the buttons of businessmen

speckled on the subway seats

amongst other frayed ends and barely conscious mumblings.

He spends his day

routing through

Canal Street to Houston,

without giving a dime!

-he's only there for distraction

until another

sleepless

night

at St. Pat's;

contemplating the sound of bells

and the faces of saints.