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.