

Symphony for a New World

High above the fire escapes of the city,
smoke swirls into snow,
debasing / effacing
memories of cigarettes,
raisin regrets,
& Little Italy nights long gone.

Ask & I'll tell you—
A good girl's rhythm is kept in
trains & taverns and drinks taken far too strong—
a smooth Brunswick jazz the way we get along.

And after downing all those sours downstreet,
I can't help but feel bittersweet,
I don't belong / I never did

Whiteness—
either lack of it
Or sheer expanse of it in wintertime
is our undoing
as we walk bridges and burn them,
as we read poems and
swallow Port by starlight
on the rooftops of the Bronx.

Desire is sometimes the glacier
That can sink a ship of dreams
The politics of wanting can turn titanic
can upend across the aisle attraction—
transforming it into a frigid moral wasteland.

All the ways to lead a life
collide— and divide—
Slash a red line through the tie that binds
until the notes of a symphony for a new world
play on.