

THE CITY REMEMBERED FROM THE NORTH

Seeing the city from away,
excitement in ragtime,
yet like the slow sirens of flies,
the buildings,
lighted Shiprocks
in a wind-scooped dance,
higher and higher
frenzy of footsteps
in a wire-bound darkness.

Closer: lights,
broken bottles,
charmed but did not alter
a disturbance in the shape of a city,
as I saw the fat man in the alley
seem to shake the moon, as
the whole city hanging lettuce fire
from opaque canes,
made the choir-lakes of the north woods
drop from my memory
like a suddenly slammed piano.

GERSHGOREN