

# Nothing Beside Remains

*by* Bill Yarrow

It was the early 80's. My students carried  
guns. My colleagues died of AIDS.  
My bachelor neighbor was a cineaste.  
I walked the rent-controlled boulevards  
of Sunnyside and watched the glib sun  
set over loquacious Manhattan. Every day's  
evaporated apogee had its inky epitaph.  
We exist only insofar as we are remembered.  
The time we went to Carroll Gardens for fake  
IDs. Spending New Year's Eve in LeFrak City.  
Eating hot coconut kishke from Zabar's.  
Dreaming of the Ely Avenue Cleaver.  
Under the bridges of Kew Gardens Hills  
the invented truth still has street value.

