

# A Walk Down Delancey

*by* Carl Santoro

the large snowflakes  
fall gently  
onto my exposed  
flu-ridden head

my 102.2 degree heat  
melts each one  
adding to the poisonous  
liquid within me

bare-footed Jesus  
greet me on Delancey Street  
and coughs in my face

the lights of the Williamsburg bridge  
glitter with wet stars  
all lined up  
and the whiter ones must lead up  
to a heaven

Jesus puts out a smoke  
crushing it into the snowy pavement  
his barefoot twisting the life from it  
as vapors escape out from under his  
wife-beater tank top, just under the arm pit.

I cough  
I reach  
for the  
Williamsburg lights.

