

# speed

*by* Gary Percesepe

*for pari*

the dream went by this way  
i woke and held a cigarette  
the hudson wore winter white  
you were tinier than imagined  
& reached up to hug me on the  
corner of west broadway and chambers  
we've slept off years  
in different cities  
a slow burn of days and  
speeding nights and  
then we were children

