

# Where the Subways Go Above Ground in Brooklyn

by J. Daniel Taylor

**The rocks are hot along the East River  
Below hazy skies sent from Jersey Traffic.  
Pigeons peck at pieces of detritus,  
Walking calmly by pedestrians passing  
Through the park during their allotted lunch  
Hour. A girl with a strange frame —  
As if her ribs fused with her hips —  
Hands a friend an apple as an offal gust  
Wafts in from over the water.  
Children throw stones into the effluvia.**

