

# The Longfellow Bridge Diaries: Part 2

*by* Robert Salley

He canvases himself with small treasures excavated over time. They sway from his hips: the torn knapsack, the corners of the pushcart with which he struggles, its wobbly wheel jerking to and fro on the cracked walkway of the Longfellow.

He hoards them underneath the asphalt where urban artwork is for your eyes only and the weight of a voice can echo for days. He places them carefully at home in corners of darkness, under the bridge.

