

Back East

by Tim Young

Was thinking today of a brisk walk
along 42nd Street in the block
between sixth and fifth avenue
gazing at my churning feet and
the park known as Bryant

From this distance the concrete is
nostalgia under my feet
not as hard as it used to be

Flying back and forth
on my own wings would keep
greenbacks in the bank
and allow closer inspection
of the Mississippi

Could even drift off to
New Orleans for a slow sip
of a hurricane
before a complex focus
on the skyline

The Empire would poke me
sliding down its spine
stopping at 86 for one
quick view

The streets nestled in their grid
tying up in knots
rushing to nowhere
driving desperate in the rain
pounding my city brain

lost in the country.

