

reflection

infinite gradations of gray  
ungraced by seasons  
evinced nature's ubiquitous absence.  
dry sidewalks dappled  
by dull gumdots and droppings—  
the pitted and bandaged face of the streets  
grim with debris.  
paradise in artifice,  
the whorish rainbow of commerce  
spreads its gaudy arch.

awash in undulations of rushhour anonymity  
    unknown neighbors flood the city, above and below,  
        in the ambivalent grips of distraction and boredom.  
subordinates of use and usury,  
    sacrificing days to hermetic calculations,  
        in whatever compels faith and reverence we trust.

'freedomtower' miming cerulean shine  
rushes directly above,  
vanishing at the sky's deepest touch.  
pyramidal from below,  
calculations of finitudes and infinities—  
abstractions for cornerstones,  
an order of ages not so new.

towards the island's edge the ocean's furthest stretch expands—  
    mudgray waves  
        bluntly dull skyblue.

sunstreaks ripple the eye—  
    wrinkling light  
        blinds brilliantly  
            in fragmenting shimmer—

and at what points do we see  
    today's  
        gods  
    of measure ?

## Urban aesthetics

Looming rectangular Monoliths, nouns of modern Midtown,  
speak, like Plato, the angular language of prose,  
poetry's formidable enemy.  
Petrifactions of labor and love that sleep and wake but do not breathe,  
built on abstractions, delineate space and denote sense.  
One walks among the shadows of their extended forms,  
and beneath an obscured sky,  
rendered jagged,  
as gray as the soul today.

trainjangle rankles from underground,  
subterranean pulsations  
carrying bodies  
between stations  
and illusions.

grating glare of flashing neon—  
garish hues  
illuminate the day's gloom  
meretriciously.

truebeliever handing out apocalyptic pamphlets politely ignored.  
—the many ways our senses are steeped in lies.

amidst the musk of afterrain  
    irregular puddles culled by crazed asphalt are  
        gently dimpled by lingering raindrops—

a filthy pigeon's mantle iridesces momentarily  
    with glint of adverbial inflection  
        in the emerging  
            sunlight.

memory

meatjelly of mind  
made in a mold  
congeals in gelatinous lump,

savor of selfhood  
succor of stasis  
oozing its juices beneath—

ephemeral motions  
ineffable moments  
jiggling atop, jellyclump,

brewed out of bone  
brim of the brain  
thus is the spirit made flesh.

It figures

that nothing is  
written in ledgers,  
    standing its ground  
        and holding its place,  
denoting itself in comprehensibility,

begins the game.

Reckon rightly.  
Weigh and measure.  
Ponder quantities.

    it's 4:28,  
according to our calculations  
    of the sun,  
and soon the streets of midtown will quicken  
    with baby blue shirts,  
        conformity's peculiar hue—

    from below, the bland cerulean  
        sits heavily on top of irregular edifices—

economists, our modern theologians,  
wielding zeros,  
evaluate,  
explain, and exhort,  
fixing numbers' play  
    (if history holds true... )

One day, nobody asked—  
    and who would we be  
    if the counting stopped?

069-08-3090  
02/18/1976  
41-41 46<sup>th</sup>, 11104  
\$15,345  
19k

Odysseus, our mythic Ur-reckoner,  
exposed his true self  
by revealing his name.

—inside outside  
upside down,  
corkscrew logics run around—

mocking mirror,  
who am I?  
caught between the earth and sky,

miming others  
miming me,  
locked in mutual mimicry—

going over,  
bridge a gulf,  
conduct a metaphor of self

—this side, that side,  
which side now?  
what consequence of goings on?

lonely lover,  
who are you?  
not just one but never two—

staring out  
and staring back,  
live a life of love and lack—

hollow sighs expire still,  
waste and shame  
unwanted tell

—upside outside  
rightside in  
and bound to do it all again—

patient scholar,  
sculpting meaning,  
product of a lofty ceiling,

think of what to think about  
—upside outside

inside out—

drooling dreamer,  
what's your dream?  
stitching patchwork forming seams—

fertile refuse of the day  
holds again  
its fleeting sway—

haunted by  
your own-most ghosts,  
a phantasy to come at last—

write it down  
and stitch it out—  
dream of what to think about

—outside inside  
upside down—  
rightside up  
to run aground—