The Gilded and The Ghostly

arriving in new york last night
i made my way
past vacant men
in repose on cement

i didn't let myself
fall down into
the open pit
of their eyes

as my mind hurried me on
toward a train
my heart knew it could catch
even if it was broken

now warm and fed
high up in the canopy
i find wrought iron lace on the rooftop
designed to bring beauty into the eye

in this heavenly place
which holds everything
the gilded
and the ghostly

❦

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