

After sunset
when the buildingtops are dripping honeyed glow
and we are submerged in the din below
of cars and cabs and railroad tracks
buzzing by through hours,
The undersides of the low-flying planes
are dripping too.
You tell me you can see the cranes on West 39th Street
from anywhere in the city, it seems—
the canvas of Kansas stretching above
even the helicopters
As a couple walks its couple dogs
a little too closely behind us.
We hear the two people argue, internally,
about memories recounted too often and
dinner parties with the city's stinging astral league.
We hear them, and the eight feet between
which skip to greet other fugitive insects
as underneath, the sidewalk's shattered glass
reenacts a hundred new sunsets of their own—