

Letter from Brooklyn

by Jacob Scheier

I can already see how this will end.
How I will grow tired of the bridge's
steep incline, and the absent-minded tourists
wandering into the bicycle path.
5 The weather will turn cold.
But that all happens later.
For now it is the early edge of fall,
leaves green still while the air narrows,
is slightly crisp, almost grazing
10 the hair of my arm like a passing stranger,
as though the air has been forced into intimacy
by the brevity¹ of daylight.
But when it starts darkening at 4,
this closeness, I know, will be a felt distance,
15 like someone drawing your attention
to their lack of intimacy.
These days I am still walking at a cathedral² pace
beneath the branches bending across avenues,
brownstones like rows of lived-in chapels,³
20 like a pop-up picture book I could have had as a child,
but didn't. How Brooklyn makes me nostalgic⁴
for the moment I am walking inside of.
These late afternoons filled
with a loneliness that makes me feel
25 distinctly myself, and an awareness
of how rare that is.

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¹**brevity:** briefness

²**cathedral:** meditative

³**chapels:** private places of prayer or worship

⁴**nostalgic:** yearning for the past