

Amsterdam Av / 119 St

I have worked and I am
blank, soft clay
for the night's cuneiform,
scrawling with lamplight,
its stylus glaring weak
from dimmed windows where
swirl curtained lives, while

sirens scribble cursive
into my ears -- someone
somewhere is being saved,
down the avenue perhaps,
where traffic lights
write me a Christmas card,
but I cannot read

with my horizontal vertigo
for I am in orbit, falling uptown,
there the Saint Lawrence river;
there Santa and his elves;
there Sri Lanka in the awful
ocean, before I am back
above the Whitney, where once

I would catch the subway, desirous
of the world; but I am no longer
pinned, I am free from want,
a sculpted blob floating
above the pyramids -- neither
Maslow nor the scratching
streets will catch me now.