

“right here the other night something
odd occurred” charlie confessed
(halting) “a tall strong young
finelooking fellow, dressed

well but not over, stopped
me by ‘could you spare three cents please’
—why guesswho nearly leaped
out of muchtheworseforwear shoes

‘fair friend’ we enlightened this stranger
‘some people have all the luck;
since our hero is quite without change, you’re
going to get one whole buck’

not a word this stranger replied—
but as one whole buck became his
(believe it or don’t) by god
down this stranger went on both knees”

green turns red (the roar
of traffic collapses: through
west ninth slowly cars pour
into sixth avenue)

“then” my voice marvels “what happened”
as everywhere red goes green
—groping blank sky with a blind
stare, he whispers “i ran”