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A New York Poem

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A New York Poem

I.

Not that I ever remember
what I wore,
but this was a special occasion

in an airport,
where people drag their be-
longings through checkpoints,
as a matter of national security.

*(not that I could
protect you.)*

II.

Harsh light hung along strips
over white rooms.
The belts were unmoving.

We would stand in light forever
for luggage.

Waiting forever for others
also, someone resembling a lover?

*("everything's from New York, baby—
even grief.")*

III.

A small dog, an old Polish couple,
me with my backpack and suitcase

then pull it all back, further out
to the city in the plane ride over

*(where somewhere you were,
where are you now?)*

no great matter,
with me, forever,

on this scuffed floor—

almost sure.