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A New York Poem

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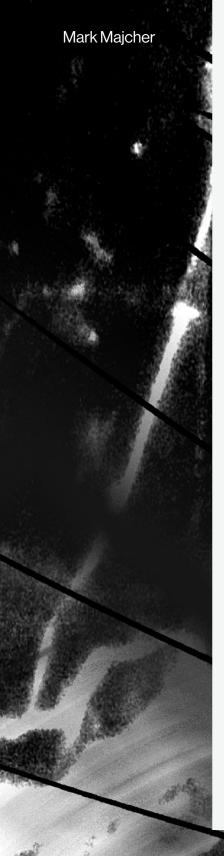
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A New York Poem

I.

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

in an airport, where people drag their belongings 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.