

## **It Was a Warm Night, Springtime**

It was a warm night, Springtime;  
Fog washed the city over — it crept  
Low to the ground, and slinked through  
Every alley. I was excited by the  
Electricity of Saturday night.  
The Streets were peopled, wrought  
With a hot energy, buzzing reverb,  
Amplifying the Model City. My heart  
Was beating and feet walking in step  
To a skip, getting nowhere fast; And  
As I charged through the city, I was born  
Again.

## **Sunday Morning**

Sunday morning with some coffee,  
A book, and the persistent hum of hung-over  
College Students finishing papers,

I dig back into a sleeping brain,  
Trying to pick out all the left-over meals,  
All the old invoices and receipts:

There simply wasn't enough space.  
In short, I was bogged down; so I got up,  
Charity for some other tired soul

In search of a place to sit. Home was to the  
Left, so I exited right, and walked the sidewalk,  
Going nowhere, when suddenly

The sky burst into a mist of rain, and  
The people ran away from the pestilent drops  
Into the nearest doorway they could find.

I must not have noticed the forecast, or not  
Cared — I found the rain refreshing. Each drop  
Cleaned another nook, another cranny,

Licked up all my tired thoughts and  
Loaded them into a dump truck to be  
Sent far away. And as the streets turned

A darker shade of grey, the sky began to  
Clear. All the windows gleamed reflections  
Of a burgeoning Sun, and soon the whole city

Was bathed in light. And there I was,  
Soaked, putting one foot in front of the other,  
Headed home and thinking:

Of what is the rain if not the Sun?

## **The Future**

Life is its own sort of time travel,  
Moving only very slowly, just  
Seconds at a time. And it's funny  
How these moments change you  
Into someone that you may not  
Recognize, or someone that you

Know all too well. While traveling  
The Future, You can walk down a  
Street and remember the way the  
Buildings used to look. Old apartments,  
Old businesses, old mannequins haunting  
Hallowed floors. Still, some shops

Will always remain, steadfast in their ways;  
Looking as old as you feel. Wherever  
You go in the future, when you see  
These relics of your youth, remind  
Yourself that this was time travel.  
And ask yourself if you really wanted

To go any faster.

**Untitled (12:35 p.m.)**

The rain hit the Air Conditioner like  
A thousand small taps on a snare drum,  
But it hit the ground like a wave  
Crashing on the beach with the  
Power of all the world's oceans  
Behind it. Staring past the computer  
Screen, I was admiring how the powerful  
Torrent faded the trees and dulled  
The colors of the houses.

It was dark enough at midday that  
The lights were on, worried they  
Might go out — Where is that thunder  
& lightning anyway?, I thought —  
My head was flooding, and the rain  
Was going nowhere. When, as quickly

As the rain began, it just went away.  
Colors reappeared, the cat came from  
Under the bed back to the windowsill.  
The sun popped out, magnifying the  
Drops of rain in the screen window,  
Like bad pixels in a digital picture.  
A cool breeze blew over my bare arms  
And legs, when from under the music  
I heard the sound of distant thunder  
And cracks of lightning; I wondered,  
Is it headed this way?

## **Watching the Comets**

It was a watershed moment,  
Or so it seemed. Off in the distance  
On the first night, the clouds were  
Too thick you said. Not a star could  
Be seen. Perseid on the second night  
Shone, and not even civil twilight  
Could hide the stars. You pointed  
Out to me how Orion swam just  
Beneath the horizon, out on Long Island  
As the ocean washed ashore. We  
Watched the Comets play in the sky,  
You said it was like a hundred shooting stars,  
Or so it seemed, and seemed to me.