

Brooklyn

Dirty rain makes dirty windows
swallow amber light
sinking behind taller buildings.
Green rectangle with teenage trees
and boxes of neighbors
teeming with silhouettes of potted plants
and dried grasses in vases.
There might be deer here,
if it wasn't Brooklyn.

Scented candle in the hall always
smells like cinnamon
so sweet I take the stairs
white and mute, to outside
to sun beating the sidewalk
a sharp shadow
hardly stopping for a red light.

Macchiato in that small white cup,
gloved fingers open like a nest
for the shortbread heart
in my open palm.

I take a left and a right
slowing when I pass a tree whose branches
grow like lungs across a wide facade,
a deep blue sea of paint.
Walking dazed past identical doorsteps
that make me wonder what it's like
coming home to a prism.

Outside the soap shop
air washed with acid flowers
are empanadas fresh and hot.

Inside time passes
like winter, jet black
punctured by apartments glowing
blue and yellow, one neighborhood
tucked in by infinite night.
There might be foxes here,
if it wasn't Brooklyn.