

Central Park North

The weather

tower seems to be
a church today.

Negro
boys

scale the semi-
circumventing rocks
as if
in play.

Today the streets are wet
with last night's rain.

Driven
ghosts of night

make their way.
It is three o'clock.

The soccer
squads are

forming on envelopes
of damp grass
while bankers bench themselves.

Today

the sun is moving
out toward the pali
-sades

over the Hoboken docks.

1.

Reading Pliny
in a broken book
my Grandfather once looked through
Quid platanon opacissimus?
Quid illa porticus verna semper?
I remember his house outside Baltimore
the banked lawn and sycamores
over a low stucco wall
and the car roared up
over the top of time
into the Twenties
the house coming into view.
"That's where we lived,"
my Father said
when he brought us back there for a look.