

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.