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Of N.Y. 1960

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OF N.Y. 1960

I watch 96th st. flick past
as the grime runs down white tiles
as the stains run down his white sock
slumped there across the car
and some where between a flicker of the lights that
sleeping drink across the car rolled over exposing the
facets of a half-digested meal
strewn like chunky stars across his chest.
or what's that damn kid whimpering about? Overgrown
15 years old, or 30, twisting an old shoe lace in his
hands. (took me 10 years to realize what he needed.)
Coldly, I avert my eyes, hook them onto the black mouth
of the open subway gulping the dark tunnel air
I ride swaying in this belly
under the crap, in this sewer,
We run upstairs, the Bowery . . . 3 AM . . .
we've got a couple nickels to ride the
Staten Island ferry . . . just for kicks.
Barbara Robbins

THOUGHT FRAGMENT FROM THE LAND OF HUNGER AND WIND

Greyness, loneliness autumn slips into winter
I long to run with the wolf
under the cold moon, across grey sparse hills.
I am dying inside, like pieces torn off
living ends, then dying is left and my will
to battle fades as the disease slips over me.
I am cold and empty. Restless. The bonds
grip and strangle as I struggle.
Warm arms to hide in have become cage bars,
lonely as a wolf, running
night's long hours till dawn.
Barbara Robbins