As I ride up the steep, the dark, the gleaming passage
From the belly of my Mother city
To her hard, bright skin, a star-point
Far above me begins to grow and roar.
Eyes retreat behind black glass. The lost-soul cry
Of mid-town lifts me towards it; white light
Fibrillates like a dying heart.

Gravity suspended. No turning aside.
Please use the handrails, for this is birth.
This is damnation. I rise. I rise defenseless
Into the brilliant din of noon. Thin-soled shoes
Are sudden upon the scorching, the filthy.
The dear familiar terrifying street
Which takes my feet and walks them swiftly.

Walk this way. Turn left on I Street, then
Disappear complete, you blank-faced, black-clad
Wisp of steam.
Evaporate into the urban shriek.

Old gray man sits
like a watchful indi
with eyes like
mulberrys red and
he stares at the ho
hes worn in his gray
from dust and ice
mud and falling
an empty gray bo
filled once by a red
(what a good year th
is held now by a d
scab spangled ha
a black little bastar
buzzes by his gra
and lands on a black c
but gray man doesr
hes got a .32 in his
and a bullet in his gra