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In the Yellow Light of Brooklyn

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IN THE YELLOW LIGHT OF BROOKLYN

when October gets too chilly
at lunch hour,
he is not hungry.
He sleeps more than he wants to,
more than you or I do,
but he thinks of sleep now
lingering on Court at Schermerhorn.
The rhythm of his job
is the short breath he will hear
when he tells her
what he has thought through.
She will choke too.
He will have to tell her
soon. "Love is not you
and I on a dreamy bed.
Life is not. I love
the girl you dreamed in childhood
you would become, and the girl
you are at night near a bed lamp
and when we turn it out,
but not when you have things to do.
You are what getting by
has made of you; I
am Canarsie. We have come
to ourselves in window envelopes.
The first star of twilight
cannot be touched. Its twinkling
blinds me and I fall alone
to my knees on Kings Highway.
I love you. Goodbye. Goodbye."