

The Canal Street Trilogy.

Part 1. Summer Duet.

A chance meeting.

I'm only half conscious of you.

as you pass by, pause, and come up beside me.

Standing by the wall.

we looked out on the dusk-lit, waters.

as small crafts, troll past Roosevelt Island.

Sharing the humid night's silence,

we exchanged tentative glances.

Smiling out of the corner of your eyes,

you said you love this spot.

And, that you've noticed me here, once or twice before.

We pass first names, and smile more broadly now.

Strolling, the piers.

Scheming about our yachts, that will never be.

Taking in the nights' varied music, and each other's unexpected company.

Part 2. The Pier.

Guys on the docks, in bulging muscle-man shirts.

spy us enjoying the night's breeze,

strolling, along, the Canal, Street, pier.

And, wonder aloud. What, a prized, piece, like you, is doing

with a pitiful, cripple, like me.

They'll take your, hand, and ask you, your name.
in return for, some half, assed, line, and a slimy kiss of your hand.

They'll take you, all right.
They'll take, all that they, possibly, can.

They'll take you, for a drink.
They'll take you dancing.

They'll take you, anywhere, and as far as they can.
They'll take your for the fun of it, having such a beautiful thing on their arm.

Part 3. Another Night.

I want you to appear, like you did before.
out of nowhere in particular.
Me, not knowing, where you'd come from, or your name.

But half anticipating, you'd walkup, gentle, and still, and not even, take me, by surprise.