That's Pretty Much Everyone

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2008/iss2/13
That’s Pretty Much Everyone

That’s Pretty Much Everyone

You and I reside in our broken project
A broken, but sturdy complex
I look out the window
Listening to the neighborhood noise reach crescendo
I see an old couple constantly fighting feeble
It’s just a sign of the times, no action legal
A taxi cab swerves, swears and honks
At Rucker Park, baptized is a street legend, vivid by his repertoire of dunks
A shadow of a woman is cast on the wooden closeted door
I leap back into bed to feel my core
Oh Harlem my love, we’re in Harlem, my love
It is night, but no one sleeps as mi amore crawls over to peer out the skylight born above

Oh my Harlem she breathes
People fighting
People struggling to serenade an untapped beat
People crying for help
People weeding through love
People here, there and everywhere
But, it’s you and I
That’s pretty much everyone
Yea, that’s pretty much everyone!

Not but a mere boy deciding not to define what’s there
A chilly autumn night
Leaves smacked against the skylight
Trying to keep warm with Harlem’s hair
A plane filled with a broken down salesperson jets beyond our humble abode.
She is mine and she is good, oh Harlem who I’m happily attached to.
Through the NY Street John Lennon’s love does blow
It just dawned upon me that our love is explosive like a Pinto Ford
Bob Marley’s three little birds chirp with accents
Dawn hits our faces
Bodies stretch and change places
A perfect night, deftly on time, no errors or accidents
Oh my Harlem she breathes
People fighting
People struggling to serenade an untapped beat
People crying for help
People weeding through love
People here, there and everywhere
But, it’s you and I
That’s pretty much everyone
Yea, that’s pretty much everyone!

Little footsteps send tiny shockwaves through the hall
Gets louder as they get closer
Off the door ricochets the energy ball
Our darling bursts through and not even friction slows her
*Pop* there flies a baseball into the atmosphere
Little Brooklyn yelps with delight
She went from near, to here, to there,
By the window, witnessing a person’s will to fight
She is ours and she is good
C’mere little darling
She smiles and pops off her hood
Kisses and hugs to our Brooklyn.

Oh my Harlem she breathes
Oh my Brooklyn she breathes
People fighting
People struggling to serenade an untapped beat
People crying for help
People weeding through love
People here, there and everywhere
But, it’s you and I and her
That’s everyone
Yea, that’s everyone!