A Walk In The Bronx

Edyson Julio
St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?
Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/3

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/3 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
A Walk In The Bronx

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss3/3
He walks among the cracks and stares. In the
sky, the dingy clouds huddle, they lick each other at the tips.
His hands play hide and seek with the cold. Clenched,
in a fist, in empty, tight pockets. His teeth
chatter, lips chapped. His chin pressed against his upper chest.
Now he stares at the ground. The scattered needles,
empty soda bottles, the used condoms. He can
hear its voice – raspy, loud, lewd. Sometimes, though, rosy.
He stops walking, shoulders lightly brushing his earlobes.
The thick weight of the cold stiffens his body, numbs his face,
clogs his nose. But he continues to stare, to taste the cold.
He isn’t only in his element, he has embodied it.
He walks among the cracks and stares.
The streets – undisguised, natural, bare.