A Walk In The Bronx

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://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.