i wrote em over a coupla trips on the 4 subway thru the bronx into harlem and into manhattan. at every stop i would write a little poem about whatever the cargo

Eleven Stops

Woodlawn

Bronx girls squawk cross aisle Eyes downdrawn at thumbphones (sing ringtones) Shoulder sultry-sway internal songbreaks When they run out of words

Mosholu Pkway

Pop swig UP husband haggard homeward Asbestos ash slathered hatbrim (red bent B) Afternoon move shadows flag flame him In-squint at wheel screech-- say, I SEE

Kingsbridge Rd

She-feet crossed (that cross) knock Sockless clomp in black flats Kicking knuckles of the under Staid workskirt ruffle secretary One more wordless yearner Halfway to Harlem

Fortham Rd

Vibrato yaw-w-w-w-n Hands crossed lodged armpits (This bed bobbles) 183rd

Bada and/or boom bigman badger Solo strides downaisle either side seats Blatantly *taken* humps *humph*, Palms splitdoors OPEN (*shkkk*) & gone

Burnside Ave

Teal plastic beads Seat kneel revealing Puerto Rican cleavage (Immortalize her secretly) Gumsnap teen queenie Cream beemine dreamboat Sneering sweetly Past me

176th

Hardseat SAT aside Cellphone half-Spanish "I love you, goodbye" (no emotion) *Clap*, pursed

170th

Bumblebee cottoncoat backturned Handclapped to standpole Ears stopped speakers (Lost in inner video)

- 149^{th Grand Concourse}

Bandanna'd baggy Gang (real) member red Wrinkle tee to kneecap Glare needless, unheeded Hanging on hard as all the others

86th (TRANSFER TO M, LAGUARDIA)

Granny glance giftware catalogue Garish glazed pages Fewflips and rolled bullhorn into grocery bag Fold napkinhands, catch a nap (in LOUD-- clappers snapping fast)

59th (TRANSFER TO 6 THANKGOD EXPRESS)

Eschew bag to thankyew Crammed to backs and asses Lust to num dreadlocks in lips As she bends to peruse paperback (scoots as soon as possible)

patrick porter nyc summer 06 c 2006 mistake harvest publishing