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PESSOA AS STARLING: NEW YORK CITY

Everything up climbing up granite steel. A poet cries chrysanthemums. A vase breaks in Harlem on Lenox before meals are served to nuns opal beads quick as lace through conical fingers. A black feather falls in black hair. His father has black hair sunned brown in groves where I flew. Poems in groves walled in loose stones but the poet needed the gun. The father to send his sighing son to the city's sighing streets where black women saunter sing carry vases of water sometimes salty sometimes fresh. This given to the poet unconsciously conscious of riots the street the body conscious.