

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.