

Bryant, a public park

Work in midtown,
Every day, week, month,
year,
Taking the subway, bus,
Train, packed.
Cross the streets,
get the coffee, lines

Lunchtime
Lines, lines.
Next, next, next,
Grab the food, sandwich,
Drink, swipe, leave,
Walk, cross, red lights,
green, go.
Crowds, coming, going,
Crossing, crisscrossing.
I'm small, I'm sand, ant, man,
no end.
Back, eat at the desk, fast,
work.

Darker through the
windows,
Markets close.
Closing the drawers,
Logging off,
Packing to go.

Bus subway, train,
Local, express, limited,
My turn, your turn.
Standing, crowded,
Breathing deep,
Thoughts, no thoughts,
Getting through, home.

Then,
On another midtown day,
spring day, a friend calls me:
Bruno, let's grab a salad and
eat in the park?

Bryant Park

We walk into the park,
It is green, it is blue:
A garden.
Pockets of people,
islands of humanity.
Murmurs, chatters,
quietness.
Gentle sunrays kiss skin
Is this a dream?

Are we really here?

We speak, we silence,
We look and overlook.
We breathe.
Our bodies sink, moulding to
the skinny green chairs.
We dismantle on the grass.
We are we again.

I see my kind,
I see smiles, I see tears, I see
words,
Loving couples, shining eyes,
I see arms and hands, legs, bare
feet,
Playing, embracing, throwing,
touching,
Drinking, eating,
Minds,
Taking the time.

I go back
to Bryant Park,
Early morning, late at night,
Home to work to home,
Rainy, foggy, sunny, and cloudy days.

Surrounded,
by mountainous buildings,
All shapes, reaching the skies,
Poking the clouds,
Spilling the rain,
that chases people away.

In that solitude,
I walk,
Zigzagging,
Puddles all over.
What was up is now down
On top of tables and ground,
Reflections of clouds,
skyline, tree branches,
and passers-by

I have to go,
Tomorrow, another day.
But now I know,
Always,
There's a time to move,
And a time to stay,
In my mind, in my park.

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