

Sympathetic Resonance for String Players

New York City rings like a bell:
42nd street struck, the jack-hammer
jump of it
shivering through the grid. The shock
of your absence fills
the empty church vaults of Grand
Central, glances off ice trays
in the market,
the cathedral eyes of the fish. Loss
leaps pane to pane
with yellow light and fine grey dust.

It beats in the wings of starlings,
whose short souls will not live
to see the streets
rebuilt, the wreckage cleared, or
the scaffolds go up
around my life, a façade rebuilt.

The sun that last lit your face
has almost set –
a few last shards strike the reservoir,
and fracture back into leaves.
The city tolls its concussion. 42nd hit;
the glass split open on third