I am searching for the black
and white
in all this
That’s how they tell me decisions
are made.
You’d think it would be plentiful
in a superior city where gray scale
makes you
Classic
Poignant
Reflective and
if you sign it,
Famous
hanging between Frank Sinatra and
Marilyn Monroe on well worn whitening
atmospheric Brooklyn
brick
walls.

Frank,
While you’re sitting on your Steps
taking pleasure in just being alive to inhale
Nicotine and
autumn amber-tinged oxygen wondering
where in the world Lana Turner
Is and making art
out of orange rind citrus-
could you take a little time in
1960 To drop me a line in some sort of
poetic outburst
that I can find
in a glimpse of 2008 focus and
pretend was
for me?

Your normal day New York isn’t something
I’m stumbling into and I’m
trying so
shamefully
hard to hold out

(just a one line hint to remind me how you
found it would be a lead worth
thousands.)

Late night minutes, rather
early morning hours
grant flickers of non-imposed artistic brilliance so
we can find our way to our apartments in the poorly
lit avenue turn-offs where
sometimes
delightfully glazed guitar
strumming and sultry cigarettes between lips kiss
raspy melodies replace
the bricks built upon
hallucinations and empty
voids

Still stumbling surreal sequence
peeling room number to number
I am replacing
my name
in Baby Britain’s openings

Cross eyed and humming,

out of tune and missing,

the most familiar of
Beats.

Have you ever
developed a
perspective?
The proofs were sent out-
The Technicolor they tell me about
Appears less than true, and
the elementary
gray scale returns only
in inverted
negatives.