

*Twilight in Brooklyn*

I watched  
He popped the  
brown ball  
into basket  
after basket  
to an audience  
of red bricks  
and me  
sitting in the window  
on the 6th floor.

The ceiling fan  
whirred and chopped  
the air over the bed.  
I thought

back to an old Brooklyn.  
An old friend. The  
thick, sticky air  
sat on our shoulders  
like little demons and  
filled the room.  
So, we slept on thin  
blankets on the  
rooftops and the antennas  
shadowed giant crucifixions  
he and I laughed as long  
as those hot nights

in Brooklyn  
a summer rain  
would creep in cat  
quietly with a fast  
wind, swift and cool  
over our moist skin.

Then the moon  
would wring out her gray  
laundry and hang it up  
to dry. The sky  
dripped all over us.  
and we let it.  
He changed

as fast as  
that weather  
or like the basketball.  
bounced through,  
hit rims and always  
landed back  
in my hands.

In the corner of  
that window, twilight,  
I felt the wind roll again.  
The player bounced  
his ball inside  
and I let  
the hot rain  
cool everything down.