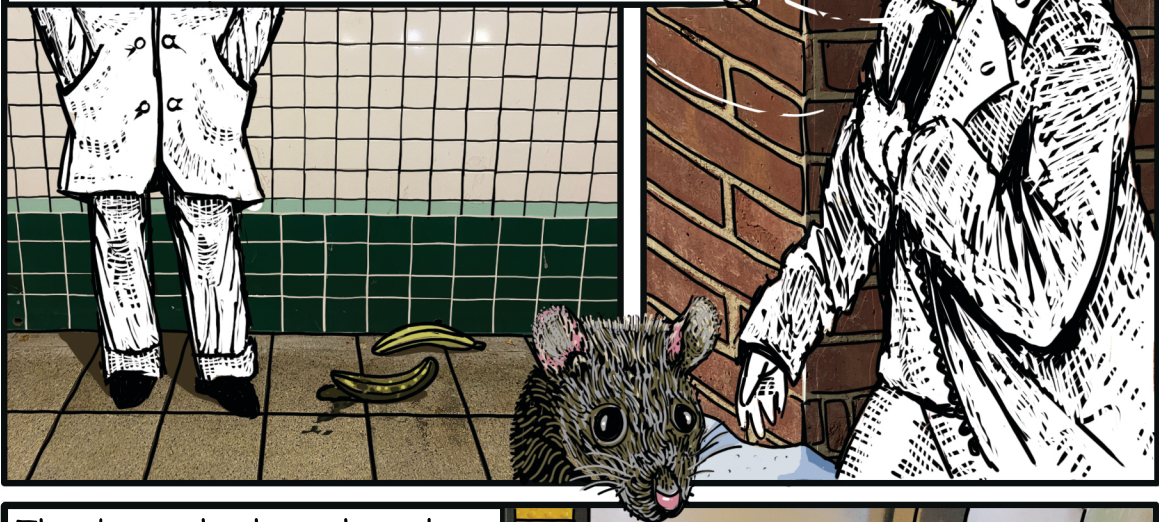


# Coney Island Bound



The clouds are low over Brooklyn,  
tires grind salt on stone molars,  
frozen Kaiser rolls and coffee cups  
at the curb.  
Bits of paper scuttle  
like the skeletal remains of tiny crabs.

The wind surprises me as I turn the corner,  
pinches my unzipped skin.  
On the F train platform  
a black banana leaks through splits  
soft as lips.  
Eyes like glass watch between rusted whiskers  
that disappear just before the fingernails  
of the subway scrape behind their leash  
of light.



The doors shush as they close.  
Chips slide through juice,  
Coney Island Bound.



## Coney Island Bound (Cont'd)

A man sleeps with no shoes  
despite the cold,  
his toes like eels. We take  
the curve towards dirty little waves,  
where shells are crushed  
by misunderstanding  
as much as current events and  
pinking eggs on spindly legs  
try to focus distance into cognition,  
where the Cyclone doesn't twist,  
and The Wonder waits its turn.

