

# The Deep Structure of Manhattan

Manhattan, an emerging process,  
would occasionally emit an ethereal response.  
Whenever the progression terminated,  
a breeze enveloped the emptiness  
with abstraction, scintillation and chains of ice.

The preceding is something I have thought.  
This is what I think:

Each morning a writer will rise early  
and meet others in the desert.  
After relating in that time,  
they will brush arrogance as frost from their chains.  
They will grow succulent plants at Gethsemane  
that will be used as an escape route by the author.  
The leaves will thicken the air with a an undefinable aesthetic  
which will gradually elicit a sense of humility.  
At this point, I will have to transport the readers to the station.  
Once there, they will begin to understand a habit of affection.

Structure.

Of course, they would mediate the complacent virginity of their  
competence.  
Of course, I will refuse insidious glances upon their leaving, because  
at that time, I will be a discipline performing as muse.

I shall be Manhattan.