

# Midnight in Brooklyn & Other poems

By Sugar Tobey

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...What light through yonder window breaks? [lo, above the pizza parlor]' Shakespeare never left Fort Strat, on ebon, all of his life, but I have a funny feeling Sugar Tobey gets around. Oh to be in NYC in the springtime when the eateries are in open seating. Double cheese and I'll meet, with any luck, Ms. Sugar. Born in Corny Island—the only isle you live in rather than on. But that's why they call it the Big Appall, bridging tunnels. 'Let us go then, you and me' (I know it is 'I' but I just love those flawless letters pointing out mine. Besides there are far more me's than I's in End-Why-See—never enough about me...): Byron was an also-ran when it comes to expressions of love everlasting, "Mike had broken into the cemetery / up the block sometime after midnight / dug a hole and buried the dog next to his wife" But I am a meager server, per se, with simple tastes in the section next to the kitchen in that five star Michelin you have to book six months in advance... YOU are here for the fine dining; don't not peruse the entire menu before you bark my orders... Sugar has the grits that make the pearls in your dozen on the half shell. Get the point? Better yet, share 'The Dot'*

## Midnight in Brooklyn

Mike the supers' wife died a few months  
before I moved into the building  
I miss her a lot he said they were very close

I saw the muddy shovel by the back steps  
you doing some work around the building  
Mike gave me a funny look through his cigar smoke

the dog just died he said she loved that dog  
she wanted it buried with her  
so I took care of it

Mike had broken into the cemetery  
up the block sometime after midnight  
dug a hole and buried the dog next to his wife

I admire you Mike I told him you got guts  
he gave me that look through the smoke again  
man you know you love somebody right

## **The Dot**

She watched the little black dot  
a tiny spider  
move and weave its web  
between a plastic fern and the toilet

she thought the bathroom seemed like  
a bad place for a spider to set up shop  
not much chance to catch anything here

it made her sad who would help  
to protect and advise this little dot  
from making such a huge  
mistake

## **Elsewhere**

Night comes  
the shadows wake up  
I see the outline  
of you asleep  
next to me

but I know  
you are elsewhere  
in the dark  
in a bed  
of your own

## **Gut Feeling**

If you were to come back  
when a lot of people do come back  
maybe I wish they wouldn't

now temples graying  
breasts sunken and worst of all  
with eyes dulled

I would just as soon pass  
you will find that my belly has grown  
huge wise and intolerant

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *For me, poetry is about illumination. It's ideally more in accordance with reality, than reality itself. I don't wish to be entertained when reading a poem, even though many poems are entertaining. Truth for me is the most important thing. This intern, affects the overall look of the poem. My poems are generally quite brief. I believe when a poet's discussing the truth, there is no need to go on and on.*

**AUTHOR'S BIO:** Born in Coney Island, Brooklyn'. Received a degree from the School of Visual Art in Manhattan. Now lives in NYC above a pizza parlor.