

POETRY

Columbus Avenue

BY ANNA MONARDO • DECEMBER 2000

There were city days
when the sky sent down
light so clear
everyone on the street
was caught in a halo.
Crazy people looked normal.
Pick any odd
time of day: noon,
two o'clock, three-o-five.
You could walk a little early
to your shrink's office,
feeling things could be done.

A light jacket was all you needed, no coat.
A dime and a token in your pocket to rub.
Faith seemed smart, and good love possible.

You were completely dazed and stupid,
but for four or five blocks