

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
you believed in wisdom, some sap
running through you, yours.