



Photograph by Christina Clavelo-Farrow

Kimberly Nunes

New York I

Another tour bus idles at the light
beneath my open window, where
people lined up on top
are so many pins to be bowled over.

Hours pass, yet
how to fill them?

Already, schoolchildren in the street
going home,
and the day barely begun.

New York II

This time
to study the sky with breakfast.
How air currents
must have straightened the clouds
to a horizontal gray plane
with a golden nimbus outline
while I wasn't looking.

The diamonds that fleck off the sun
in the speed of listening.
Again to see
the green brow of the trees.

Yesterday, and the day before,
I was lithe and youthful,
could spend all day over a cappuccino.
Now, a whisper turned to breath,

and soon—patience,
patience is what there is
to learn.

And see?
A flash of lightning.

New York III

Today, the park is sticks
of brown and gray, a study in chiaroscuro
with tracings of stubborn yellow.

Turkey oak, silver linden, sycamore maple
all finger the air,
free now from leaves, their trunks
hold them up without a flinch.

Murmurations of white-bellied birds
break the sky
like shocked schools of fish in a sea,
over here, over there, ignorant
of where they are
as if they could be in any country.

Horse plods his carriage alongside
human runners and hurrying cars.
Trains roar up through grates.
There is no mistaking all this.

At Lincoln Center I stop
at the fountain to watch
the sun bow out—
how it glazes tall buildings
with rays, one final time today.

New York IV

The sounds that drift to this window
belong to no one:
machines on wheels, high-pitched warnings,
vehicles barking,
the sounds of cautious animals.

The city is a pasture of murky faces,
steady forced gasps, the efforts
of acceleration. Occasional bleats,
wheezing and waiting, at red and green lights;
it is Christmas all year.

Streams of white vent to blue sky,
travel the same route where everything passes.
This is the absence of wild.

A woman sits at a window
the same time each day
to watch the same structures

never changing, and understands
she will one day float away.

New York V

It is the sky that changes from
orange to silver to blue
as our side of the planet spin into sun, and soon
apartment lights switch on in patterns.

Outside the first dog barks
a radio crackles, motors idle,
voices float up from the street below.

The air is salmon-colored now,
with stripes of red;
buildings are gray and begin to glisten.

And soon, the sun will be so bright all will dissolve,
and I will spin around, turn my back on morning,
become the shadow on my wall.

Kimberly Nunes has published work in *The Alembic*, *Diverse Voices Quarterly*, *Fictionique*,
Whistling Shake, *Unbroken Journal* and elsewhere.