

Tonight,  
a hot summer night,  
tonight:

late, quieter, hot;

a Greenpoint summer night;  
(a point in time and in eternity);

tonight,

I saw a real life;  
a still life;

a woman

her face only  
framed in the window  
of an ugly building

her face, utterly

still;  
fixed in time;

but oddly ( or resonantly, not)

a woman

already

fixed in my mind:

her face, all lines and planes,  
endurance,  
fixed,  
not moving, but

looking out  
looking out  
looking out on a

dark street.

Few passing by.

Well, me... and,

(The summer heat a  
comforting blanket;  
probably too hot and, simultaneously,  
not hot enough  
for violence.)

(in a minute or two)

two teenagers with bikes and  
wilted attitude.

It is her face that  
that  
that

stays with me,  
lights my way home,  
disrupts the poem I want to write.

In complete remediation  
(and layers of abstraction and knowing),

in complete remediation, I know this woman.

I have seen her in the brush strokes of a great artist.

I have seen her;  
I have seen her over and over again.

In complete remediation,

a woman,  
this woman, is already in my mind,  
in my seeing,  
in my heart;

I know her.

I know her. I do not, cannot,  
should not, stop.

Whatever would we say to each other?

The gulf too large.

and (The absurdity of my knocking at the door  
saying (even if true): you, I have  
seen you, you, and  
your pain, and  
your endurance, I have  
most important, your looking out; I have  
seen you

in brush strokes;

in brush strokes from a master, who

saw you on a thousand streets,  
in Brussels (real time),  
in Babylon (before his life),  
in Brooklyn (after and forever).

Surely she would (and rightly)

call the cops.

And the cops, experienced, cynical,

the cops,

(originally) wanting to do good, would say:

“Lady,

“Lady, what do you think you are doing?

“Lady, where do you live?” “Lady, please show me some ID.”

(“Lady, are you completely nuts? You don’t look particularly dangerous...the worst kind.)

“Lady, it’s time to go home.”

I have walked on.

In the darkness and heat, Greenpoint glows in from the windows of the third generation Polish, the artists, the students, the merchants, the poor, the new restaurants, the bodegas and

the eternal planes of endurance that refuses to die in spirit  
and

looks out through  
whatever  
windows

are in this time.

And in their own eternity.

I saw a real life;  
a still life;

a woman

her face only  
framed in the window

of an ugly building

and she followed me home and into eternity.