

dusty street  
pecan trees  
cottonwood  
small town young boy  
on vacation  
new York  
sent out for the evening  
by grandmother  
to keep an eye  
on an epileptic  
rogue uncle  
blacklisted for suing  
previous employer  
civil engineer  
behind on  
child support  
looking for an  
overseas job  
who would stick needles  
through his hand  
at the bar  
for liquor cash  
watched his uncle  
waiting for an episode  
or the jealous husband  
to start the end of  
the conversational part  
of barroom challenges  
and the woman on the other side  
of the neon moon and blue tubed window  
dressed in northern style prints  
with charm flowers

and bright vibrant personality birds  
printed on a very red  
red dress  
and high heel shoes  
    the likes of which he had  
    never  
    never ever seen before  
        as his eyes dilated  
        fixed on the tides moving in her body  
            wondering if she would cross the street.  
                    all the excitement was there.

she  
for those of us who know  
    had crossed and recrossed this  
        street many times before  
            for the same different reason each time.

you can never disconnect the image from the art  
    at least the gap between  
    then and now  
    that makes her the only architecture that matters  
    floating in floral fragrance  
        nocturnal in the left corner of maturing dreams  
        and giving boys their dreams.  
        and why boys give thanks for rogue uncles who  
            show them where the dream wells live.

she has crossed.  
wf.h.  
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