

Sleeveless in the Subway

Bless a steam hot concrete day
when shoulders slide slender
from your blouse and sweat come
from underground. The A train air
is soup below 49th St. rumble.
At home, I wait seeing the colors making my eyes go.
You holding a Mirabelle shopping bag
of gifts to your skin that flow
with hair braided tight behind
broad African cheekbone, thinking
about our baby Jamaca here in the crib, soon to
feed from that rich place I know inside you.
We give the strong love.
I feel you coming here among underground folk.
Bald shop man thumbing *New York Post*,
mothers slapping flies, kids moving like salsa.
I know you be there leaning against
the sidecar, hips perfect
for a baby and your man's hands.
What goes on woman under that dress
where all the sweat goes?
Lips and the river is life. Get home.
I put my nose to your forehead that shine.
Gonna cradle that life,
we two, we three,
bell of the world.