



## 53RD STREET

Keith Wilson

thank you for this empty street.  
for a parking lot stricken with midnight  
and not another voice, not even a politeness,

only the resignation of the trees, harmless and navy  
blue and royal. bless this walk, just mine,

and the animal that orchestrates this shadow. thank you  
for each blonde saucer of light that dips beneath me

as if i were the president of this timid land.  
for this blessed movement, legs that let spread

proudly as an occupation, a seat on the bus.  
if it was earlier in the evening, the streets would throb, and a man  
might ask me for help. i'd admit i have no money,  
save nothing. i say i'm sorry

a dozen times a day, as if i can hardly be bothered with sacrifices  
that aren't worn around the neck. i think  
about neckties too, ever since i invested in a future and thought. thank you  
for this stubble and night, unconfined.

it is hard to not be grateful for being able to walk like this,  
alone but unaware of how i cannot be alone, the dark  
within me that scares other men just enough—how my arms let me be