

Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, 1 September 2001

It's a great city, in your eyes.
I'm less sure.

You came here on account of a woman
I never met.

It didn't work out, but you stayed on.
We admire Vermeer

at the Frick, and I'm homesick for Europe,
for the old ways,

for the boy across the kitchen table in Yorkshire,
the summer bike rides

along lanes flanked by nettles and Queen Anne's lace.
The holes in your jeans.

Now you make money on Wall Street by day,
music by night.

Through the vast panes of glass in your apartment
we stare at Brooklyn Bridge,

the financial district on the other side of the river.
What a view.