

the, I don't know if you'd call it vestibule, before stepping
on the roof, it's sticky.
figure out a different word to use. A bright
red helicopter passes heads north.
The park, the garden
now impenetrably dense with foliage.
streets closed for
a massive film set. All I see is one parked truck. A sparrow's shadow passes over
parked US Postal vans. I'm trying to not say truck again.
Atop the public school
I've never noticed the tacky garage doors.
Two blocks north and ten stories down
bounces a basketball for some reason I can hear .
. All sorts of elaborate construction vehicles on this quiet Memorial
Sunday. A faint smell of sweat in my
weekend . Plenty of potted geraniums
A cotton puff drifting purposefully down
coils and wires entangle rooftop guardrails
sprawl in overlapping hoops along a roof.
diagonal tape strips
seem constructivist. A man with hand in pocket, the other arm
swinging. I'll need to explain
It's the bluest brightest day so far
NYPD has begun towing cars large orange cone
something violet in flower bins. Yellow flyers
—I'm just starting to
sense a lot
of new flower

renewal huge trees, new
two stories tall, bright or
dark green (I could go either way). On both sides of the street.
trees
across Church
with approaching cabs not slowing down
make sure they don't fall. Near Broadway,
I read
graffiti y.o.k. then Boot! which dots in o's make
boobs.
I feel drifting, non committal momentum in sun. My neck
already burning. An older woman on a park bench
taking a phone call, listening expectantly then writing
enthusiastically. beneath City Hall Park's fountain,
it's summer.
I sit two minutes at a stone chess table surrounded by pigeons.
. White lilacs
I think of as balms. A man drinks an orange Sunkist.
a baby outside a cab keeps waving
just keeps waving
keeps moving. A guy my
age can't help walking on his toes.
A mother and son exit St. Peter's
church Inside a darkened office on Park , hundreds of stacked
cement bags.
I'd forgotten I'll have to look at sunglasses all summer.
I'll just have to figure out how to explain
End the outdoor entries with: I've never liked a single kid I've seen on a
skateboard in New York.

Clever is back at the doorman's desk . It's always
 nice to talk to
 this recorder. As I cross Murray I come upon Häagen-Dazs
 Reserve Pomegranate Dark Chocolate
 Kirkland Signature white unscented tissue . I had forgotten
 Memorial Day. nobody's here.
 a taxi driver
 stops, thinking I must want a ride.
 A man steps out of an
 oversized van . Skirting the Trade Center site the
 predominant sounds are fountains, triangular rustling leaves a
 guide leads
 people on a tour of the Center describing that morning in present
 tense.
 Another Häagen-Dazs , vanilla
 and almonds.
 I hear water rushing
 from pipes.
 silver
 . Depressing to pass a big hotel lobby in your own hometown.
 People take pictures of the site.
 Chalkiness in mostly blue sky south over Battery Park.
 I wish I knew more architectural terms like
 fine stone
 cornices
 columns in Greece that flourish out like
 flowers. at 10 AM

downtown about two people per block.
 Morning sun falls beneath tall bank s.
 window-washing cart attached to
 140 Broadway.
 The streets around here curve and you
 feel it in the breeze. In huge skyscraper courtyards just me and bland glass-
 encased art. Bird silhouettes I guess
~~I could just mention the fact that the silhouettes are there.~~
 Windows in
 blue sky as I pass .
 I don't know if that made sense. sliding
 across the Federal Reserve It would be good to
 mention the Federal Reserve's built out of Indiana limestone and Ohio sandstone.
~~Somebody bald~~
~~walks a corgi and dachshund that look like brothers.~~
 in my memory
 I'm just barely conscious An oversized police
 pick up passes, . A guy who seems asleep in a Con Edison
 van exhales cigarette smoke.
 In a dusty corner I admire an office building's old brass door
 as it circles around A man in an oversized suit wants to give
 me strong calves
~~Scraps of all different kinds of fabrics and~~
~~plastics on Barclay and Park Street this morning.~~
 (Figure out how to say that better.)

In case I didn't mention
 this morning of building in a light blue Vespa's rearview mirror.
 New saplings on Murray wrapped in green treegators.
 Layered white sky through footbridge
 beyond New Jersey
 long after I should have the light.
 a truck with dirt mounds
 A smell of cleat-dug grass on baseball fields.
 Again a mystery I don't know
 how to explain
 the surface Blue buildings on New
 Jersey's coast look white.
 I hear a ferry docking.
 Dew brushes my skin.
 a brown horse tied just outside the free throw box
 sleeps sitting
 With everything damp I smell general foliage.
 all over harbor walks
 surface currents swirling . Near the Lackawanna sign,
 the clock tower's red light blinks.
 Ferry wakes overlap and I'm thirsty A man floats on three
 planks along the river:
 bright blue rust, dark
 rust, white, silver,
 makes sense to me. Those stripes are today's
 horizon.
 Most pine seem to be drying lately, as if about to

Blossom sudsy
 in low black heels Yellow irises.
 on the Irish Hunger Memorial path.
 Wind stirs shaggy hilltop grass.
 Stalks swell with silver dew.
 Star-like red rubber
 weed
 from the outcropping
 very bonsai . Two workers
 carry brooms and dusters
 because of rain. Large cranes and skeletal structures
 . Trees stir
 and ferries keep crossing as a guy all in black jumps rope
 In
 two separate apartments men eat breakfast. This building's
 not finished, or still stands empty. Bright,
 grassy rectangle between me and World Financial
 Center. Two professional drivers ~~one West African, one Italian~~ quietly pull and
 fold black mesh from a trunk
 A boy in yellow
 orange and white hardhat hoses street . The footbridge
 is just TriBeCa Bridge.
 A woman in a brown car almost hits me. I stare
 through her dream catcher.
 Independence School
 has painted cement playgrounds . Traffic cops
 wear white gloves. Hot dog/Halal
 Five Star Kitchen.