

MATTHEW LIPPMAN

The New Year of Yellow

The American Bag and Burlap Company on the north side of
Flatbush, Bergen Street,
blazed in fifteen shades of red and silver
when I walked past to buy cream cheese and *The Times*,
you back in the apartment, in the yellow-tiled shower, washing.
A crocus in the window of my head and the whole block was
fifteen centuries of quiet,
nothing hidden, my hands in my pocket
and you washing under the arms, I imagined, where I had kissed
you at three a.m.,
not imagined,
and here comes the yellow crocus to fly some sort of rendered
touch against eyelid.
Between me and you I said good morning to two women and an
overweight man
and The American Bag and Burlap building, half gone into decay,
talked to me
the way buildings can,
you put them up and they become something to speak of.
From across the street I did not want to be an architect and you
washed between the ridge
of cheek and lip watching a living come to life
across the tile of your shower, body humming cloudlike across
steam rising,
a crocus, the lilt of a crocus,
the new year of yellow between you in rest under water,
me and The American Bag and Burlap building on Bergen.