

Gregory Brooker

**PLACE HEAVEN'S
COMPARTMENT
MATERIAL HERE**

Now my hands turn to New York City.
The legs become noctambulists.

Here come my optimistic feelings about Heaven.

Urethan spiritsphere
Hypno-immaculate:
—1800—1900—2000
|
**YOU
ARE
NOW
HERE**

Your spreadable glaze of diamonds for eyes—

a million spirit-phot glittering above the avenues
at the intersections holding like falling snow against the architecture.